



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

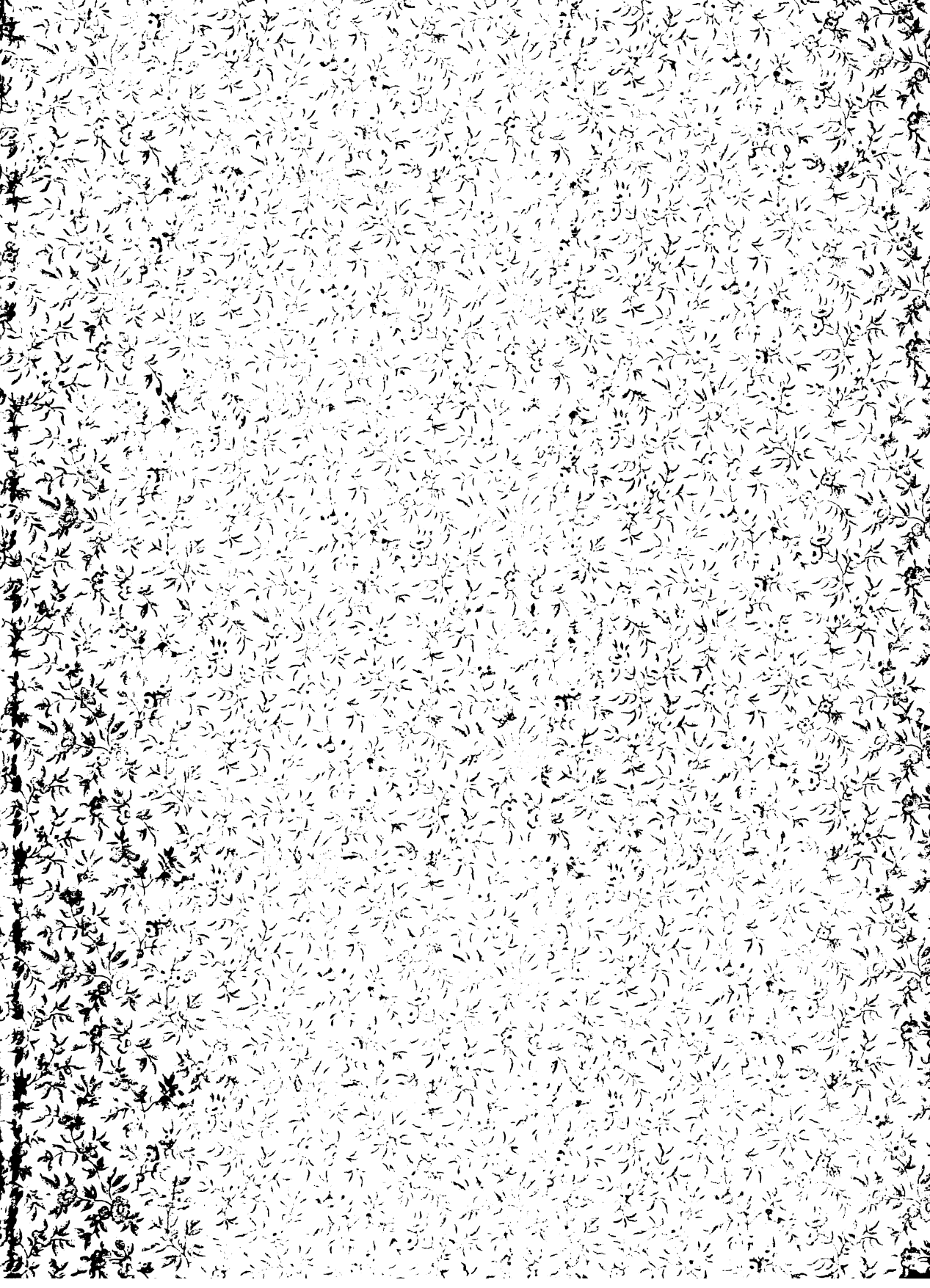
About Google Book Search

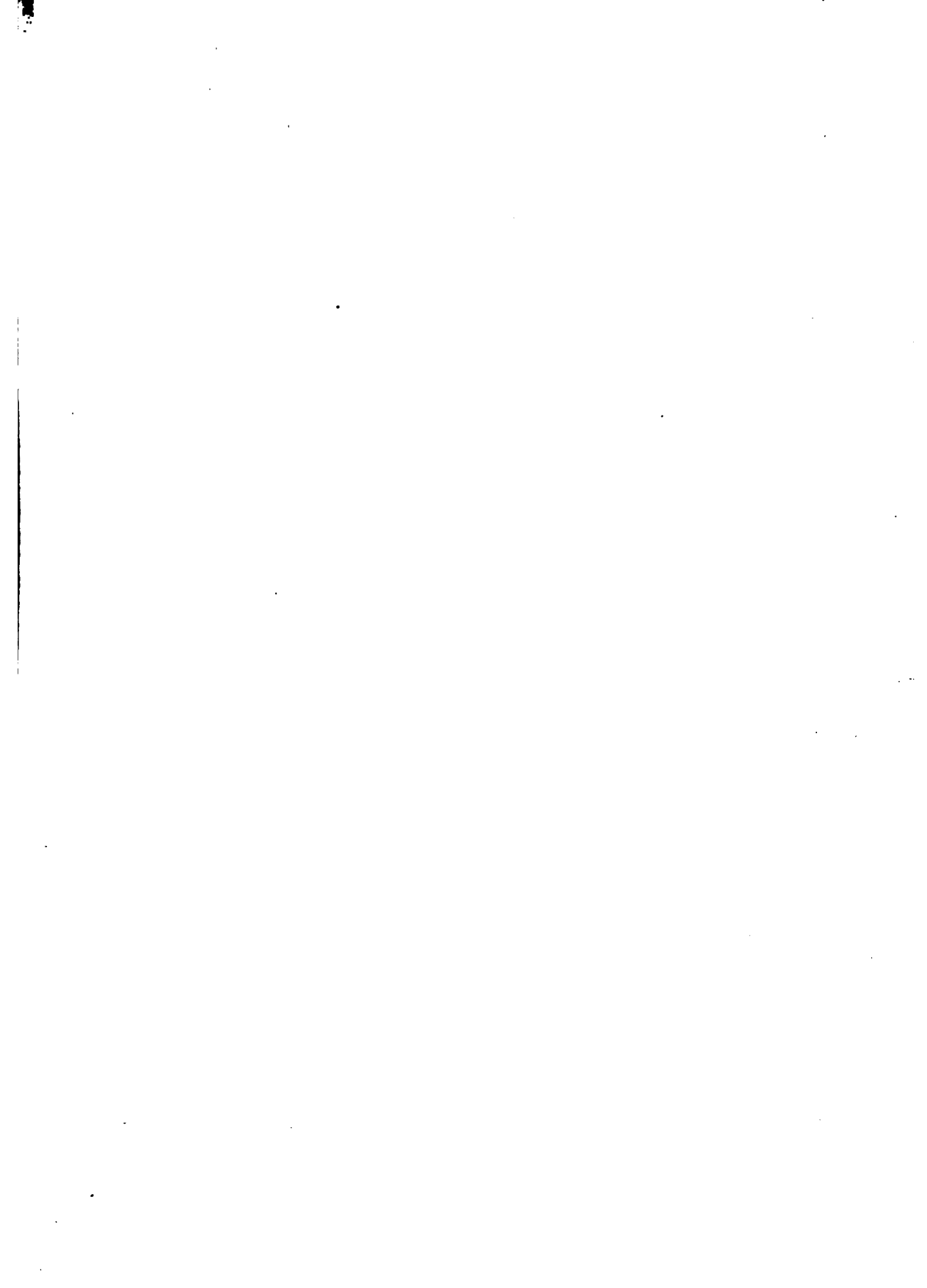
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

HARVARD UNIVERSITY



**LIBRARY OF THE
GRADUATE SCHOOL
OF EDUCATION**





CHILD-GARDEN

OF

STORY, SONG, AND PLAY.

KINDERGARTEN MAGAZINE
FOR CHILDREN.....



VOL. II.-- DECEMBER, 1893 -- DECEMBER, 1894.

1893-4
KINDERGARTEN LITERATURE COMPANY
CHICAGO.

Δ

~~Educ P 127.4~~

✓

Educ P

127.4

v. 2

1893-94

~~HARVARD UNIVERSITY
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GRADUATE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
FROM THE GIFT OF
CHARLES LEONARD THURBER
FEB 3 1926~~

Copyright, 1894
KINDERCARTEN LITERATURE CO.
Chicago.

INDEX TO VOL. II.

FRONTISPIECES.

A Boy's Best Playfellow.....	January
In Venice.....	July
Joan the Shepherdess.....	February
Little Bam.....	April
Out for a Walk.....	June
Saturday Morning.....	August
Star of Bethlehem and the Three Magi.....	December
The Angel and the Lilies.....	March
The Flower King, Carolus Linnæus.....	May
The Gypsy Queen's Daughter.....	September
The Hunter's Cabin.....	November
Three of Them.....	October

INDEX TO MAGAZINE.

A Bunch of Wheat.....	<i>Elizabeth C. Skinner</i>	41
A Butterfly.....	<i>Hattie Louise Jerome</i>	221
A Christmas Carol.....		17
A Christmas Scrapbook.....		31
A Cool Spot by the Mill (Illustration).....		288
A Day in the Kindergarten.....	<i>May H. Horton</i>	279
A Day at Mount Vernon.....	<i>Helen Perkins</i>	82
A Doll's Kindergarten Cradle.....		187
A Drawing Lesson for Wee Fingers.....	<i>M. Helen Jennings</i>	233
A Fairy Tower.....	<i>A. H.</i>	214
A Farmer's Scrapbook.....	<i>A. H.</i>	140
A Few Christmas Gifts.....		29
A Finger Play.....	<i>Esther Anna Godwin</i>	38
A Halloween Story.....	<i>Mary Yandee Robinson</i>	354
A Letter in Honor of St. Valentine his Day.....		72
A Little Brown Seed.....	<i>H. M. T.</i>	106
A Little Four-year-old Boy's Menagerie (Illustration).....		220
A Little Wave's Journey.....	<i>M. G. K.</i>	200
A Lump of Coal.....	<i>Hattie Louise Jerome</i>	75
A Kindergarten in Chicago.....	<i>A. H.</i>	116
A Kindergarten on the Railroad.....	<i>J. P.</i>	118
A May Party in Greenland.....	<i>Jeannette Scott Benton</i>	185
A Miner's Story.....	<i>May H. Horton</i>	101
A Napkin Ring and How to Make It.....		35
A People without a Country.....	<i>E. H. S.</i>	290
A School for the Deaf.....	<i>A. H.</i>	265

INDEX TO VOL. II.

A School for the Deaf.....	<i>A. H.</i>	303
A Secret.....	<i>Mrs. G. M. Howard</i>	47
A Story of the Aurora.....	<i>Nellie A. Lloyd</i>	169
A Story of the Black Forest.....	<i>May H. Horton</i>	17
A Story to Guess.....	<i>Andrea Hofer</i>	249
A Story with Pencil and Paper.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury</i>	203
A Thanksgiving Story (Illustration).....		377
A Thanksgiving Tea.....		367
A True Story.....	<i>S. Alice Welton</i>	333
A Valentine to Mother.....	<i>A. H.</i>	81
A Vision of Santa Claus.....	<i>Emma Klauser</i>	14
A Wheat Story.....	<i>Helen Mar Douglass</i>	286
A Wind Story.....	<i>A. H.</i>	113
All Right.....	<i>Alice May Douglass</i>	49
April Calendar.....		160
At Work and Play (Illustration).....		224
August Play.....	<i>Fannie Chapin</i>	270
Aunt Belle's Riddle.....	<i>Sarah Whitford</i>	322, 365
Aurora (Illustration).....		168
Autumn.....	<i>Esther S. Jacobson</i>	334
Autumn.....	<i>Maud L. Betts</i>	383
Autumnal Storms.....	<i>A. N. K.</i>	316
Away in the Woods.....	<i>Maud L. Betts</i>	367
Baby's Gone to Lapland (Illustration).....		60
Baby's Gone to Lapland.....	<i>Selected</i>	61
Baby's Nap.....	<i>Hattie Louise Jerome</i>	281
Bam Out at Grandpa's.....	<i>R. B. Crowell</i>	234
Bessie's Cake.....	<i>B. Atwater</i>	174
Beyond the Dunes.....	<i>Ada A. Baker</i>	298
Blue Bells.....	<i>M. N. Nash</i>	229
Breath of Spring.....	<i>Malana A. Harris</i>	152
Bubble Song.....	<i>Adapted</i>	243
Busy Workers.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury</i>	198
Button and Mrs. Umbrella.....		68
Carl's Wish.....		39
Chestnut Trees.....	<i>Amy C. Byrd</i>	342
Chinese Boys and Girls.....	<i>A. H.</i>	359
Christmas Cards, of Course.....		26
Christmas is Here.....	<i>Maud L. Betts</i>	25
Clay Modeling (Illustration).....		295
Cleon the Greek Boy (simplified from Jane Andrews).....	<i>S. Alice Welton</i>	90
Columbia.....	<i>Andrea Hofer</i>	79
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean (with music).....		89
Come, Merry Sunbeams.....	<i>Mary L. Koch</i>	126
Dandelion.....	<i>Frances Weed</i>	119
December in Sunny Lands (Illustration).....		15
Donald, Dorothy, Davie, and Dot.....	<i>Meredyth Woodward</i>	10
Early Easter (Illustration).....		128
Early to Bed.....	<i>Janet M. Norris</i>	148
Earth to Air (Adapted from Lydia A. Coonley).....		149
Easter (Song with music by J. H. Chapek).....	<i>Emilie Poulsson</i>	112

INDEX TO VOL. II.

Easter Carol.....	<i>Ellen Robena Field</i>	120
Easter Lilies.....	<i>May Henrietta Horton</i>	127
Easter Morning.....		104
Easter Plants and Flowers.....		109
Everyday Work of the Sun.....	<i>Mrs. W. H. Edwards</i>	175
Fall.....	<i>Maud L. Betts</i>	351
Fall Song.....	<i>Mary Yandee Robinson</i>	354
February.....		65
February.....	<i>Jessie Davis</i>	82
Feeding the Lambs (Illustration).....		216
Feeding the Pony (Illustration).....		248
Finger Play.....	<i>Esther Anna Godwin</i>	80
Flower Givers.....	<i>A. H.</i>	257
Fountain Girl (Illustration).....		352
Four Letters.....	<i>M. H. H.</i>	73
Fourth of July Flower.....	<i>W. S.</i>	225
Freddie's Box.....	<i>Helen Harmer</i>	213
Fred's Squirrel.....	<i>Laura M. Clarke</i>	371
Gerald's Happy Day.....	<i>Phyllis Merton Teall</i>	335
Going A-nutting.....	<i>M. H. H.</i>	340
Golden-rod.....	<i>Catharine R. Watkins</i>	294
Golden-rod's Dream.....	<i>Catharine R. Watkins</i>	337
Harvest Home (Illustration).....		320
Harvest Home March.....	<i>A. H.</i>	319
Having a Word Lesson (Illustration).....		264
Helpful Hands.....	<i>Hattie Louise Jerome</i>	167
Hiawatha and His Friends.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury</i>	349
Hiawatha, the Little Hunter.....	<i>S. Alice Welton</i>	57
Home Play.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury</i>	85
Home Play.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury</i>	103
How Our Flag was Made.....	<i>Susan P. Clement</i>	71
How Rannlied Found His Treasure.....	<i>Meredyth Woodward</i>	261
How the Crocus Awoke.....	<i>A. H. B.</i>	156
How the Indians Helped.....	<i>Jessie Scott Himes</i>	346
How the Snowflakes came to Visit Mother Earth.....	<i>Margaret A. Hurlbut</i>	36
Indian Weaving Story.....	<i>Kamk</i>	204
Indoor Flower Garden.....		255
In the Dining Room (Illustration).....		267
January.....	<i>Ellen Robena Field</i>	34
Jeanne D'Arc.....	<i>May H. Horton</i>	66
Johnny and Nellie.....	<i>F. S. B.</i>	196
Joy's Pilly-coos.....	<i>Alexina Chamberlain</i>	45
July.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury</i>	250
June.....	<i>Emily Huntington Miller</i>	193
June in Old England.....	<i>A. N. K.</i>	194
Lady April.....	<i>Annie McMullen</i>	153
Legend of St. Christopher and the Christ Child.....	<i>Andrea Hofer</i>	4
Little Housekeepers (Illustration).....		256
Little Pussy at Kindergarten.....	<i>Alice M. Burnham</i>	20
Lullaby and Good Morning (with music).....	<i>From "Song Stories for the Kindergarten"</i>	62

INDEX TO VOL. II.

Making a Box.....		59
March (two poems).....	{ <i>Jessie Davis</i>	97
	{ <i>Annie McMullen</i>	97
Mary, Jesus, and John (Illustration).....		3
May Baskets.....	<i>V. B. Jacobs</i>	177
Maytime in Venice (Illustration).....		192
Merry Brook.....	<i>Clara L. Congdon</i>	182
Miss April's Favorite Rhymes.....		144
Miss Pixley's School.....	<i>May H. Horton</i>	{ 171, 209, 244, 274, 310, 325, 362
Mother Nature's Christmas Gift.....	<i>Mary E. McDowell</i>	12
Mother Willow's Darlings.....	<i>E. J. G.</i>	143
Mother Wind and Her Four Children.....	<i>Magda</i>	360
My Country.....	<i>Florence Waddington</i>	70
Mythology Play.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury</i>	16
New Year Frost-bells.....	<i>Elizabeth T. Holmes</i>	41
October.....	<i>W. S.</i>	321
On the Beach.....	<i>Emma Louise Clapp</i>	223
Out on the Water (Illustration).....		92
Paper from Rags.....	<i>Eleanor Crane</i>	313
Pear Blossoms.....	<i>Frances Weed</i>	101
Peggy's Little Lamb.....	<i>Lucy B. Keyes</i>	8
Penny-Royal.....	<i>Ellen M. Cook</i>	50
Pictures with Paper and Paste.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury</i>	57
Playing with Santa's Gifts (Illustration).....		28
Pleasant Homes.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury</i>	309
Pretty Miss Sunbeam.....	<i>Pauline G. Wiggin</i>	93
Pussy Willow and Mousie Willow.....	<i>G. E. L.</i>	142
Putting the Flowers to Bed.....	<i>Rose Hartwick Thorpe</i>	357
Queen Victoria at the Kindergarten.....	<i>Helen Mar Douglass</i>	331
Queer Babies.....	<i>Clara M. Goodchild</i>	343
Queer Shoes.....		166
Ready for Fun (Illustration).....		64
Rhyme of the Fire.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury</i>	348
Rock-a-bye Baby.....		375
Rock-a-Bye, Baby (with music).....	<i>Julia Lois Caruthers</i>	22
Santa Claus.....	<i>Mally Graham Lord</i>	21
Seashore Song.....	<i>Virginia B. Jacobs</i>	273
September.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury</i>	297
Six Little Rabbits (Song, with music).....	<i>Carl Betz</i>	137
Sleeping Beauty.....		207
Snowflakes.....	<i>Winifred Marsh</i>	86
Some Beauty Forms in Clay (Illustration).....		278
Song of Snowflakes.....	<i>Adelle J. Gray</i>	87
Spring.....	<i>M. N. Nash</i>	132
Spring in Sunny Italy (Illustration).....		150
Spring Out at Grandpa's.....	<i>R. B. Crowell</i>	134
Spring's Call to the Flowers.....	<i>G. E. L.</i>	133
Spring's Call to the Seeds.....	<i>G. E. Loring</i>	161
Spring Song.....	<i>Lizzie M. Hadley</i>	141
Spring Song.....	<i>May Mackintosh</i>	159

INDEX TO VOL. II.

Story for Second Gift.....	<i>Maud Lima Betts.....</i>	330
Summer at Grandpa's.....	<i>R. B. C.....</i>	258
Summer's Sister.....	<i>Selected.....</i>	251
Sunbeams.....	<i>Alice Lotherington.....</i>	271
Sweet Buttercup.....	<i>Maud L. Betts.....</i>	165
Sweet Summer Time.....		263
Ten Little Feathered Babies.....	<i>Mary L. Lador.....</i>	217
The Balls' Party.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury.....</i>	239
The Bean's Question.....	<i>Amelia May Potter.....</i>	213
The Bear and the Coyote.....	<i>M. N. N.....</i>	207
The Best Tree of All.....	<i>Selected.....</i>	7
The Birdies' Home.....	<i>Anna Gregory.....</i>	215
The Bird's Christmas (Illustration).....		32
The Birds' Lawn Party.....	<i>Lady Annie.....</i>	237
The Bird's Reply.....	<i>Emma Louise Clapp.....</i>	173
The Brownies.....	<i>Nico Bech-Meyer.....</i>	373
The Buildings (Illustration).....		304
The Castle of the Five Knights (Illustration).....		48
The Chambered Nautilus.....		272
The Child and the Brook.....	<i>Caroline L. Dinzey.....</i>	324
The Children's Calendar.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury.....</i>	52
The Christmas Star.....	<i>Ellen Robena Field.....</i>	1
The Closed Gate.....	<i>M. H. H.....</i>	206
The Daisy.....	<i>W. S.....</i>	208
The Daughters of Silver-mist.....	<i>Maud E. Upjohn.....</i>	241, 282
The Easter Lily.....	<i>Fanny Chapin.....</i>	121
The Egg.....	<i>A. N. K.....</i>	125
The Fairies' Birthday Party.....	<i>Hal Owen.....</i>	228
The Fairy Queen's Party.....	<i>M. B.....</i>	154, 180
The Farmer.....	<i>Esther Jackson.....</i>	139
The Farmer (Illustration).....		138
The Fireflies.....	<i>Gussie Packard Du Bois.....</i>	269
The First Easter.....	<i>A. N. K.....</i>	98
The First Snow.....	<i>Ella Beecher-Gittings.....</i>	361
The Five Knights.....	<i>Amalie Hofer.....</i>	49
The Flower King.....	<i>A. N. K.....</i>	162
The Flowers' Telephone.....	<i>Sopha S. Bixby.....</i>	221
The Four-leaved Clover.....	<i>May H. Horton.....</i>	232
The Glorious Fourth.....	<i>A. N. K.....</i>	226
The Harvest Home Festival.....	<i>Mrs. A. F. H.....</i>	318
The Housekeepers.....	<i>Winnie M. McFarland.....</i>	43
The Humming Bird.....	<i>Ellen M. Munsell.....</i>	325
The Jewels.....	<i>Mary E. Price.....</i>	53
The King of the Harvest.....	<i>M. H. H.....</i>	107
The Leaves' Autumn Party.....	<i>Marie B. Gross.....</i>	378
The Little New Year.....	<i>Ellen Robena Field.....</i>	34
The Little Traveler.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury.....</i>	202
The Maple-tree Party.....	<i>Barry Haras.....</i>	157
The Meadow World.....	<i>Forrest Crissey.....</i>	254
The Moon's Lesson.....	<i>"Mary Birney".....</i>	350
The Morning-glories and What Happened to Them.....		251

INDEX TO VOL. II.

The Muslin Dress.....	<i>Irene Smallwood.....</i>	291
The National Flower.....	<i>W. S.....</i>	289
The Older Kindergarten Class (Illustration).....		307
The Pansies' Three Gifts.....	<i>Catherine R. Watkins.....</i>	230
The Pear Tree.....	<i>D. H.....</i>	313
The Pine Tree's Story.....	<i>Catherine Barnes.....</i>	205
The Queer House.....	<i>Malana A. Harris.....</i>	55
The Red, White, and Blue.....	<i>Meta Burdick.....</i>	88
The Robin.....	<i>Charlotte Sherwood.....</i>	369
The Robin of the White Cross.....	<i>Julia E. Peck.....</i>	188
The Soldier Boy in the Kindergarten.....	<i>Amalie Hofer.....</i>	95
The Star and the Firefly.....	<i>Eva A. Madden.....</i>	298
The Story of a Caterpillar.....	<i>Alice Lotherington.....</i>	104
The Story of Æneas.....	<i>S. Alice Welton.....</i>	145
The Story of a Sand Grain.....	<i>May H. Horton.....</i>	51
The Story of Froebel.....	<i>Susan P. Clement.....</i>	130
The Story of the Sun.....	<i>Grace Phillips.....</i>	129
The Stream.....	<i>Grace Butterfield.....</i>	222
The Sunbeam's Visit.....	<i>Cornelia Fulton Crary.....</i>	124
The Surprise.....	<i>Emma Louise Clapp.....</i>	100
The Thanksgiving Fruit.....	<i>E. G. S.....</i>	374
The Tree's Story.....	<i>Grace Butterfield.....</i>	191
The Year's Second Child.....	<i>Annie McMullen.....</i>	67
Things to Make and How to Make Them.....	<i>A. H.....</i>	151
Three Playmates (Illustration).....		336
Troops of Happy Children (Song, with music).....		176
Under the Mistletoe.....		30
Water Fairies and Their Friends.....	<i>Mamie Green.....</i>	285
Weaving Story.— Weaving Webs.....	<i>Eleanor Crane.....</i>	357
What I Found in the Woods.....	<i>Florence G. Bennett.....</i>	110
What is Teddy Doing Tonight?.....	<i>Elizabeth A. Vore.....</i>	78
What Miss Pixley's Artists Made (Illustration).....		328
What the Snowflakes Did.....	<i>Emma G. Saulsbury.....</i>	2
What the Winds Say.....	<i>G. M. Howard.....</i>	260
What We Did on a Stormy Day.....	<i>M. H. Le Bron.....</i>	94
Where They Found Him.....	<i>Mrs. G. F. Webster.....</i>	345
Why the Leaves Fall.....	<i>Grace Vaughn.....</i>	380
Willie and Fido (Illustration).....		344
Willie's Astronomy.....	<i>W. S.....</i>	368
Wind Song.....	<i>May Mackintosh.....</i>	108
Winter Sports.....		96



STAR OF BETHLEHEM AND THE THREE MAGI.

CHILD-GARDEN

OF STORY, SONG, AND PLAY.

Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 1.



THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

LONG, long ago, in the blue sky above the hills of Bethlehem, twinkled the stars. Very early in the morning they would sing together, and would tell each other of what they had seen during the long night. They used to watch the shepherds guarding their flocks upon the hillsides, and one bright evening star that looked down upon the earth earlier than the others, would tell stories of little children whispering their prayers at the twilight hour. One wintry night a new star came to visit the other stars. It was so radiant that its rays shone upon the gray hills and made them as light as day. It had come on a wonderful errand. The shepherds saw it, and were frightened at the strange brightness; but an angel came to

them and said: "Do not be afraid; the star has come to bring you good tidings of great joy, and to show you the place where a little babe is born,—a little babe whose name is Jesus, and who will give peace and joy to the whole world." Then the shepherds heard some singing,—beautiful singing, for a great many angels had come to tell the good news; and the star grew larger and brighter, it was so glad. When the angels had gone back to Heaven, the shepherds said, "Let us go and see this child." So they left their lambs sleeping on the hillsides, and took their crooks in their hands and followed the star, which traveled on and on till it led them to the little stable in Bethlehem, where the baby Jesus was cradled in a manger. Then the star moved on again to a country far away, where some good, wise men lived. They saw the bright light, and noticed the star moving on and on, as if it were showing them the way to go. So they, too, followed the star till it rested above the birthplace of Jesus. Then the wise men went in and gave their best gifts to the baby, and they and the shepherds knelt and thanked God for sending the little Christ child to be the best Christmas present the great world ever had. The star watched over them, casting a peaceful light over all. At last the dawn came over the hilltops, and the star went away, far back into the blue heavens, to tell the other stars the story of our first glad Christmas day.

ELLEN ROBENA FIELD.

WHAT THE SNOWFLAKES DID.

JUST see the tiny snowflakes!
 They've trimmed the trees today;
 They've decked each branch and little twig
 In such a fancy way.

I hardly know the sober trees,
 Since they are dressed so gay;
 They make the world like Fairyland;
 I'm sure I'm there today.

I thank you, little snowflakes,
 For this picture you have given;
 'Tis bright enough for Fairyland,
 And pure enough for Heaven.

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.



MARY, JESUS, AND JOHN.



THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER AND THE CHRIST-CHILD.*

EVEN after the Christ-child had come upon the earth, and the children of the world and the grown people, too, had heard the story over and over, they still watched and waited for him.

When he went to his Father, his last words had been promises of his coming back again, and sweet thoughts like these he left with us: I go to my Father, but I shall return again; Lo, I am with you alway. So it is no wonder that the world went on waiting and watching, and working to be good enough to receive him when he came again.

Far back, many years ago, when good men were called saints, there lived one named Christopher. He was very large and strong and could lift the heaviest burdens on his back; and his legs were so stout that he could travel far without growing tired.

Although he loved God and did all the good things he could, yet he knew very little of the wise things of the world, and thought it would be almost useless for him to think of serving the King of Heaven by prayers and beautiful words, as did all the people who passed through his home place on their way to Jerusalem.

One day he went to a very good brother who was wiser than many others and who lived all alone in a cave and was called a hermit. He thought he would ask him what he might do to serve God more and better than he had ever before. The hermit lived a long way, so Christopher broke off a palm tree to use as a staff, for he was a man of great power.

When he found the hermit, he said: "Brother, I am strong and large; I can bear heavy loads and walk through stony paths long distances, and never weary. See this palm which I

*Printed as a Christmas Card. Price 25c. Kindergarten Literature Co.

broke with my single hand. Yet, brother, I would rather serve God and have his blessing, than be strong, without a purpose."

"Then, good Christopher, you may do as I tell you. There is a river with a stony bottom, wide and deep, with steep banks, through which all our people must pass on their way to Jerusalem. There is no bridge nor any other path, and every rain fills these high banks, and many people are compelled to wait and lose their way. Do you know the river?"

Christopher bowed his head.

"If you would serve God, go and serve his people and help them over this water, so deep and rocky and wide."

Christopher bowed his head again.

"Why do you not speak? Do you fear?" the hermit asked.

But Christopher only raised his head and answered: "It is nothing for me to carry loads and fight the water. I want to learn beautiful prayers and go as a pilgrim with the other worshipers."

"Christopher, my brother," said the hermit, "serve and love your brethren first, and then you will begin to know how to serve and love the Father. You will know, some day, why I speak thus; for when you love others you love the Christ-child as well."

And Christopher bowed his head and went away. He took his great staff, made of the palm tree which he had torn up, and with other palms he built himself a hut at the crossing of the river. There day after day he toiled and helped the travelers over. When the rains came and the water was very deep he would put people on his shoulders, and when little children came to cross, he always bore them so much more joyously.

At night the people would call out to him, and if there was not a single star he would go just the same, without a question; for his brave feet knew every stone in the watery path.

One very dark night—so dark that Christopher almost prayed that no one would come to call him out into the rain—he heard a cry, as if a baby were without its mother in the storm.

"It is the wind," said Christopher, and he tried to sleep and forget.

Again the cry came: "Christopher, come, come!"

He raised his head, threw about him his coat, and opened

the door. His light flickered out, and the storm still roared.

"Christopher, Christopher, come and carry me over!" And he broke through the door and went out into the dark.

There in the storm he found a young child, naked and all alone, sitting and waiting for him.

"Carry me over, good Christopher. I must go tonight, for I promised so many beyond here that I was coming, and they are waiting and watching for me. Carry me over, good Christopher!"

Christopher looked down upon the dear child; he smiled and lifted him to his strong shoulders, and taking up his staff he stepped into the swollen stream. The waters rushed about them. The great stones in the bottom had been moved from their places, but Christopher walked carefully, and the little one clung to him so tightly that he had no fear.

As he stepped out deeper and deeper into the river his burden seemed to grow heavier and heavier, for the water beat against them both. It seemed as though they must surely sink, for it was a wild, wild night.

Each step was harder than the last, and his breath came hard, and his knees could scarcely hold out any longer, so heavy had his burden grown. His palm staff bent as it helped him along, and the river seemed never so wide before.

At length he touched the other side safe and weary. He set the child down; gently and lovingly he did it, and with never a thought of how hard he had worked to help. And suddenly, as the clouds broke and the moonlight fell upon them, he saw a beautiful being with shining face and holy smile; and in the quiet of the night he broke out with—"Who are you, my child? who are you? for had I carried the whole world on my shoulders to serve God, it could not have been harder. Tell me who you are!"

And the sweet voice said: "Good Christopher, I am he who has promised to come to you, and whom you have been serving. Did you not know that in this humble, hard work at serving all, you were serving me and the Father? With whatever strength you have you shall serve, and it shall all be holy. Your staff, too, has served with all its power. If you will plant it in the ground you shall see what beautiful things live even in a dry staff when it works for others."

Christopher did so, and suddenly it blossomed into a beautiful fresh palm tree full of fruit. And his great heart was filled with content, for he knew that he and his staff had served the Christ-child.

And the Christ passed on into the early morning light that was breaking. Down the long pathway he went, on and on, to cheer the waiting people all the way.

And Christopher went back to his holy work of serving men; and he no longer needed his staff, for his happy heart never let him lose courage, since he knew he was serving the Christ-child.

ANDREA HOFER.

THE BEST TREE OF ALL.



HEY sat around the evening fire,
 Busy with books, or work, or chat,
 And each one, as the spirit moved,
 Spoke pleasantly of this or that,
 When suddenly out broke our Ned,
 Up-looking from his picture book:
 "Oh, do but see this great old oak—
 A century old, they say, its look!

"What tree can with the oak compare?

'Tis king of all the forest realm!"

"Ah, then the queen, I'm sure," cried Fan,

"Must be the stately lady elm!"

"I like the aspen," answered Ruth;

"How gracefully its branches wave!"

"And I the willow," whispered Rose;

"It waves above my mother's grave."

"The chestnut, I, with stores of nuts;"

"The pine tree, I, so green and tall;"

"The holly, I, with berries red!"

So cried they gayly, one and all.

"Come, Master Johnny, why so still?

Come, tell us what your choice may be?"

"Oh, as for me," cried little John,

"My favorite is the Christmas tree!" — *Selected.*

PEGGY'S LITTLE LAMB.



The Barnyard in Winter.

PEGGY'S LITTLE LAMB.

UP in the Green Mountains, where the Connecticut River begins and is only a tiny stream, is a small red house where a little girl lives all alone with her papa and mamma.

This little girl's name was Peggy, and she had no little boys and girls to play with, as you have, for there were no houses near her; so she was often quite lonely, and her mamma tried to think of some way by which she could make her happier.

One morning in May, when Peggy woke up and went to the window to see if the sun was up too, she found the air was all full of feathery flakes of snow. She watched her papa go out of the barnyard up to the pasture, where all the sheep were, and then went down to the kitchen to get warm. Very soon her papa came back and called Peggy to him; and what do you think he had in his arms, all covered up in his overcoat? A tiny white lamb! He had found it up in the pasture on the ground in the snow, almost frozen. Its mother lay beside it, licking it to keep it warm; but the poor little thing was shivering so that Peggy's papa saw it would not live long in the cold, so he brought it home for a playmate for Peggy.

And Peggy was so happy to see it! Her mamma found her a nice little basket, and in it they put some clean, soft hay, and placed it near the fire with the little lamb all curled up in it. Then Peggy took a saucer of warm milk and put the lamb's little pink nose into it; but the poor little thing did not know enough to drink it. So finally mamma went up stairs and found the bottle Peggy had used when a little baby, and filled that and put the tube into the lamb's mouth; and it drank all there was in the bottle, and then went sound asleep. Wasn't Peggy delighted when she found she was to have the lamb to care for! Every day she fed him and played with him, and he grew large and strong so fast! He had such pretty white wool, so soft and clean, that Peggy called him Snowball, because she said he looked like one when he was all curled up asleep.

When the lamb was a year old, one warm day in Spring Peggy's papa took it down to the river and washed its wool all clean, and then he took some big shears and cut its wool all off and rolled it up in a bundle and took it off to the mill, where it was spun into yarn; and then Peggy's mamma took it and dyed it bright red, and knit a beautiful pair of bright red mittens for Peggy to wear next Winter. And every year after that Snowball's wool made yarn enough to keep Peggy in stockings and mittens.

LUCY B. KEYES.



DONALD, DOROTHY, DAVIE, AND DOT.

OUTSIDE, the rain was pouring down in torrents; inside, four little noses were flattened against the window pane, watching the wind as it tossed the raindrops and swayed the branches of the tall elms in the yard.

These same little noses belonged to four little children,—Donald, the eldest, a bright, manly little fellow, Dorothy his sister, Davie, a younger brother, and Dotty, youngest of all—at least that's what the children called her, her other name was so long.

It had been raining all day, and the children had played all the games they knew in the morning.

"Oh, hum," yawned Donald, "I wish I knew what to do; I almost wish it would stop raining."

"Oh, but Don, you know what Papa was saying this noon," answered Dorothy; "how all the trees and flowers were so thirsty, they would almost have died if this rain hadn't come."

"Yes, I know; but what *can* we do?" he sighed, as he slowly rolled his ball over the nursery floor.

"What *can* we do?" echoed Dotty.

"Well," reflected Dorothy, "we might have a game with my little croquet set. I'll bring it out."

"And here's my base-ball; can't we play with that, too?" said Davie.

"And play with *my* ball," chimed in Dotty, as she brought her large, large rubber ball.

"Oh, *I* know what we'll do!" cried Dorothy. "Get *all* the

balls we can find, and let us play everything we can with them."

"Good!"

"Good!" echoed from the others, too; and soon eight busy hands were at work finding all the balls,—rubber, wooden, and balls of yarn.

"And my *marbles!*" called Donald; "they're round; we must have them too."

Such a merry time as they had! for the little balls would run away, and it kept them busy every minute to keep them in place. "First we'll have a march of the balls; they can be little soldiers;" and Donald proceeded to arrange them in line. But they were sorry-looking soldiers, for they could never keep in order.

"Now, Donald, I think we had better let them play tag," spoke up Dorothy. "You and Davie let your balls run, and Dotty and I will chase with our balls; and if ours touch yours first, then ours must run and you and Davie must chase with yours."

That was a very exciting game, and there was so much laughing and scrambling that Mamma's smiling face appeared at the door to see what all the fun was about. She soon withdrew when they explained the game, and with a very mysterious smile went down in the kitchen to Bridget. They talked together for a while, and although I don't know what they said, I know what happened in the nursery afterwards; for it didn't seem such a very long time before Mamma again entered the nursery, this time with a whole plate of *pop-corn balls*. And they didn't roll them on the floor, either; but I can just imagine what they *did* do with them, can't *you*?

MEREDYTH WOODWARD.



MOTHER NATURE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.



MOTHER NATURE had always known Santa Claus, for she knew everyone; and Santa knew her, and often went to her for help when he was getting ready for Christmas.

One day he whispered something to Mother Nature. She nodded kindly, and smiled so sweetly that the sun said, "What is the matter now, Mother Nature? what good thing are you planning for the children of men?" She whispered to the sun what Santa had whispered to her, and the great round sun nodded and smiled too, and all the little sunbeams danced for joy to see the sun smile such a smile; and they said, "What is it? why did you smile so brightly?" and the sun told the secret to the sunbeams, who smiled too, for they thought the secret was a beautiful one. Just then the wind came along and saw the happy sunbeams, so they told him the secret; but he did not smile. He laughed and laughed and laughed, for *he* knew the secret already. He had been running errands for Mother Nature, helping to make the secret a real thing; and what do you think that thing was? It was something Santa Claus asked Mother Nature to make for him,—something that had to grow from the seed; he said he wanted it to be high, straight, and green; and it must have a great many arms, so that he could fill them full of Christmas fruit. So Mother Nature called Mr. Wind and gave to him some pine-seed babies, which she took out of their cone cradle.

"Carry these," she said, "to the warm side of a high mountain, and lay them where the great round sun can send the little beams to warm the seed babies into life, and where the raindrops can give them a drink. Then," she said, "you can leave them alone for a long time, until I call you again." So Mr. Wind took the pine-seed babies out of their cone cradle and hurried away to the warm side of the mountain, and there he laid them as Mother Nature had told him. As soon as he left, the sunbeams and the raindrops came and fed them; and this they did day after day, and week after week, and year after year. The snow and the wind came also, and after awhile the seed babies grew

to be little pine trees, and the mountain took good care of them until they were grown up. One day the mountain said: "You must hold yourself very straight and grow strong, for Mother Nature has promised that one of you shall go on a journey."

"I know I shall be chosen," said one, "for I am so beautiful."

And another said, "I know I shall be chosen, for I am so tall."

But the third did not say a word, but just wondered what the journey was to be for, and which of the two sisters would be chosen.

One day a little bird that had lost its way and was very tired, came to the mountain. It saw the beautiful tree, and said, "Here I can find rest," and settled on the tree that thought itself so beautiful.

But the proud tree shook the little bird off, and said: "I am getting ready to go on a journey, and cannot be bothered with you."

So the bird flew to the tree that was so tall; but she said, "Don't get on my branches, for I must grow tall; for I am going to be chosen to go on a great journey."

So the tired little bird flew round and round seeking a place to rest, for she was far from home.

At last she saw the other little pine tree; and it seemed to have its arms out straight, as if to say, "Come here, little Bird, and I will give you a resting place; you can sleep on my branches." So the little bird flew to the quiet tree that did not say a word, but only wondered about the journey.

When the little bird got settled on the branch of the tree and felt happy and rested, it began to sing. And just then what do you think happened? Santa Claus came along from Fancyland, on his way to the earth, and he said to his reindeer, "Whoa! this is the mountain where I am to find Mother Nature's Christmas gift to the children of men;" and he looked up and saw the three young pine trees,—the one that was beautiful, the one that was tall, and the one with its branches stretching out. And he said to himself, "Now which one shall I take on this journey?"

The trees heard him, and the one that thought she was beautiful tried to make Santa look her way; the tall one held

herself up and put her arms down, so that she could look taller; but the quiet one just listened and wondered. And the little bird sang so sweetly that Santa looked that way, and listened. Then he laughed and laughed, until the sleigh bells rang. "Yes, yes, I understand your song, little Bird," he said; "and you are right. The tree that holds its arms out, to give to those who need,—that is the tree for me. So sing your song, little Bird, and come along with us, and you shall see the happiest sight you ever saw."

So Santa took the quiet tree that wondered and held its arms out to the little bird that had no home, and put it on his sleigh, and away they hurried to the earth. Before he got there the tree had turned into a wonderful Christmas tree with all kinds of toys on it, gifts for children everywhere. The little bird sang to everyone the story of how this tree gave her a home when she was tired.

MARY E. McDOWELL.

A VISION OF SANTA CLAUS.



H, Santa Claus, our friend so dear!
You're coming soon, I know.
Jack Frost's arrived, and Winter's here,
To cover all with snow.

Last night I saw a golden gate
Opening the sunset sky;
I thought, If I just sit and wait,
Dear Santa may pass by.

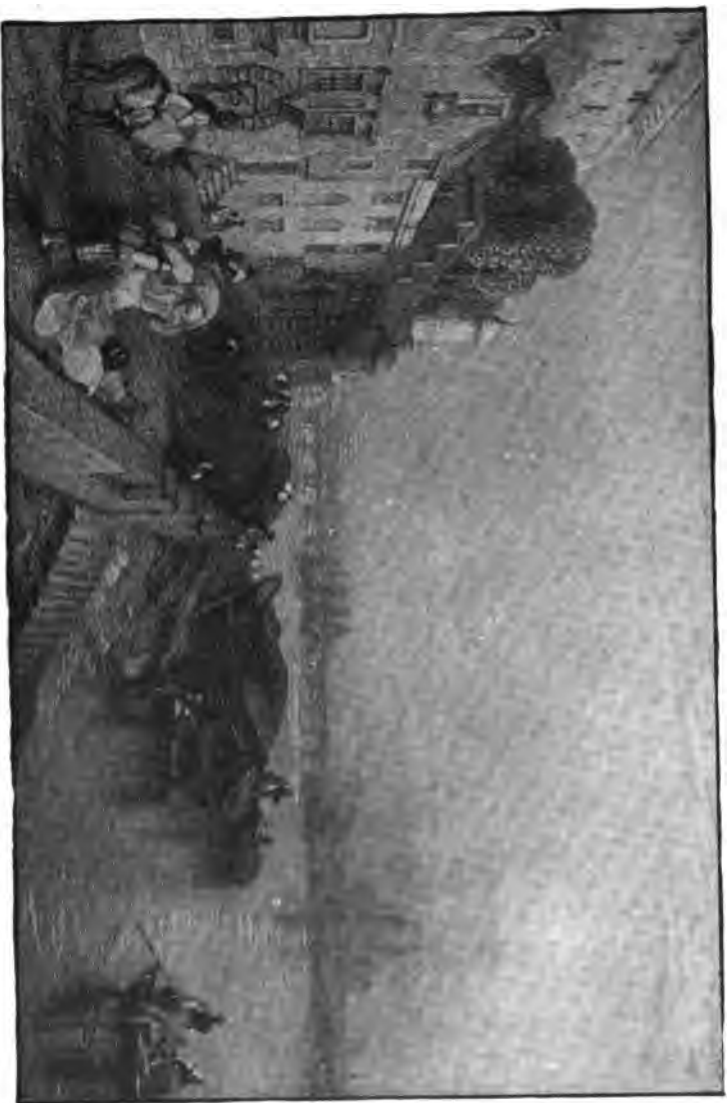
I saw his reindeer draw his sleigh
Right over banks of cloud,
And on and on they took their way;
I heard the sleigh-bells loud.

But then the dark came down the west,
And hid them in the gold.
A twinkling star just smiled his best;
To me this tale he told:

"I am dear Santa's eye so bright;
I watch away up here
All through the day, all through the night,
For all earth's children dear."

New York.

EMMA KLAUSER.



DECEMBER IN SUNNY LANDS.

MYTHOLOGY PLAY.

AURORA.

WITH baby's coach and Ted's dogs two
We'll have a jolly play, tis true.
We'll be the gods in long-gone days,
And pretty soon we'll know their ways.

The coach is for Aurora fair,
Who hastens in it through the air;
For now she comes to greet the morn,
To welcome in the day new-born.

She sprinkles quick the rosy light,
And makes the earth all fair and bright.
Before her flee both Night and Sleep,
Whose company she ne'er will keep.

Ted's wagon is the chariot black
In which Night hastens o'er the track;
In long black veil she's covered 'round;
In it a thousand stars are found.

Sleep hurries on to his own land,
A bunch of poppies in his hand.
To me he seems a funny fellow,
To use these poppies for his pillow.

Right after Sleep his children go,—
The little Dreams of whom you know.
They're all off to the land of Nod,
That pleasant land that we have trod.

Aurora, who has now full sway,
Will rule the earth each coming day.
All hail, fair goddess of the morn!
All hail the dawning day just born!

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SING, children, sing;
Sing of the child,
Born in a manger,
Lovely and mild.

Hail to this morning,
A gay jubilee;
Sing like sweet angels
O'er land and sea.

Louder and sweeter
Over the earth
Echo the story,—
The Christ-child's birth.

A STORY OF THE BLACK FOREST.



CHRISTMAS brought many things to Harry's house; but best of all, his Uncle Frank had just returned from Europe and brought a nice, big music box for Harry. It played ever so many things when it was wound up; and when you looked through the glass, little flies were drumming on bells to help the music along. And then he brought to Harry's mamma a beautiful clock, all carved and carved to look just like a house.

So when Uncle Frank had been thanked, and the gifts had been admired, he called Harry to him and said: "My boy, I want to tell you a story about the music box and the clock. 'Way over in Germany there is a country called the Black Forest. Have you ever heard of it?"

"No, Uncle Frank; why is it called Black Forest?"

"Because there are great forests of pine trees, and they have very dark foliage. But it is not all forest; there are some beautiful valleys and hills, and some picturesque little villages; and from one of these pretty little towns your music box came. How many people do you suppose it took to make your music box, Harry?"

"I guess about five," said Harry carelessly, thinking he had made a great big guess.

"No, my boy, a great many more than that; one man makes each special thing in it. But now you watch the cylinder while I wind it up, and see how it makes the music. Do you see the little pins stuck all around it, and the little teeth in this metal comb that are struck and lifted by those pins?"

"Oh yes, Uncle Frank; and each one has its own little sound, and all of them together make the music."

"That's right, Harry. Now I am going to tell you a story about the man that made that cylinder and stuck all those little pins in it.

"One day when I was traveling through the Black Forest, I stopped at this man's house, which looked just like this clock case,—a funny, big-spreading roof and pretty balconies, cunning little outside stairways, and all along the upper balcony were flower-pots just like these. I asked the man if I might stay there all night and have supper, and breakfast the next morning; for it was beginning to rain.

"He said yes, and I went inside his cottage; and there was his family,—a little boy about your age named Josef, a little girl about six named Elisabeth, and a fat little rosy-faced baby called Heinrich. Then there was a great big black dog that made it his special care to look after the baby, and his name was Furst. And there were the mother, and the old grandfather who sat all the time in a big wooden chair beside the big fireplace.

"After supper each one went to work. Elisabeth and her mother sewed, and Josef brought a large box which he placed in front of his grandfather. He opened it and took out this clock case, which his grandfather was showing him how to do, and he had it very nearly finished. He took his knife, and

standing close beside his grandfather's knee, he cut carefully just as the old man told him to.

"The father took the cylinder that is now in your music box, and while little Heinrich and big black Furst played around his knees, he fitted pins to the music which he wanted that cylinder to make. But the baby sometimes hit his elbow when he was carefully putting in the little pins, so he said to Furst, 'Take care of Heinrich, Furst,' and immediately the big black dog took hold of the baby's dress with his teeth and led him over in front of the fireplace, and then he lay down and put his paws on baby's dress and held him still while he licked his face and hands. Little Heinrich objected, and tried to get away; but Furst was too strong, so he had to content himself by pulling Furst's hair and trying to catch his tongue.

"The next morning after breakfast I asked my host what I should pay him for my lodging and supper and breakfast, and he said five cents.

"I thought that was not enough, and I wanted to pay him more; but he would not take any more, so I asked him if I could not buy some of his work. He said if there was anything I wanted I could have it; he had some cylinders on hand already finished. Then he whispered to me, 'Does the gentleman want a clock case? It is the first one Josef has done, and he would be so pleased to have it taken notice of; and he has worked so faithfully with the *Grossfater*.'

"I said 'Why, yes, that would just suit me; and it is just like your house too; and then I shall have something to always remind me of the cottage where I stayed in the Black Forest.'

"So I gave Josef two dollars, and he danced around the room, and exclaimed, 'See, *Grossfater*, see! I can be a great wood-carver now, and make many beautiful things.' And his father smiled and whispered to me, 'You have made the boy very happy; I am glad my roof has sheltered you.'

"Then I told him that I wanted the cylinder that he had been making the evening before, and he hurried and finished it for me.

"So now when your music box plays it will tell you about Josef, and Elisabeth, and baby Heinrich, and big black Furst,

and you can look at the clock case and imagine that they are all inside."

"Thank you, Uncle Frank; it makes them ever so much more interesting than they were before."

MAY H. HORTON.



LITTLE PUSSY AT KINDERGARTEN.



THE children were all at the tables;
Each had such a soft worsted ball
Which they swung, first forward, then backward,
Each trying to not let it fall.

They played 'twas a pendulum, swinging;
They played 'twas a heavy mill-wheel
That all day long kept ever turning
To grind all the corn into meal.

But finally one of the children
Let go; the ball dropped to the floor;
Just then, such a dear little pussy
Walked in through the wide-open door.

She saw the soft ball of red worsted;
She wanted to play with it too;
She caught it, then chased it, and tossed it
Just like all such small kittens do.

How happy was little Miss Pussy
While rolling the ball on the floor!
But soon she grew tired of playing,
And so scampered out through the door.

Oswego, N. Y.

ALICE M. BURNHAM.



SANTA CLAUS.

O H, Santa Claus, the dear old man,
With cheeks and eyes aglow,
Puts dollies in his Christmas bag
For all the girls, you know.

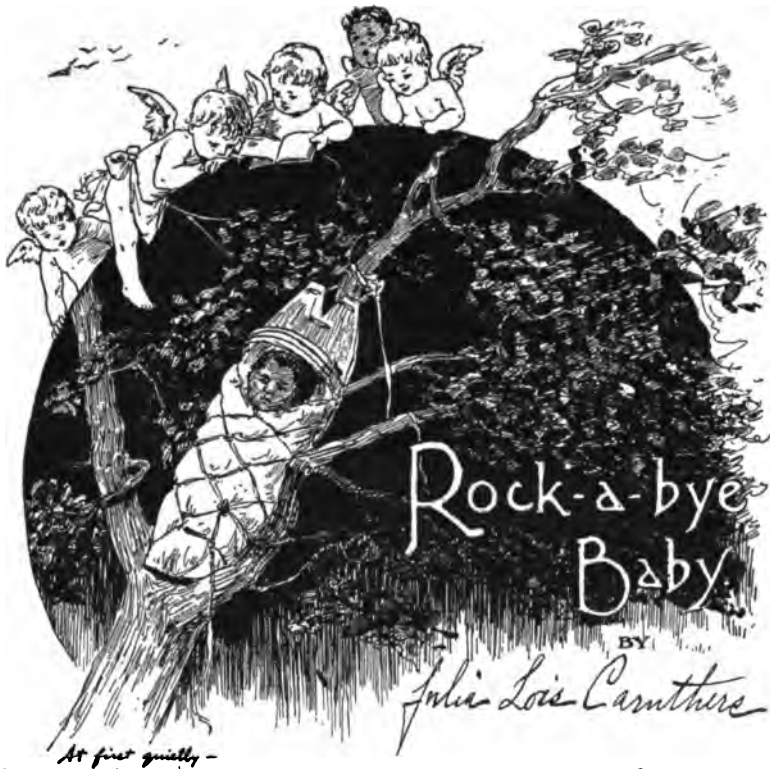
And then he runs and gets the horns,
The horns and drums and sticks,
Skates and balls and guns, for boys,
All tumbled in a mix.

Then last he puts some candy in,
Nuts, raisins, figs, and dates,
Then ties a string about his bag,
And hurries to his gates.

There stands his sleigh and reindeer four
All prancing up and down,
In such a hurry to be gone
'Way off to Children's town.

In goes the bag, then Santa Claus,
And off they go in glee,
Down through the great big chimney tops
To fill each Christmas tree.

MALLY GRAHAM LORD.



At first quietly -

Rock-a-bye ba-by up-on the tree top. When the wind

cantabile

p. p. p. p. p.

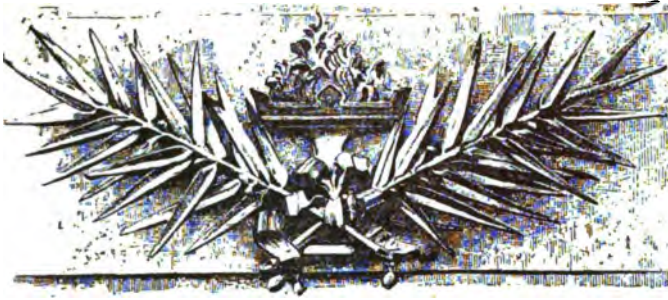


When the cra-dle will rock; When the lough breaks the
cra-dle will fall, Down comes the ba-by and cra-dle and
all

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of three systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final chord. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

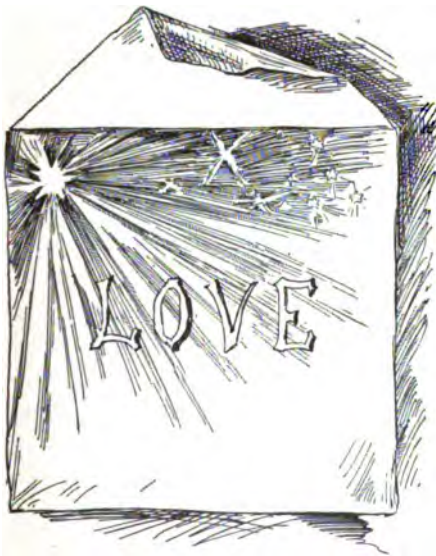






CHRISTMAS IS HERE.

HARK! how the bells do ring!
Glad news to us they bring;
Christmas is here.
Santa Claus came last night,
Over the snow so white,
With his reindeer;



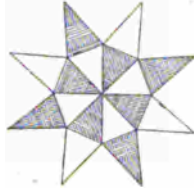
The letter Santa found in a certain stocking.

Quick down the chimney crept,
While all the children slept
Dreaming of joy;
Packed all the stockings tight
With what would give delight
To girl or boy;

Left, too, a lot of love;
Then off again he drove,
So much to do.
Now, though he isn't near,
Yet still I think he'll hear
"Santa, thank you!"

MAUD L. BETTS.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, OF COURSE.



How many days are there left before Christmas day?

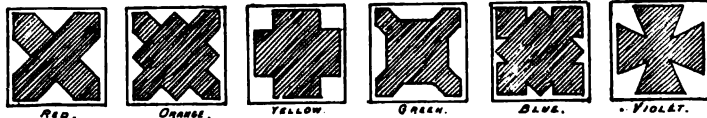
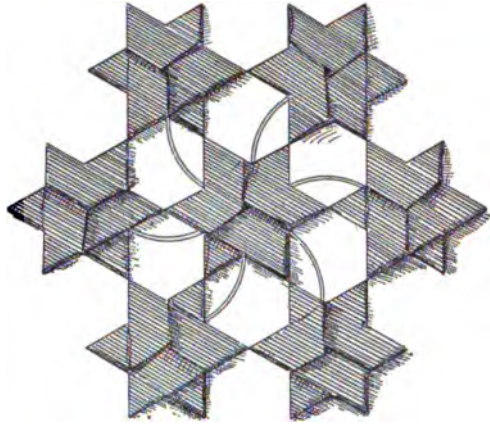
Have you made all your Christmas presents?

These snow days are just right for busy workers, it is so still and cozy indoors.

Bring your paste box and scissors, your needles and thread.

Gather up all the bright bits of paper and clean cards you can find.

Let us put our heads together and have a regular workshop.



Have you ever noticed the bright silver stars on the Christmas tree?

Ask your auntie why people always have stars on Christmas cards.

Be sure and watch for the bright stars in the sky these early Winter nights.

These pictures show many different ways of making stars.

Some are cut from papers and pasted into star shapes.

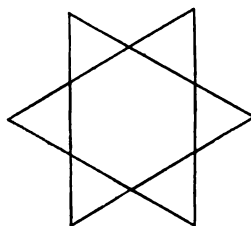
Some are papers folded into points and then put together.

Some are pictures of stars made with pencils and water-color paints.

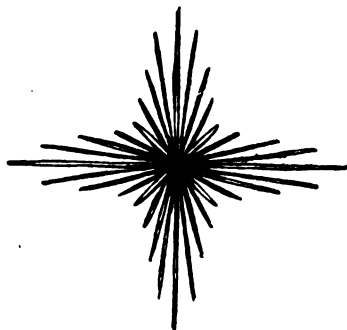


This one is easy enough for baby to make, if you will help her ever so little.

Everyone who wishes to sew the picture of a star, bring his needle with a long white thread, and a deep-blue card for the sky color. Here is a pattern. Do you see what easy, long stitches are in it? Do you see



how they all begin at the center and reach out farther and farther into the card?



When our Christmas cards are all finished we must put them in envelopes and send them through the post office to the different people we have remembered. Then we can wish the old rhyme to come true:

Star light, star bright,
The first star I see tonight,—
I wish it may, I wish it might
Be the happiest kind of a Christmas night.



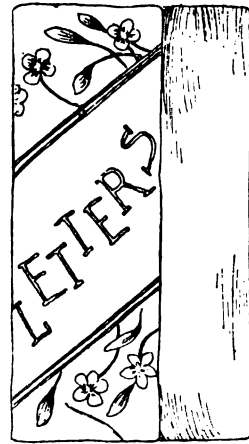


PLAYING WITH SANTA'S GIFTS.

A FEW CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

HERE is a very pretty note-book made out of celluloid, which can be had in the stores, and easily cut with a scissors. Anyone can see at a glance how it is done.

And here is a letter case made of a fold of blotting paper, with the ends fastened, and lettered in colors or gilt.

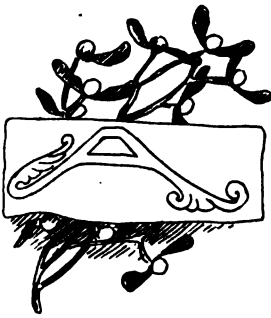


A pretty and useful catch-bag for mamma would be the very nicest gift you could make her, unless it was a case for her handkerchiefs. It may be made of silk or felt, with cross-ribbons inside to hold the handkerchiefs.



Be sure and do not forget the sachet powder. Always try and make the gifts for Christmas, instead of buying them. It is so much more loving.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.



LL under the mistletoe
Hanging so high,
Frolic and rollicking
Baby and I.

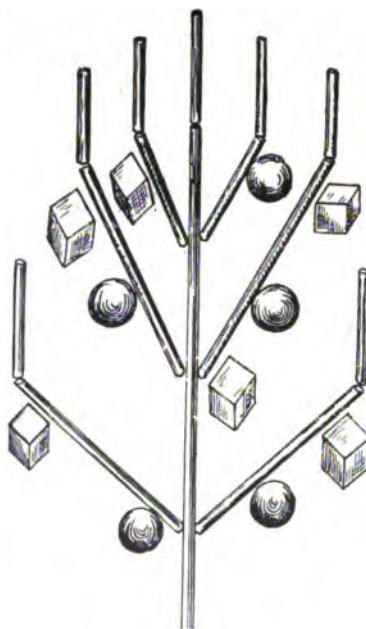
Tossing our balls
And playthings so high,
Up to the ceiling
With its mistletoe sky.

Down they come scattering
Over the floor,
Catch them and hold them,
And toss them once more.

Up to the mistletoe,
And if we should miss,
Catch baby instead
And give him a kiss.

A CHRISTMAS SCRAP-BOOK.

NAME THE PICTURES.





THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS.



A BOY'S BEST PLAYFELLOW.

CHILD-GARDEN

OF STORY, SONG, AND PLAY.

Vol. II.

JANUARY, 1894.

No. 2.

JANUARY.

I 'M little January.
Perhaps you do not know
How far I've come to greet you,
Across the fields of snow.

Perhaps you weren't expecting
I'd be so very small;
Perhaps you're almost wishing
I hadn't come at all.

I've several little brothers,
And little sisters, too;
And every one is coming
To make a call on you.

But I got ready quickly,
And came right straight off here,
To be the first to greet you
This happy, glad New Year!

JESSIE DAVIS.

THE LITTLE NEW YEAR.

ONE cold morning Maurice awoke from his dreams and sat up in bed and listened. He thought he heard a knock at his window; but though the moon was shining brightly, Jack Frost had been so busily at work that Maurice could not see through the thickly painted panes. So he crept sleepily out of bed, and opened the window, and whispered: "Who is there?" "I am," replied a tinkling voice. "I am the little New Year; ho! ho! And I've promised to bring a blessing to everyone. But I am such a little fellow I need somebody to help me distribute them. Won't you please come out and help?"

"Oh, it's so cold!" said Maurice; "I'd much rather go back to my warm bed;" and he shivered as Jack Frost, who was passing, tickled him under the chin with one of the frosty paint brushes. "Never mind the cold," urged the New Year; "please help me."

So Maurice hurried into his clothes, and was soon out in the yard. There he found a rosy-cheeked boy a little smaller than himself, pulling a large cart which seemed to be loaded with good things. On one side of this cart was painted the word "Love," and on the other "Kindness." As soon as the New Year saw Maurice he said, "Now please take hold and help me pull;" and down the driveway and up the hill they traveled until they came to an old shanty.

"Here is where I make my first call," said the New Year. Maurice looked wonderingly at him. "Why, nobody lives here but an old colored man who works for us; and he hasn't any children!" "He needs my help," said the New Year; "for grown people like to be thought of just as much as the children do. You shovel out a path up to his door while I unload some of my blessings;" and the little hands went busily at work, piling up warm clothing, wood, and a new year's dinner, the New Year singing as he worked:

"Oh, I am the little New Year; ho! ho!
Here I come tripping it over the snow,
Shaking my bells with a merry din;
So open your door and let me in."

Old Joe, hearing some noise outside, came to the door, and when he saw all the nice gifts the tears ran down his cheeks for gladness; and as he carried them into the house, he whispered: "The dear Lord has been here tonight."

"Where are we going now?" asked Maurice, as they ran down the hill. "To take some flowers to a poor sick girl," answered the New Year.

Soon they came to a small white house, where the New Year stopped. "Why, Bessie our sewing girl lives here," said Maurice. "I didn't know she was sick." "See," said the New Year, "this window is open a little; let us throw this bunch of pinks into the room. They will please her when she wakes, and will make her happy for several days."

Then they hurried on to other places, leaving some blessing behind them.

"What a wonderful cart you have!" said Maurice; "though you have taken so much out, it never seems to get empty." "You are right, Maurice; there is never any end to love and kindness. As long as I find people to love and be kind to, my cart is full of blessings for them; and it will never grow empty until I can no longer find people to help. If you will go with me every day and help me scatter my blessings, you will see how happy you will be all the long year."

"A happy New Year!" called some one; and Maurice found himself in bed, and his sister standing in the doorway smiling at him. "Have you had a pleasant dream, dear?" she asked. "Why, where is the little New Year?" said Maurice; "he was just here with me."

"Come into Mamma's room and see what he has brought you," answered his sister. There in a snowy white cradle he found a tiny baby brother, the gift of the New Year. How happy Maurice was then! But he did not forget his dream. Old Joe and Bessie had their gifts too, and Maurice tried so hard to be helpful that he made all his friends glad because the happy New Year had come.

Bangor, Me.

ELLEN ROBENA FIELD.



HOW THE SNOWFLAKES CAME TO VISIT MOTHER EARTH.

ONE day old Father Sun said to himself, "My Spring and Summer work is all done. I have wakened the wee flowerets and helped them grow into strong, hardy plants; I've sent my warmth to the gardens and fields, until they have been filled with the most beautiful green grass and vegetables. I've painted the apples' round cheeks a bright red, and kissed the dainty peaches, turning them rosy, too; have glanced into sick-rooms, and whispered to the shut-in ones lying there to take courage, and they would soon be out in the sweet, fresh air once more. I have visited—oh, so many kindergartens, where the dear little children were so glad to see me that they always sang to me their pretty, welcoming songs. I've played with the birds (hide and seek among the trees), making them nearly split their little throats with singing. And when I have gone to bed at night on my downy cloud-pillows in the sky, I declare, I could not tell which, of all the dear things I had visited that day, I loved the best! But today I have other work to do, and must be up and at it."

So saying, Father Sun called his children, the Sunbeam fairies, and told them to go find some water-atoms and bring them to him. So the Sunbeams flew down through the air to look for the atoms, and lo and behold! they found them all bound fast by Jack Frost, and the river where they lived turned

into solid ice! And what do you suppose? Why, ever so many girls and boys were sliding and skating over it, and having the gayest time in the world.

"Ah, ha!" cried the Sunbeams, "we'll soon have you loose, you tiny Water-atoms." Then they gently touched the icy chain which Jack Frost had so tightly bound around them, and it just melted away, and the ripples and waves went dancing along as joyously as before they had been made prisoners. "Come," called the Sunbeam fairies, "come, little Water-atoms, up into the sky with us. Father Sun wants you." So the atoms obeyed, and up they went higher and higher, until they reached the prettiest house you ever saw. "What was it made of?" Why, of a lovely gray cloud; and there they lived near Father Sun's palace.

One day they began to grow restless (just like some little folks whom I know), and wanted to get out and see what was going on around them. While they were wondering how they could manage it, old Giant North Wind came rustling past, and stopped to say "How do you do?" to the atoms. Then they told him what they wanted. The kind old giant offered to take them back to Mother Earth if they wished to go with him. "But please don't carry us back to the river, so that Jack Frost can catch us again!" begged the water-atoms. "All right; I'll change you to snow crystals, and then you may go just where you please. Fly together and cuddle up close to one another, in groups, and see what will happen." The atoms did as he told them; here was a group and there a group, clinging together, and old North Wind breathed gently on them, when sure enough, each tiny group turned into a lovely snow crystal!

Then they all flew down, down, down, like so many white feathers dancing along, and the people who were out doors that morning said: "See the big snowflakes coming! Guess we're going to have a good old-fashioned storm at last."

Some of the crystals thought they'd make a soft, white blanket to cover the flowers, and keep them snug and warm until Spring should come again; others laid over the hills a heavy snow carpet, that the boys and girls might slide down them. Others softly floated down, kissing all the little children they met; and how glad was everyone to see the dear snow

fairies! for this was the first visit they had paid to Mother Earth in a long, long time.

And the little people at kindergarten went out and held up pieces of dark cloth for them to fall upon, and looked at them through a glass, which made the snowflakes seem so large, and showed that each one was a crystal star! There were ever so many different kinds of stars, and all were so pure and white! And to think that they had seen these little visitors every Winter, and had never known before what beautiful fairies they were!

Some of the children wanted to say their "Thank you" verse to the kind Father who sends the Sun and his fairy children, the tiny snow crystals, and all the beautiful things they see every day. So the busy hands were quiet a moment, while the joyous little voices joined in the dear words—

"All good gifts around us
Come from heaven above;
Then thank our Father,
Thank our Father
For his love."

MARGARET A. HURLBUT.

A FINGER PLAY.

TEN little frogs in a pond so low. (1)
 Ten little frogs say, "To the shore we'll go." (2)
 Ten little frogs, when high and dry,
 Thought they would stretch their legs and fly. (3)
 But oh! their effort was all in vain,
 For it tumbled them into the pond again. (4)

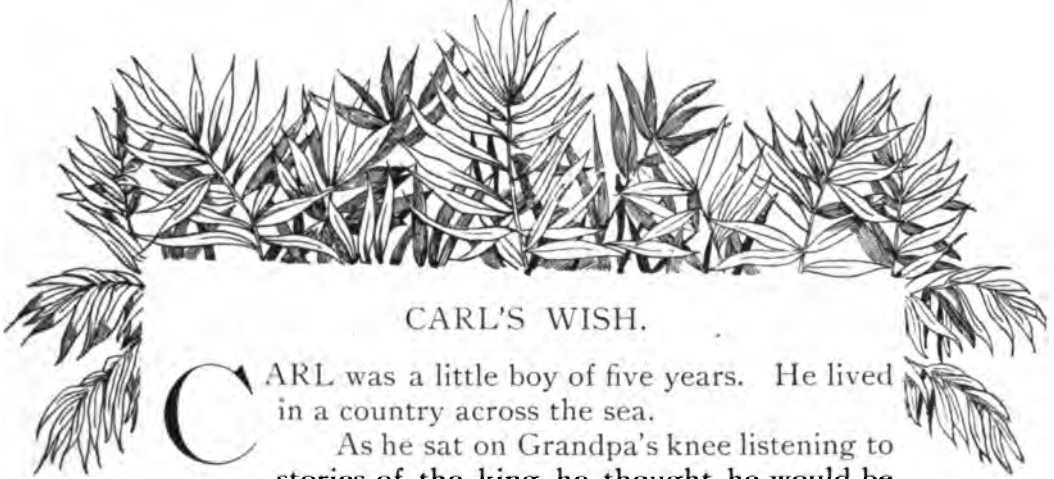
EXPLANATION.

1. Finger tips on table.
2. Finger tips turned up.

3. Stretch fingers
4. Finger tips down on table again.

St. Paul.

ESTHER ANNA GODWIN.



CARL'S WISH.

CARL was a little boy of five years. He lived in a country across the sea.

As he sat on Grandpa's knee listening to stories of the king, he thought he would be so happy if he could only see the beautiful jewel crown!

He had once or twice seen the king, as he went with Grandpa past the castle, but never the crown, as that was only worn by the king on special occasions; on state days.

One morning after little Carl had his breakfast, he determined to go to the castle and ask the king to please show him the crown.

He walked, and walked. At last the gates were reached. He asked the soldier on guard to please take him to the king.

"I cannot do that, little boy. The king is a busy man, and has other duties to attend to than listening to little boys."

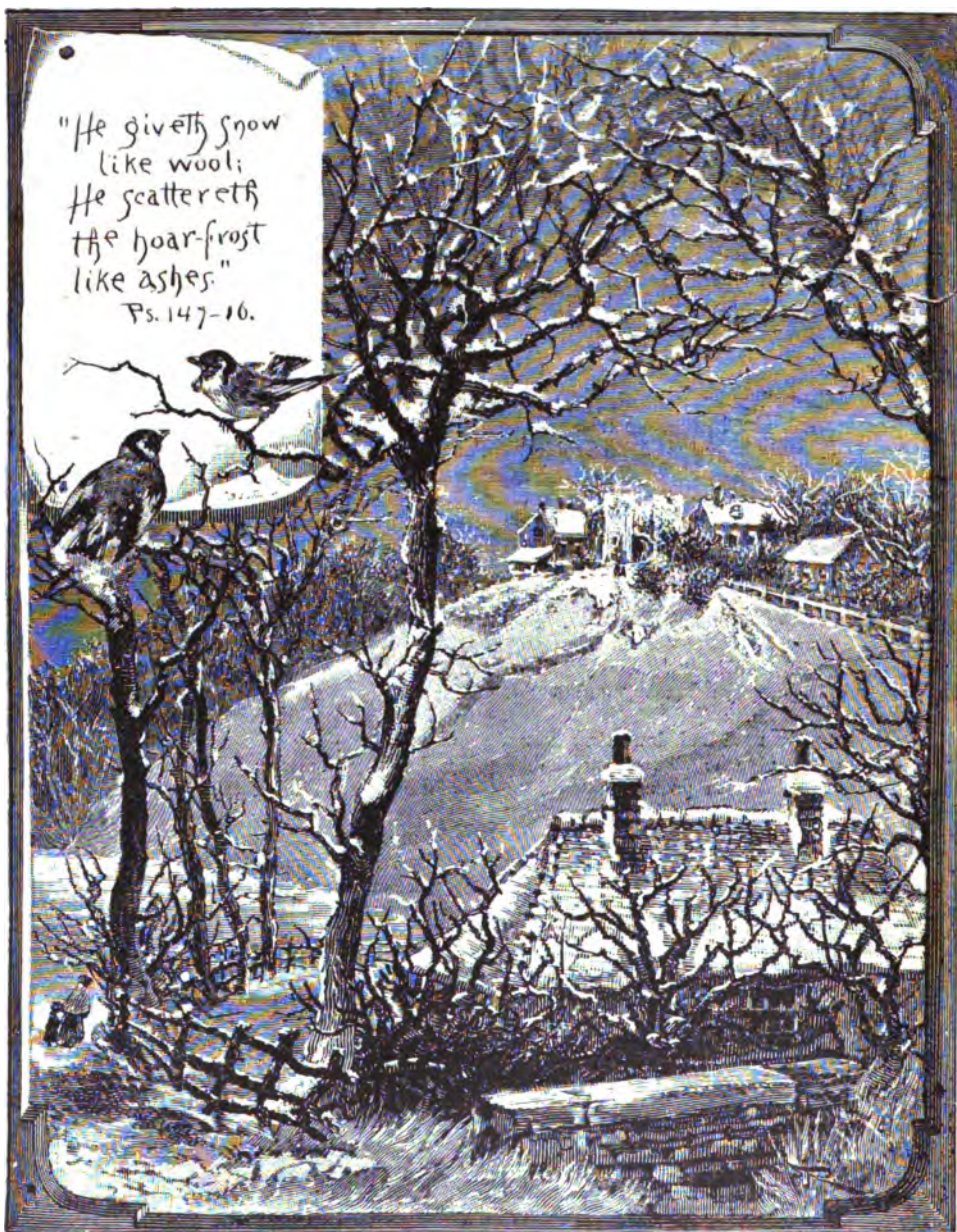
Poor Carl turned back, sad and unhappy. He walked tearfully along, not noticing anything, until a carriage stopped in front of him. A kind voice said, "Little boy, what is your trouble? Get in here and tell the king." Carl told his wish, and was then taken to the castle to see the beautiful crown.

"What beautiful stones! What beautiful colors!" exclaimed Carl. The king told him that if he would use his eyes, to see beautiful colors, it was not necessary to come to the castle. The birds, fruits, and flowers around him were as beautiful as the colors of any crown.

He gave Carl a small box, in which was something that would bring into his room the beautiful colors of sunlight.

This little boy went home, and opened the box. There was a glass prism. Grandpa told him to hang it by the sunny window, and very soon Carl had in his own little room the beautiful colors of the crown.

"He giveth snow
like wool;
He scattereth
the hoar-frost
like ashes."
Ps. 147-16.



NEW YEAR FROST-BELLS.

TINKLE, little frost-bells pearly,
On this Winter morning bright,
Crystal bells that peal so early,
Ringing welcome to the light!

Frost is king and hearts are merry;
Star-like crystals, ring the chimes!
Laughing music, crisp and cheery,
How our footsteps keep the times!

Sunlight glances, air is bracing,
Frost-bells hang, with tones so clear,
O'er bare branches interlacing,
Waking echoes far and near.

While the crackling chimes are sounding,
Tune our heart-bells to the song;
Quick and free our thoughts are bounding;
May the joy-bells echo long!

ELIZABETH T. HOLMES.

A BUNCH OF WHEAT.

YOU remember, children, how all this week we have been helping the farmer, little Jessie's father, sow and reap his field of wheat. We have done all the work in two weeks; but the farmer sows his wheat in the early Spring, and it grows many months—not days or weeks, but months—before the heads are heavy with the grains of wheat and are ready to be cut down by the reaper. You remember, too, how hard the farmer worked to make the brown earth loose and soft, so that the tiny seeds would grow into strong, good straw, able to hold very safely the many little wheat seeds hidden snugly away in the little cradles.

Jessie, living on a farm, knew just how long it took the wheat to grow, and how hard her father had worked all the Spring. But Jessie also knew something else that I think the children



know, too, if they think for a moment. It is this: that the tiny grains of wheat would never have grown, never have sent little roots down into the earth or green blades up toward the sun, if only Jessie's father had cared for it.

The heavenly Father thought of the wheat, and sent his warm sunshine and his bright, sparkling raindrops to it, and every little grain he watched and tenderly cared for. So when the wheat was cut and safely stored away, Jessie asked her father for a large bunch of it before it was thrashed. She didn't tell him what she wished to do with it. But the next Sunday, when they all went to church, he saw what Jessie had done with the bunch of wheat.

There in the vase, in God's house, was the wheat, and all its heads were bowed as if to thank Him for the bright warm sunshine and the soft drops of rain He had sent them all Summer long.

And now I wonder if the children can tell why Jessie put the wheat in the church. Well, she saw how happy and thankful her father was, because the wheat had grown so well; and she wanted to thank the heavenly Father too. So she thought by placing the golden wheat in His house, to make the house more beautiful, that it would show forth her thanks.

ELIZABETH C. SKINNER.

Brooklyn.





THE HOUSEKEEPERS.

A KITCHEN-GARDEN SONG.

(College Songs-- Tune, "Rosalie.")

WE'RE neat little housekeepers; this you'll soon see.
 When all work is finished we dance merrily.
 But work must be first, and be done neatly, too;
 For to slight it, you know, would not do.

CHORUS—Tra-la, la, etc.

When Monday is here, then for work we prepare,
 With sleeves up; we're hoping the day may be fair;
 We wash, boil, and blue all the pieces of white.
 Now I'm sure you will say we do right.

CHORUS.

On Tuesday as usual at work we must be;
 Our irons are hot—th! th! th!—don't you see?
 To smooth out the wrinkles I'm sure we will try,
 And we'll sing as the moments go by.

CHORUS.

Our clothes all need mending; just see how we work!
 On Wednesday our duty of course we'll not shirk;
 With needle and thread, and a bright thimble, too,
 Our mending we'll carefully do.

CHORUS.

THE HOUSEKEEPERS.

Now Thursday we'll dress very neatly, you see,
To call on our friends; oh, what pleasure 'twill be!
We'll visit and chatter, and try to be true
In all that we say, think, or do.

CHORUS.

With dustpan and broom we will set out today,
For Friday we work and find no time to play;
We'll sweep and we'll dust and arrange things with
grace;
For a home is like no other place.

CHORUS.

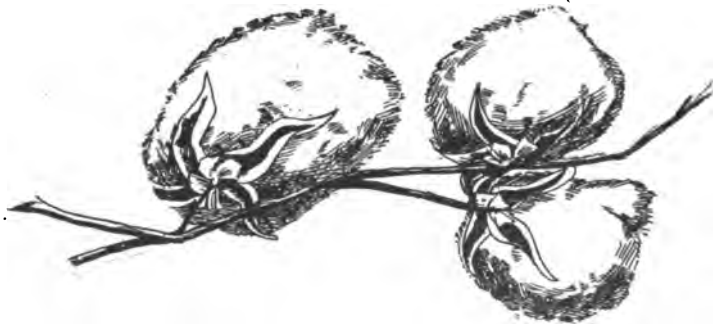
The baking on Saturday now we must do;
We'll make some nice cookies, a custard pie, too;
Some jelly cake, popovers, pudding so grand,
And you'll think they're the best in the land.

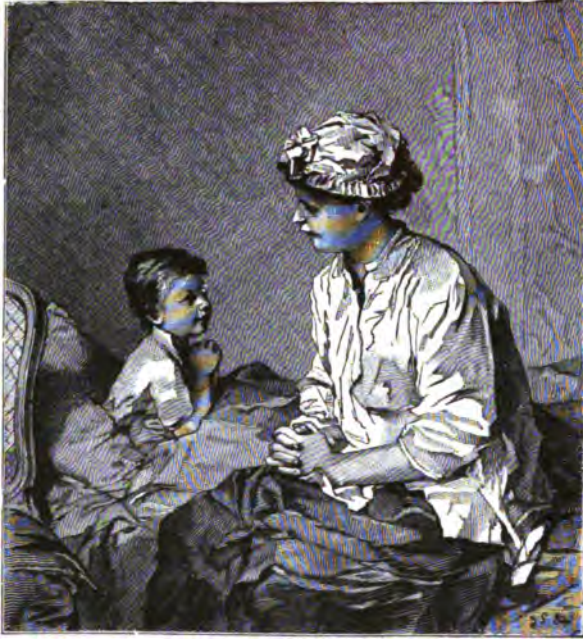
CHORUS.

On Sunday, of course, to the church we must go,
And do all we can none but good seed to sow.
We'll thank our kind Father for blessings so rare,
That our lives are so bright and so fair.

WINNIE M. MCFARLAND.

This game can be played by eight little girls, the fifth verse requiring two, as one little girl calls upon the other and has a cup of tea, while the others dance around the table during the chorus. Have a wash tub, iron, and all. After the first verse all the children dance merrily around the little table, which has been placed in the center of the ring. After the last verse the children march two and two, singing the chorus softly.





Listening to the New Year's Bells.

JOY'S PILLY-COOS.

IT was early in the morning; so very early that the children were not yet dressed; but they were wide awake. Restless little Joy was begging Lucy and Bessie to "det up and open the window." Lucy at last slips out of bed and runs to the window, and with Bessie's help flings it wide open.

Out goes Joy's curly head, and she begins calling, "Pilly-coo, coo, coo; Pilly, Pilly-coo, Pilly-coo."

This is Joy's name for all her pigeons and doves; they are all "Pilly-coos." It is her baby effort to say, "Pigeon, come; pigeon, come."

Almost at the first call of her clear, sweet little voice there is a rustle and a whirr of wings, and the tiny balcony is soon crowded with the pretty white and gray pigeons, cooing in answer, as they arch their gleaming necks, and push and crowd each other because they are so eager for their breakfast.

The children, quite as eager, and looking like a flock of

snow-white doves themselves, scatter grain among the hungry little fellows, from the basin which dear father never fails to leave on the chair by the window.

Presently Joy discovers that one Pilly-coo is acting very strangely; he hops about on one leg, and when he tries to get his share of grain, the other pigeons find it an easy matter to upset him. At last he gives it up and broods apart, his pretty head sunk on his soft breast.

The children cannot guess what is the matter with "Pearly," as they call him.

So every morning after this they watch him; at last they notice that he is often pulling and struggling with a piece of strong white thread which has become wound and tangled around one tiny foot. The harder he pulls and struggles the deeper it cuts and the more swollen and tender becomes the poor foot.

"Oh!" cries Lucy, "he's hurting himself; he's cutting his own foot off."

"Oh, my Pilly-coo, my Pilly-coo! oh, make him stop," sobs little Joy.

"Don't cry, Joy; go call father. He will know how to help him," said thoughtful Bessie.

Joy is gone in a flash; and soon back she comes, dragging father, who looks sleepy, is only half dressed, and has his razor in his hand.

This he puts carefully upon the dresser, where Joy cannot get it to play with; but she has no thought of mischief this morning; her whole heart is full of the welfare of her dove.

"Give me the grain, children. I will coax him to trust me; then I can help him."

So father climbs out on the balcony, and all the pigeons scatter far and wide.

Then he begins to call softly, "Pilly-coo, Pilly-coo, coo, coo, Pilly," just as Joy does.

Soon they begin to circle around him, his voice is so gentle and coaxing, and they are very hungry. They come nearer and nearer, till at last they are feeding around his feet.

He takes care that Pearly shall get his share of the grain, then suddenly he stoops quickly down and gently picks him up.

He holds him close in his firm, kindly grasp, and smooths the ruffled wings until Pearly forgets to be afraid.

It is only the work of a moment for those skillful hands to unwind the cruel thread, and Pearly lies quite still, as if he trusts his friend and knows he is being helped.

Pearly is set free, a happy dove indeed. Lucy and Bessie clap their hands with delight; Joy's eyes sparkle like diamonds, and she cannot give father too many kisses.

As the days go by, it is a pretty sight to see how grateful Pearly is; he is the tamest and most fearless of all his mates, coming at father's call to alight on his hand, and seeming to enjoy his caresses.

Joy said, "He isn't 'fraid, 'cause he loves father now, like we do."

ALEXINA CHAMBERLAIN.

A SECRET.

A TALL Fir whispered in the wood,
"I'd tell a secret if I could."
Then all the dry leaves on the ground
Whisked up and down and all around
To see if they the news might hear,
And spread it quickly far and near.

But the tall tree answered not the call;
It bowed politely, that was all,
And flung its tassels to the breeze,
And looked the wisest of all trees.
But when I came beneath the tree
It whispered, "Yes, I'll tell it thee."

Then as I rushed in eager haste,
And threw my arms about its waist,
It spoke so softly in my ear,
I held my breath that I might hear:
"My child, I'm coming soon to be
Your very own dear Christmas tree."

MRS. G. M. HOWARD.



The Castle of the Five Knights.
(AFTER TURNER.)

THE FIVE KNIGHTS.

THE gray castle stands high on the hill.
The towers seem to touch the clouds, and the rock
on which it rests reaches down to the clear lake.

The masts of the ships try to reach as high as the
towers, and the white sails are carried along by the same wind
as are the clouds.

In the early morning the castle gate swings open and five
knights ride out into the world. Their horses are swift and
strong. The knights are fearless and brave. Together they
ride through the woods, into cities, and from village to village.

They do not tarry long in any place, but the people are
made glad even to know that the knights have passed their
way.

The children say to their fathers:

"Why do they not stay?"

The fathers answer:

"They have great work to do all over the world."

"But what work do they do?"

"Wherever they ride on their swift horses, with their wav-
ing plumes and safe armor, they are telling the people that it is
good to be brave and beautiful."

Then the children turn to the mothers and ask:

"Why are the people glad to see the great knights ride by?"

The mothers make answer:

"For the same reason that you are glad,—because all love
the great, the strong, the beautiful, the brave."

AMALIE HOFER.

ALL RIGHT.

WHAT if the leaves upon the trees
Were very, very blue?
What if the grass beneath our feet
Was of some other hue?
What if the snow was red and green?
What if the stars were white?
Yet had they always been just that,
We'd think they were all right.

ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

PENNY-ROYAL.

PENNY was a gray tiger cat and Royal was a big strong dog,—a mastiff, Benny's mamma said. As the two were always together, the family called them Penny-Royal.

One very snowy day, when Mamma was finishing a new pink dress for baby Helen, she heard a noise that made her stop sewing and listen.

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" cried Benny, running into the sewing room. "Mamma, Penny-Royal's lost, and it's snowing harder'n ever!"

"Sh-h-h, Benny; you'll wake Helen," said Mamma.

"Well, where's Penny-Royal?" and Benny ran to the window. "Oh, see it snow! Looks like somebody was up in the sky shaking down pop corn. Could anybody see in all this snow, Mamma?"

"Yes, indeed. Royal can see, and he'll bring our little Penny back to us. Don't be afraid." And Mamma kissed Benny's wet cheek.

Soon a knock was heard.

"What's that, Mamma?"

Benny ran to the kitchen door and saw a man there all covered with snow. He held poor, cold Penny in his arms, and she was snowy too. Royal pushed by the man and ran in. He was glad enough to be in that warm kitchen, and the way he shook himself and sprinkled snow all over the floor made Benny scream with delight.

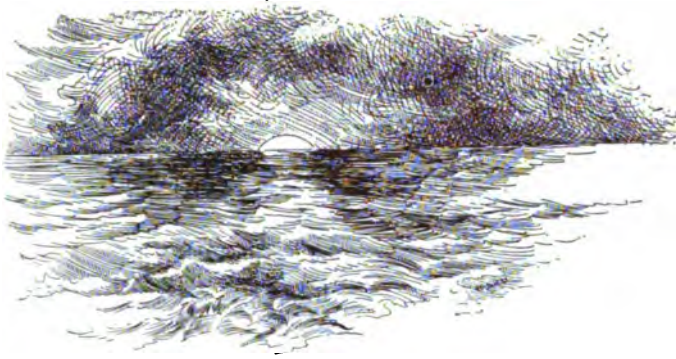
"Well, mum," said the man, "this cat's near freezing. She got into one o' my egg baskets and I carried her out into the country. The dog followed under the wagon. The snow is so deep that he's waded up to his shoulders for the last two miles. He wouldn't go back, though I tried to drive him."

"Oh, don't you know why?" asked Benny. "Because he wouldn't leave Penny, and he knew she was in your egg basket. Royal wouldn't leave Penny, would you, dear old Royal?"

Mamma patted Royal's wet head, and brought Penny's basket lined with soft red cushions, and put her in it near the fire.

"You darling old Penny-Royal!" said Benny, hugging first one runaway and then the other. "We won't let them go out in another snowstorm, will we, Mamma?"

ELLEN M. COOK.



THE STORY OF A SAND GRAIN.

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land."

THE little grain of sand rolled over and over on the pebbly beach, as the water drops of the big wave played with it.

Little grains of sand; yes, a great many of them, some larger, some smaller; and a little farther back on the beach were more and larger. They could easily be seen from where the little grain was being rocked by the wave.

"Do you know what I am going to do with you?" whispered the wave, picking the little grain up, then laying it down again and running back.

"No, I don't," said the grain; "but every time you pick me up and put me down again you rub off some of my beautiful little corners; and I'm afraid that by and by you'll rub me all to pieces."

"Oh, no!" said the wave; "I've polished you enough. I'm going to bury you up now, with these other grains that I have been working with. You thought I was just playing with you, didn't you?"

"Are you going to bury those big grains back there?" asked the little grain anxiously; for it thought the wave was trying to get beyond it, to reach them.

"No," said the wave, with a rippling laugh. "I shall make them look like you before I bury them. Did you know you were once part of that big cliff 'way up there?"

"No; how did I come to be here, if I was?"

"Well, I'll tell you all about it before I bury you. I have to tell this story to every grain I get ready, and that's why it takes so dreadfully long to make sandstone.

"Once you were just a part of that big cliff; and I broke off a piece from it, and you were in it. I rolled that lump around until I got it down to a nice pebble like those up there; but I wanted to make nice, fine sandstone. Some waves make fine sandstone, and some are careless and make coarse ones; but I am very careful about the grains I put into my sandstone. So I rolled and rolled, and worked away until I got you as smooth and small and pretty as you are now."

"Am I very pretty?" asked the grain, looking at itself in the water.

"Yes, when you are where you belong, and being useful, you are pretty; but all by yourself you don't amount to much. Things are only pretty in this world when doing some good.

"Now I am going to bury you with these others, all just as smooth and pretty as you are, and put some peroxide of iron in. And then I'll go up and polish off those pebbles, and make more nice little grains to put on top of you; and so I keep on, until by and by I get you buried so deeply that you get warm and packed together very tightly. Then perhaps I'll go away and start another sandstone bed somewhere else. And long, long times from now you may see the sun again, in a beautiful block of red sandstone."

MAY H. HORTON.

THE CHILDREN'S CALENDAR.

JANUARY—Skating, snowballing, and sleigh riding too.
 February—Washington's Birthday, and good Saint V., true.
 March—Mr. Wind comes now to fly all the kites.
 April—Now we have all the great Easter delights.
 May—Flowers, and May poles, and little May queens.
 June—Roses and daisies, and beautiful scenes.
 July—Firecrackers, rockets, and plenty of noise.
 August—Seashore and bathing, and vacation joys.
 September—Grapes, peaches, and pears—such luscious, ripe fruits!
 October—A bag full of nuts, and the leaves in Fall suits.
 November—Thanksgiving Day with its thanks and its treat.
 December—Christmas day comes; then the year is complete.

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.



THE JEWELS.

A COLOR STORY.

IN the year "Once upon a time" there lived in a far-off land a very strange little people; such a queer folk were they, and so quietly did they live, that few people indeed of the outside world knew anything about them.

They did not live as most of us do, in houses made of brick or wood, built in busy cities or in the quiet country, but they lived in some great rocks in this far-off land; and the five particular little people that our story is about had their homes 'way down deep in one of these great rocks.

These five friends were very fond each of the other; they had their joys and sorrows in common, so that when one was unhappy for any cause, the other four took his sorrow to heart, as though it had been their own. However, they were not often sad; and now for the story.

Their names were beautiful, and were given not only on account of their beauty, but for other reasons which you will plainly understand. The eldest of the five was named *Ruby*, because of her fondness for red. There was a crack in the big rock in which these little ones lived, and old Sunshine had long ago found his way through there, down, down into the deep earth and past their homes.

Often had Ruby watched him as he passed, and had gathered all the red that she could catch from his rays, in which she dipped her little gown; and so it became a glorious color, much like the roses that Sunshine told her grew in the outside world.

Then came a little girl a year younger than Ruby; and she cared not at all for Ruby's color, but had chosen from Sunshine's rays a beautiful blue, and had washed her little gown in it; so for this reason all called her Sapphire. Then, too, her eyes were blue; and these same eyes would open very wide, indeed, when merry old Sunshine would whisper stories of the beautiful blue sky where his home was.

Next in years came Topaz,—such a jolly little elf! just like a bundle of sunshine. His hair seemed like glints of sunlight, too, for he had gathered up all the yellow rays that Sunshine threw out, and in them had dipped his tiny suit.

There were yet two more of these children of light, and theirs were names that I doubt if you have ever heard. The boy's was Emerald; for he, like the others, had gathered some rays; but his were of a different hue,—a soft, lovely green; and as he had gathered them, Sunshine had whispered, "Your coat will be just like the leaves on the trees which grow in the beautiful outside world; and some day you shall see them growing there."

The girl, youngest of all, had eyes of a violet hue; and yet those dear eyes had never so much as seen one of these modest flowers. She, not knowing what ray to choose wherein to dip her gown, had asked Sunshine to give her what he would. He gave her a violet ray, saying, "Amethyst shall be your name;" and her playmates caught the name, and echoed "Amethyst."

One day when they were all playing together at catching sunbeams, a great noise was heard; they listened, and what do you think it was? A great big crack in their stone house! Looking up, they saw a man with a hammer and other tools in his hand. This man looked about, and spying Topaz,—who was too frightened to speak,—exclaimed, "Oh, you lovely fellow! just what I had hoped to find!" Then the man worked away, and before night he had Ruby, Sapphire, Emerald, Amethyst, and Topaz, all tucked into a little box; and he carried them away, away they knew not where.

At last one day they found themselves in a great shop, where they were washed and polished, and their little dresses grew brighter and brighter. Then they were set in a golden crown for the queen of the land in which they had come to dwell. This queen grew fond, very fond, of these little friends, loving them as they had never been loved before; and they, in return for her love, glistened and shone for her as never stones had glistened before.

And so it came to pass that they saw the red roses, the blue sky where Sunshine lived, the leaves, and violets, too, just as had been promised them; and the dear queen loved them all, and called them her *Jewels*.

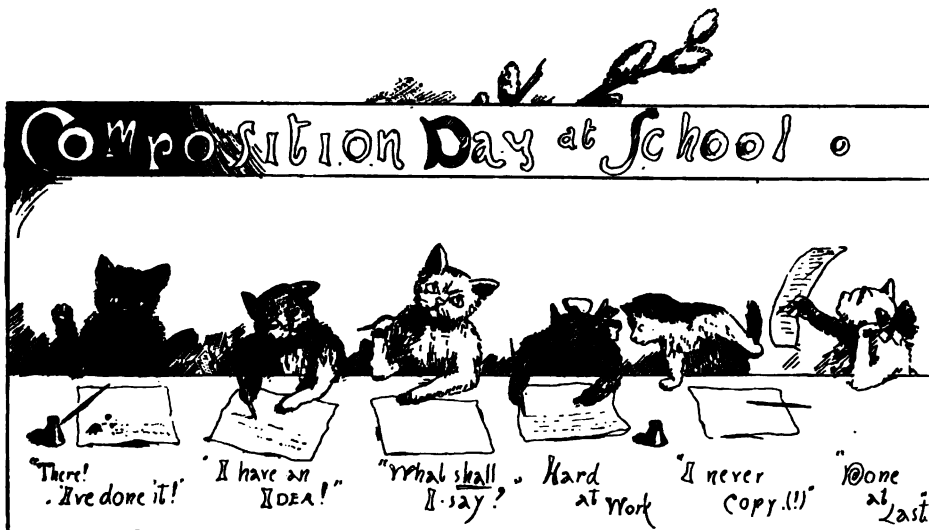
MARY E. PRICE.

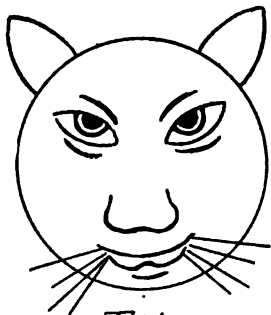
THE QUEER HOUSE.

THERE fell from a rosebush, one cold Winter day,
A queer little house; it fell right in my way.
Of horse hair and rootlets 'twas made with great care;
The inside was lined with the finest of hair.
The artist who made it was one of the best;
If you will undo it you'll find it a test
Of weaving the finest. Now try, if you will,
To make one just like it, and show us your skill.
When cold winds of Winter threw out a fierce blast
The dear little rosebush could not hold it fast,
And, shaped like a hemisphere, off it did go,
A-flying and rolling all over the snow.
It once was the home of some dear little birds
Whose songs in the Summer so often we heard.
They were very far off, where the weather is warm;
They could not have lived in this cold, Winter storm.
Now what will they do when they come in the Spring,
And find not a home? Will they cheerily sing?
The chippys won't care if their labors are more;
They'll soon build a nest quite as nice as before.

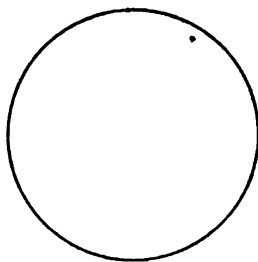
Akron, O.

MALANA A. HARRIS.

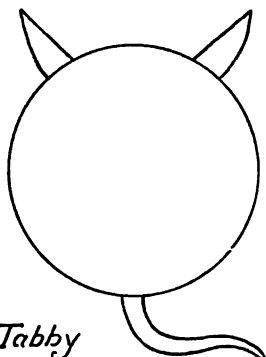




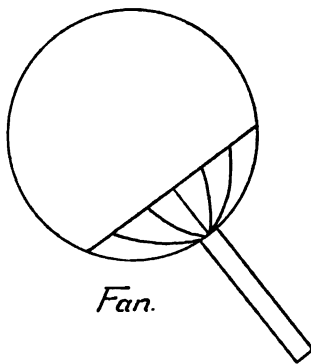
Tabby



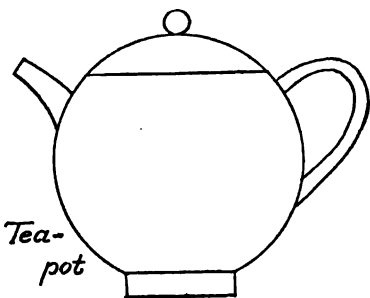
Mat



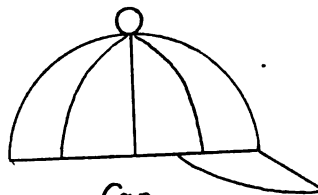
*Tabby
running away*



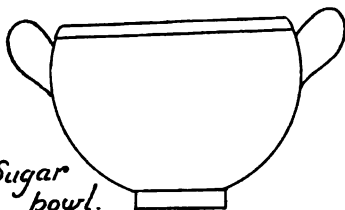
Fan.



*Tea-
pot*



Cap



*Sugar
bowl.*

PICTURES WITH PAPER AND PASTE.

MARIAN is a little girl who likes to make pictures. Sometimes she makes them with a pencil, and sometimes she makes them by sewing with bright-colored zephyrs on dainty white cards.

These are some of the pictures she has just learned to make with paper and paste.

Mamma gave her a package of these pretty colored circles on her birthday, and ever since then she has been very happy in working with them.

Mamma often makes stories for the pictures, and here is one of them:

Oh, Tabby, Tabby, sleek and fat!
You seem a very solemn cat,
As on the round mat in the sun
You sit and blink at everyone.
Your coat is thick, so run and play;
'Twill keep you warm this Winter's day.
And then we hear her soft "Purr, purr,"
As off she goes, all dressed in fur.

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.

HIAWATHA, THE LITTLE HUNTER.

HIAWATHA was a little Indian boy, who lived in a wigwam with his grandmother, old Nokomis.

Nokomis was a wrinkled old woman, but she loved little Hiawatha and cared for him very tenderly. She rocked him in his linden cradle, and sang to him, and told him stories about the stars.

When Hiawatha grew to be a little older, he used often to sit at the door of the wigwam on Summer evenings and listen to the waves of the Big-Sea-Water, as they gently beat upon the shore. The Big-Sea-Water was before the wigwam, and the dark pine forest was behind it. Hiawatha loved to hear the waves and to listen to the rustle of the pine trees. It seemed to him as if they were whispering and talking to him.

This little Indian boy loved every living thing, and even the little firefly was his friend. He sang to it, and in the song he said, "Come and light me with your candle, little firefly!"

Old Nokomis had a friend named Iagoo. This friend came

often to visit them in their wigwam, and Hiawatha listened, with his bright eyes wide open, while Iagoo told most marvelous stories.

When Hiawatha was quite a large lad, Iagoo made him a present of a bow and some arrows. As he gave them to the boy, he said, "Hiawatha, you must go out hunting, and shoot us a deer."

So Hiawatha took the bow and the arrows, and walked out bravely alone, into the forest. The birds sang over his head and said, "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!" A squirrel ran up an oak tree close beside him, and laughed and chattered, and said "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!" Then a rabbit saw him, and leaped aside, saying to the little hunter, "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha." But he paid no attention to any of them, for he was thinking only of the deer.

At last he saw a pathway leading down to the river, and he knew that was the place where the deer would come to drink; so he hid himself in the bushes and waited. Very soon he saw two great branching horns, and then the deer came down the path.

Hiawatha trembled when he saw the deer, but he kept very still. Then, in a moment, he dropped upon one knee, lifted his bow, took aim, and pulled back the string. Whizz! went the arrow, and the deer fell down in the path.

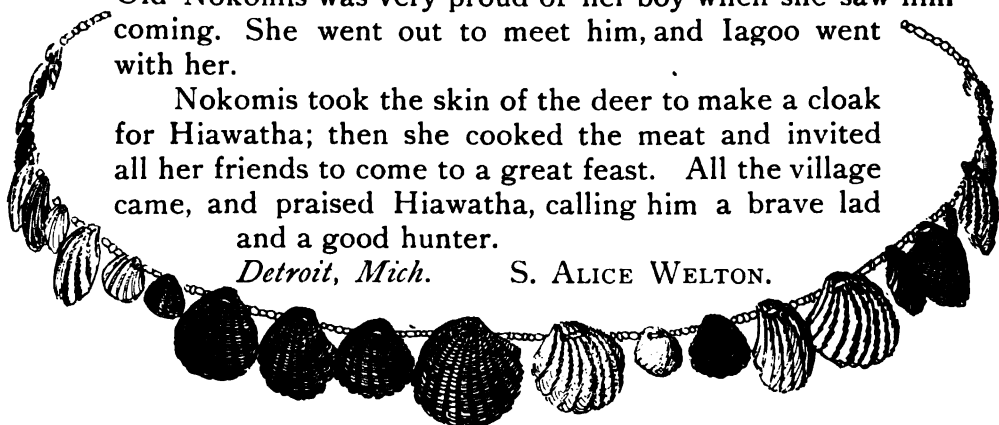
Hiawatha was very glad that he had been able to aim so true, so he hurried to drag the deer home as fast as he could.

Old Nokomis was very proud of her boy when she saw him coming. She went out to meet him, and Iagoo went with her.

Nokomis took the skin of the deer to make a cloak for Hiawatha; then she cooked the meat and invited all her friends to come to a great feast. All the village came, and praised Hiawatha, calling him a brave lad and a good hunter.

Detroit, Mich.

S. ALICE WELTON.



An Indian Necklace.

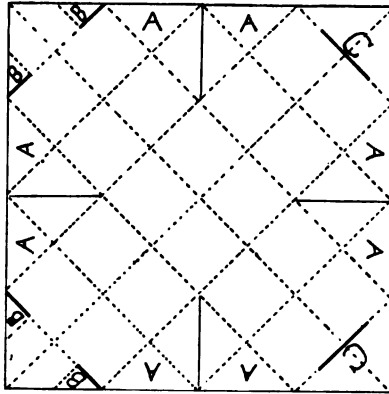
MAKING A BOX.



THE children and I are learning to make a box.

Take a square of paper three times as large as the size of the box you wish to make, and fold it as shown by the dotted lines in Fig. 1. Then cut out the eight three-cornered pieces marked A, and cut the squares between the parts thus cut out, diagonally through the center, as shown by the solid lines; the pieces made by so doing should then be folded *in*. Care should be taken not to cut through a cross-line.

Of the four ends or points, two of them—but not opposite



ones—should be cut in a little way from the edge (see B), and the points thus made turned back, as shown by dotted line. The remaining two ends should be cut (see C) so that the first two may be drawn through them; then those little points may be turned back so as to hold the ends together.

A handle may be put on the box by putting the last two ends to be fastened together through a paper loop. The dainty bonbon boxes can be decorated and used for many good purposes.



BABY'S GONE TO LAPLAND.

BABY'S GONE TO LAPLAND.

BABY'S gone to Lapland,
On her mother's knee;
Baby's gone to Napland,
Sound as she can be.
Bring the baby's nighty,
Little sister, run;
She is queen and mighty,—
Rules us every one.

Breath is like the posies;
Teeth are like the pearls;
Lips are pretty roses;
Golden are her curls;
Roguish Baby's eyes are;
Ears are dainty shells;
How she's growing wiser
Everybody tells.

Dimples on her shoulders;
Say just what you may,
Baby's getting older
Every blessed day.
Fingers all so slender;
Toes so white and pink;
Babies are so tender—
Wonder what they think.

Baby's gone to Lapland,
On her mother's knee;
Baby's gone to Napland,
Sound as she can be.
Bring the baby's nighty,
Little sister, run;
She is queen and mighty,—
Rules us every one.
Lay her on the pillow,
Soft as soft can be—
Sailor on the billow
Of the silent sea.

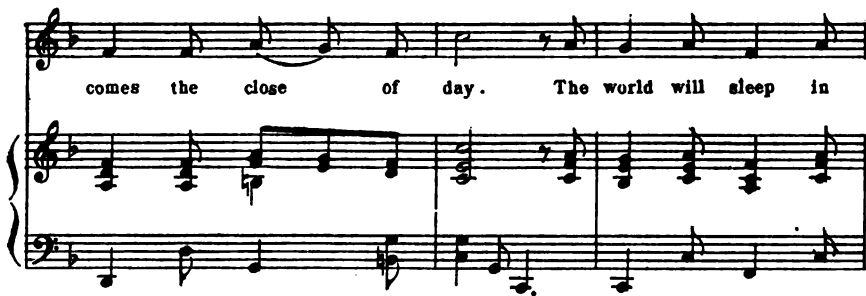
—*Selected.*

LULLABY AND GOOD MORNING.

Dreamily.



The eye - lids close, in sweet re - pose, When



comes the close of day. The world will sleep in



si - lence deep, Till star - light fades a - way.

ppp

The first system of the musical score is for a piano introduction. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked *Allegro.* The music begins with a whole rest in the treble staff, followed by a series of chords and single notes in the bass staff. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) appears towards the end of the system.

The second system of the musical score is for the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Brightly.* The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Good - morn - ing lit - tle child - ren". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "sun - beams shin - ing say. Wake up dear lit - tle". The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

The fourth system of the musical score concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line ends with the lyrics "child - ren, And greet us all to - day." The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord in the right hand and a single note in the left hand.

From "Song Stories for the Kindergarten," by permission.



READY FOR FUN.



JOAN THE SHEPHERDESS.

CHILD-GARDEN

OF STORY, SONG, AND PLAY.

Vol. II.

FEBRUARY, 1894.

No. 3.

FEBRUARY.*



Hurrah for baby February!
He's coming with his
teams
Of little Cupid horses,
On a track of golden
beams.
He has letters for each
sweetheart
That ever loved another,
Whether it's his sister or
his brother,
His father or his mother.
Hurrah for baby February!

* His first name is Valentine.

JEANNE D'ARC,

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

MANY years before Columbus discovered America, when people did not know that there was any such land as we live in, over in France lived a little peasant girl.

She worked out in the fields, and learned to sew and spin; for little girls in those days did not go to school and learn history and botany and arithmetic. She did not even know how to read and write; but she was a very good little girl, and always did what she thought was right. She was a timid, modest child, and did not talk to people a great deal; but she used to sit and think how much she wished God would give her something to do.

When she was thirteen years old, one day while she was sitting on the ground watching her sheep and wishing that she could do something to show her love for truth and right, she heard a voice, and she looked around, but no one was near, only the sheep, and they were nibbling the grass quietly; the voice had not disturbed them. Then she heard it again; it said "Jeanne," and it sounded as though it came from her own heart; but it was so clear and distinct that she looked again to see if some one was not near.

Then she listened, for she knew it was not a human voice; and the voice said, "Jeanne, God wants something of you; keep yourself modest and pure, to be God's messenger of truth." And Jeanne sat very still for a long time, and waited, hoping the voice would speak to her again; but she heard only the sound of the wind and the breathing of the sheep. Then she prayed a little prayer, and took her sheep home.

But every day when she was in the field with her sheep she listened for the voice again; and although she listened and did all that she knew was right, the dear voice did not come again until she was fifteen. Two years she had waited, and then one day when she was watching the sheep she heard the voice again; and this time she did not look around to see who it was, for she knew it was the voice she had waited for so long.

The voice said, "Jeanne, Maid of Truth, your work is close

at hand. Fight for right and truth. God will direct you. Take your sheep home and come back here."

So Jeanne led her sheep home, and then went back and found in the field a tall man beside a big white horse; and the man had a beautiful white banner embroidered with lilies. And Jeanne was afraid, and stood trembling; but he said very gently,

"Maid of Truth, these are the symbols of your power. Put on this armor; 'tis the armor of truth. Take this banner; 'tis the banner of purity." And then he placed her on the great white horse, which arched its neck and pawed the ground and neighed.

"Go," said the tall man; "head the armies, and conquer wrong."

And the horse carried her to the great city where the armies were, and she led the soldiers and cannon to victory, riding on her great white horse and carrying her beautiful white banner. And all the soldiers loved her so, they watched for her to tell them just what to do. And even in the noise of cannon Jeanne heard the beloved voice calling her "Maid of Truth," and telling her what to do, so that she did many wonderful things. She commanded the army better than the gray-haired generals had done, and though *they* could not hear the voices that told her what to do, they knew that she was fighting for truth and right. And so she conquered where they failed.

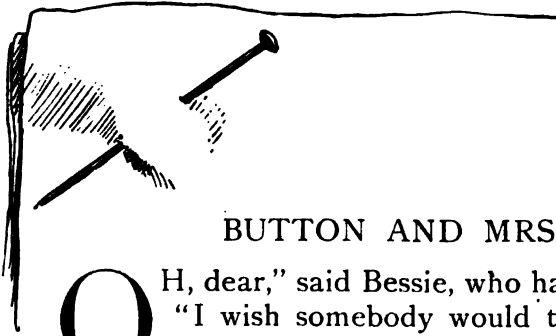
Dear children, read the story for yourselves some day, in the great book about the nations, and you will see that this is not a fairy tale, but is wondered over by all the great and wise people everywhere, who cannot understand how a simple girl who kept sheep could do such heroic deeds.

MAY H. HORTON.

THE YEAR'S SECOND CHILD.

ON a cold dark night, not long ago,
Came a little friend all clad in snow;
Small was he as he hurried along,
Singing to himself this funny little song:
'Ho! ho! ho! does every one know?
I am little February from the land of snow."

ANNIE McMULLEN.



BUTTON AND MRS. UMBRELLA.

O H, dear," said Bessie, who had just come in from a walk "I wish somebody would tell me a story or do something; I'm just tired of everything!" She took off her jacket and threw it on the hatrack, and the buttons fell against an umbrella handle with a great noise. Something about the snap attracted Bessie's attention; she almost thought it *said* something. She stood for a moment wondering about it, and then dropped down on the stairs and sat very quietly looking out of the door.

Hush! what was that? She listened. Yes, it was certainly a voice, so low she could scarcely hear it.

The little horn button on her jacket which had hit the umbrella was talking. She almost stopped breathing to hear what was said.

This is what she heard:

"Mrs. Umbrella-handle, when Bessie introduced me to you a few moments ago, your voice sounded so familiar, I began to think you might be related to our family. Did you ever know any of the Horn family?"

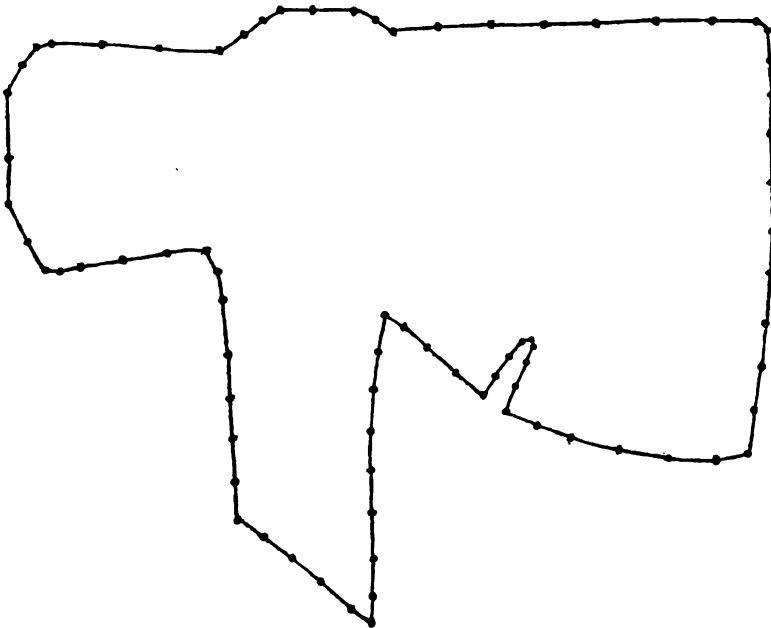
"Why, yes," said Mrs. Umbrella-handle, "my first name is Horn; I belong to that family myself."

"Oh, how delightful!" said the little button; "you must be a cousin of mine. Do you know, before I grew into a button, I used to live with some more horn on a bossy cow's head; and such a nice cow as she was! so kind and gentle, the children used to play around her and pet her. And she never let us hook them, but always taught us to be careful and kind. What nice times we did have, wandering through the green meadows of clover, and wading the cool streams; but one day the dear bossy cow died, and we were taken away to a noisy old mill where we were soaked and soaked, until I thought I should die. Then some of us were pressed into buttons, and some made into combs, and some made into handles for boys' jackknives, and—"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Umbrella-handle, "and some into umbrella handles like me. I'm very glad I met you, Mrs. Button, it is so pleasant to think of those old times; but do you like being a button?"

"Yes, pretty well," said Mrs. Button. "I like to be on Bessie's jacket, especially when she is a good girl. How do you like to be an umbrella handle?"

"Quite well," said the handle; "only this dry weather I do not get much fresh air. You know I belong to Bessie's papa, and—" But just then Bessie's brother Tommy came rushing in, making such a noise that, though Bessie listened very carefully, she couldn't hear anything more. So she ran out and eagerly told Tommy all about it; but Tommy only laughed and said, "Buttons and umbrellas don't talk; you've been asleep; that's where *you've* been!"



Heigho! Heigho! A picture to sew!
It tells the old story of one whom we know.

E. G. S.

MY COUNTRY.

M^Y country is America,
The great United States,
Her meadow lands and mountains,
From East to Golden Gates,
With fruits and fragrant flowers,
Broad fields of golden grain,
And wealth of mine and forest,
Bright skies and gentle rain.

America, America!
Dear land, of thee I sing;
For free and brave America
Let all our voices ring.

No men than hers are braver,
No women are more true;
Her boys and girls must ever
Create the good anew.
Like Lincoln and like Washington,
And brave Lucretia Mott,
Seek the truth and stand for it;
Let wrong entice you not.

America, America!
Dear land, of thee I sing;
For free and brave America
Let all our voices ring.

Dear land of wealth and freedom,
Thou only canst be great
As we, thy men and women,
Are true to home and state.
Oh, boys and girls, remember,
It is the same with you;
Then stand up for your colors,—
The red, the white, and blue.

America, America!
Dear land, of thee I sing;
For free and brave America
Let all our voices ring.

FLORENCE WADDINGTON.

HOW OUR FLAG WAS MADE.

IF you can fold a piece of paper like this, I will tell you a story, and then after the story you may cut the paper. Fold a square from corner to corner, making the shawl. Then fold 1 onto 2, leaving angle at o, Fig. I ("a" and "b" of equal size, "c" one-half size of "a"). Then fold 1 onto 2, and fold back 3 underneath to dotted line, Fig. II. Then clip on dotted line in Fig. III.

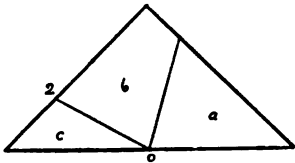


Fig I

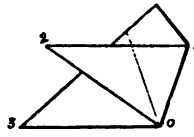


Fig II

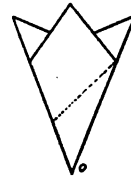


Fig III


When our country was fighting to be free, many years ago, the people wanted a flag which should not be like any other flag,—a flag for their very own, to wave over their houses and lead their soldiers to battle.

So George Washington and a friend, Mr. Morris, were told to have just the right kind of a flag made. Then George Washington drew a picture, with his lead pencil, of a flag with stars and stripes, and took the drawing to Mrs. Betsy Ross, a good milliner who made bonnets for the Quaker ladies of Philadelphia. Washington told her to make the stripes red and white, and the stars white on a blue sky, and he told her to make the stars six-pointed. She said "No, they should be five-pointed." But he wanted them six-pointed. Then she told him the stars in the sky seemed to have only five points, and she folded a piece of paper like this, and with one cut of her scissors made a perfect five-pointed star. So Washington and his friend gave up, and said the stars should have five points. Then in her own little home she cut out and made the first flag with the stars and stripes.

(The incident is taken from an article in *St. Nicholas*.)

Racine, Wis.

SUSAN P. CLEMENT.



A Letter in
honor of

St. VALENTINE HIS
DAY,

When you peep into this letter

You'll know I
love you better
Than a
year
ago
today.

(I'll write
more, dear,
next
year.)





Four Letters

I send my love
On the wings of a dove
This dear old St. Valentine's day;
And you'll never know who
Sent this message to you,
Unless you come back the same way.

MAMMA, tomorrow is St. Valentine's day, and we are to have a box at school and each send everybody else valentines. Why don't we have a holiday, Mamma, as we do Washington's Birthday?" asked Fred.

"I know," said Florence; "because Washington was an American and St. Valentine was an old Roman. Isn't that why, Mamma?"

"Well, children, St. Valentine's day is merely a festival, and Washington's Birthday is kept to honor a great man. You know Washington was a great general and our first president; and he did a great deal for our country, and we ought to honor his memory. But St. Valentine's day is just a festal day that the name of that saint has become associated with somehow, and doesn't mean any special honor to him, only a time to show our love for each other and send little love messages."

"Have they always sent love messages on Valentine's day, Mamma?" asked Florence.

"Not always; but for hundreds of years love messages have been exchanged on February 14th."

"How did they send them when they didn't have postmen and mail boxes to send letters by?" inquired Fred.

"I think they must have sent them by men on horseback, or perhaps by carrier pigeons—"

"Oh, Mamma," interrupted Fred, with dancing eyes, "by pigeons! wouldn't that be fun! Mamma, Jamie Smith has some pet pigeons, and he is sick and can't come to school. Couldn't we send him some valentines by his pigeons?"

So that night when Jamie's pigeons were asleep in their little house, they were awakened by a slight noise, and then something made it darker than it was before, and a hand came gently in at the window and took all four of them, one by one, and put them in a basket, and carried them away. They were too sleepy to be frightened, at first, and they were used to being handled; but when they were taken out of the basket and put into a big box, it was so strange, that they fluttered around and wondered what was going to happen to them. But soon everything was quiet and dark, and though they listened and watched for a long time, nothing more seemed to happen, so they went to sleep.

Early in the morning they awoke and looked around for a way to get out; but everything was tight, so they had to just wait patiently and rub their bills together and coo, and wonder how they were going to get to Master Jamie's window for their breakfast. Pretty soon somebody came up to the box and looked in; it was a little boy, and he said:

"Yes, here they are; I was afraid John wouldn't get all four of them. Won't Jamie wonder where they came from!" And then somebody's hand came in and took out the white pigeon and tied a little white letter to his neck with a white ribbon; and then each pigeon in turn had a little envelope tied to his neck with a ribbon. And the window was opened, and away they flew to Jamie's window, just as fast as they could go, never minding the things tied to their necks at all, because they knew Jamie would be watching to see them fed on his window sill.

And sure enough, they heard Jamie say when they reached the window, "There they are, Mamma; I was afraid something had happened to them. What have they got on their necks, Mamma? Do look! What *have* my pigeons brought?"

And then the pigeons knew by the way Jamie smiled and said, "Mamma, aren't they pretty? Who could have done it?" that they must have brought love messages; and they rubbed their bills together and cooed with delight.

M. H. H.

A LUMP OF COAL.

TEDDIE stood one morning with both hands thrust deep in his pockets and both feet wide apart, watching Jim shovel coal into the furnace, with serious interest. One lump of the coal fell out, and Teddie sprang to pick it up.

"Don't touch the dirty thing, Mr. Teddie," advised Jim. "You'll get your hands dirty."

"Oh, but Mamma lets me get my hands just as dirty as I please when I have these clothes on," explained Teddie, with such a winsome smile that Jim let him carry it off without another word.

"How black and shiny you are," said Teddie to the lump of coal. "You are so hard I can't break you; but you are so soft the black comes off on my hands as much as if you were chalk. You're a queer fellow."

Then a strange thing happened. The lump of coal began to talk!

"Yes, yes," he laughed; "men have long been trying to find out more about me; but I won't tell all my affairs!"

"Then I s'pose you don't want to tell me where you came from," said Teddie, quite disappointed.

"I should be pleased," twinkled Mr. Coal, "to tell you that I was drawn up a shaft from deep down in the earth."

"What is a shaft?" asked Teddie, wrinkling his forehead in a puzzled way.

"It is the great deep well they dig down into the earth, through the rocks and sand, to reach the coal. When they find where we beds of coal lie, men and boys are hired to come down and bring us up at once. Sometimes these shafts are very, very deep,—deeper than looking down from the top story of any building you were ever in."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Teddie, opening his eyes in astonishment. "Tell me more."

"When they have made the shaft and fixed a derrick with pulleys, so that a car can be run up and down it, somewhat like an elevator, they dig off in the directions where the coal seems best, and make great rooms and gangways and galleries."

"I should think it would be dark 'way down there."

"So it is, very, very dark; but the men—the miners—each wear a queer sort of lamp in their cap, and there are lanterns hung about in the places where they work. All the gangways slope a little toward the main way, and the main way slopes a little toward the shaft, so that if there is water it will flow down to one place, where it can be pumped out, and to make it easier for the cars loaded with coal to be rolled to the shaft, too, where it can be drawn to the top in the car or elevator."

"How does it look down in a coal mine?"

"Very much as if the miners were trying to build great rude stairways upside down in every direction. They sometimes stand on platforms built of planks, and drill holes for the blasting powder. Then when the great blocks of coal have been torn down, the men take them in wheelbarrows to the main way, where there are cars drawn along a railroad by mules, to the elevator. When the coal is brought up to the top it is broken up and washed, and all the worthless stones and pieces of slate are picked out as it passes over a screen in the stream of water. Then it is ready to be loaded onto the coal cars and sent to all parts of the country."

"But how did you happen to be so far down in the earth, Mr. Coal?" asked Teddie.

Mr. Coal laughed. "That is just what men are trying to find out about," he said. "They know that where I came from was once the top of the earth, where great, beautiful ferns and trees and mosses grew, and they think that after these forests grew for many centuries they must have been overflowed by some great lake or pond, and then after many years perhaps the water slowly dried away under the hot sun, so that more beautiful plants and great ferns and mosses grew and grew in the soft mud, until the water came to cover them up again, and brought sand and mud along with it, and so on, until these beautiful forests were decayed and pressed down and crushed, and baked into the hard, shining black coal."

"Well, is that truly the way you were made?" asked Teddie.

"That's one of the things I don't tell," laughed Mr. Coal; "but I will say I've never heard anyone make a better guess than that."

"I don't see how people ever came to think you would burn any more than any other stone," said Teddie. "How did they happen to?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Coal frankly. "It was long, long ago that men began to use us. Hundreds of years before Columbus discovered America, people were using coal in England."

"I'm glad they thought of it," nodded Teddie; "for coal gives ever so much more heat than wood."

"Yes, indeed; and when you think that all the steam engines which run your great factories and shops where all your clothes and carpets and furniture, and in fact almost everything you use, are made,—to say nothing of the locomotives which draw your long trains of cars, and the furnaces which heat your buildings, are all fed by coal,—you can realize a little what we are doing for you," replied Mr. Coal with dignity.

"But my auntie has a gas stove that warms a room nicely," said Teddie, thinking Mr. Coal felt his own importance a little too much.

"Yes," answered Mr. Coal calmly; "and gas is made from one kind of coal; and it wouldn't be very easy for those who make the electric light to run their machines without coal for their engines."

"Do you have anything to do with kerosene, Mr. Coal?" asked Teddie respectfully.

"Until about thirty-five years ago nearly all kerosene was made from coal," he answered. "Now they can make it cheaper and better from petroleum; but they use coal in their furnaces, just as it is used everywhere."

"What should we do without you?" cried Teddie, clasping the lump very tight, quite forgetting how it would blacken his hands. "We ought to be very thankful to know you, Mr. Coal."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Mr. Coal, not very modestly, "especially when you remember that the light and heat which we give you today is 'bottled sunlight,' packed away for you thousands of years ago."

HATTIE LOUISE JEROME.

WHAT IS TEDDY DOING TONIGHT?

WHAT is Teddy doing tonight,
As he sits in his chair in the soft firelight?
He is talking, I think, to the fairy queen,
With her rippling hair of sunny sheen,
And her silver wand and golden crown,
And the rustling folds of her rose-hued gown.
Oh, yes, I am sure I must be right,
And *that* is what Teddy is doing tonight.

He sits and watches with dreamy joy
The elf queen dance for our little boy,
And all the small folk: the brownies odd,
With queer peaked caps, and feet that ne'er trod
The floor by day, but dance in the air,
On the wall, in the fire, and everywhere,
At night; and when a small chap's abed,
Sometimes they come and dance on his head,
All holding their sides and laughing outright,
Then kick up their heels and vanish from sight.
Yes, Teddy is watching the brownies, I know,
As he sits in his chair by the fire's warm glow.

Does he see the elf king with girdle bright,
Of green and yellow, and red and white?
And tall crimson cap with tassel gay,
That nods o'er his head in a rakish way?
He bows at Teddy, and gives him a wink,
And Teddy bows back; at least — I think —
Let me step up softly and take a peep.
Why, bless my soul! — the boy's asleep —
Asleep and dreaming in the soft firelight;
And *that's* what Teddy is doing tonight!

ELIZABETH A. VORE.



COLUMBIA.

LAST SUMMER so many boys and girls saw the beautiful woman all in gold which stood in the water of the Court of Honor at the World's Fair, and so many asked, "Oh, who is the beautiful woman?"

She is called "Columbia," and as the old song tells us, she is the "gem of the ocean."

Just as the beautiful stars and stripes stand for our country, so stands this beautiful woman, with her clear eyes which see the right, and her firm hand holding high the colors of liberty.

The things which are worth the most are always hardest to tell; so we find some beautiful image to stand for our idea. There is another statue of a beautiful woman standing as a "gem of the ocean," in the harbor of New York city. She is called "Liberty, lighting the world," and we are all going to see her some day. She carries a torch high over her head, and every night it is lighted with a wonderful electric light.

As the great ships come in loaded with people from every country, they are made glad by this beautiful woman, who invites them to come to our free land and become our brothers and sisters, giving them homes and help.

We must learn to love every emblem of our beautiful country, for the whole world says it is the most beautiful country under the blue sky.

ANDREA HOFER.

FINGER PLAY.

TEN little men all in a row; (1)
 Ten little men to market go. (2)
 The Thumbkins go to buy some pigs; (3)
 The Pointers ride in handsome gigs; (4)
 The Longmen go the pigs to tend; (5)
 The Goldmen and Babies, money to spend. (6)
 And then they all come running home, (7)
 Come running home, come running home;
 They all come running, running home.

EXPLANATION.

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| 1. Hold fingers up in a row. | 4. Hold up Pointers. |
| 2. Close the hand. | 5. Hold up Longmen. |
| 3. Hold up Thumbkins. | 6. Hold up Goldmen and Babies. |
| 7. Have all the fingers swiftly moving over the table, and fold hands for "home." | |

St. Paul.

ESTHER ANNA GODWIN.



A VALENTINE TO MOTHER.

SHE'S the sweetest thing I know;
So sweet, my lips can't tell her so;
But when I take her face between my hands,
She looks at me and understands.

A. H.

FEBRUARY.



'M little February,
The second of the year.
I bring a merry greeting
To little children dear.

I'm smaller than my brother;
The shortest month am I;
But if you'll only love me,
To do my best I'll try.

My brother brought the new year;
But I've another day
To which we all do honor:
'Tis Washington's Birthday.

Dear little boys and little girls,
Like him be good and true,
And guard ye well your country's flag—
The red, the white, and blue.

JESSIE DAVIS.

A DAY AT MOUNT VERNON.

COME, little children from the north, the south, the east, and the west, let us imagine for a moment that we had the magic carpet that would transport its owner in an instant to the spot where he wished to be. Seat yourselves upon it, and away we go through the air, until soft breezes fan our cheeks, the gentle murmur of a river sounds in our ears, and we find ourselves upon the wide flagged piazza of a grand old mansion overlooking the broad and beautiful Potomac. "Mount Vernon," you say. Yes, the home of George Washington, whose birthday is a red-letter day indeed, in many a kindergarten calendar.

Is it not a lovely old house, standing high on the bluff, with its green lawn sloping away until it meets the wooded hill that rises from the river? Let us step into the broad, hospitable hall, and see what we can find to interest us. Here in a glass case on the wall is the sword worn by Washington at Braddock's defeat, when the English general paid so dearly for his refusal to follow

the advice of "that stripling of a lad," as he called the young Virginian.

Near it is the key of a famous French prison,—the Bastille,—which was given to the "Great friend of Liberty" by Lafayette.

Leading from the hall is the library, with its handsome carved mahogany furniture and shining brasses; and the little Massachusetts boys and girls may like to know that this room is in charge of a daughter of their own beloved poet Longfellow. The cases on the walls are filled with yellow old volumes with the queer-looking letters that belonged to that time. Would you like to know what little Nellie Custis had for storybooks? Here are the titles of two of them: "The Library Miscellany," "The Bee, or Literary Weekly Intelligencer." On the fly leaf of the latter is written, "Given to Eleanor Parke Custis by her Beloved Grandmama." They hardly sound as if they would be so interesting as are the charming stories that are written for children nowadays.

Leaving the library, let us take a peep into the east parlor. Here we see the harpsichord that was such a wonder in its day; it came from London, and cost a thousand dollars; and tradition tells us that poor little Nellie Custis liked no better to practice than many a little girl of today, and drummed her exercises and wept together. Washington's silver-mounted rosewood flute, tied with a faded blue ribbon, lay on the harpsichord when I first visited Mount Vernon, and it seemed to me that he had just laid it down after playing a duet with his adopted daughter, and had stepped into another room, and that I should come upon him at any moment as I wandered through the dear old house.

We have not time to visit all the rooms, though all are full of interest; but we will take a look at two more. One is the room where Washington died. Every article of furniture in this room was used by him. The old-fashioned canopied bedstead was the one on which he died. The comfortable-looking arm-chair was Mrs. Washington's favorite seat; and when we read how many duties fell to her lot, we are not surprised to see that it is very little worn, even after all these years. The little hair trunk studded with brass nails and marked "G. W." on the top, was the general's coach trunk. We can hardly believe it possi-

ble for him to have packed in it the continental blue and buff uniform, the cocked hat, the "riding waistcoat of superfine scarlet cloth and gold lace," and all the other finery necessary for the wardrobe of a gentleman of that time. Here, too, is the compass which he used as a young surveyor in the Virginia forests. How we wish they all could speak to us! What interesting tales they could tell of the joys and sorrows of their owner!

According to the custom then, the room where Washington died was closed for two years, and a short flight of stairs leads to the room afterwards occupied by Mrs. Washington. She passed the greater part of her time at the window of her room, because from there she could look out upon the last resting place of her husband. From the bottom of the door a circular piece has been cut—so it is said—that her favorite kitten could run in and out.

Before we leave Mount Vernon I must tell you of something I saw that belonged to Washington, in the beautiful city that is called by his name. It was a white silk blanket that he wore when he was *christened*! Can you imagine the great General Washington a little soft, pink, cooing baby like your own little brother or sister? I confess I can't.

At the back of the house we come upon the delightful sunny old garden with the quaint box-bordered walks of nearly a century and a half ago, and a little later in the season all abloom with roses. One of the roses, it is said, is the descendant of one brought to Mount Vernon by Washington and named for his mother—Mary Washington. It has the delicate old-fashioned loveliness of a far-away time, and exhales a perfume as sweet as the memory of that mother whom Washington so dearly loved.

It is growing late, and we must be thinking of home again; but before we go let us run down for a moment to the deer park on the river front, to pet the pretty, soft-eyed deer who come up to push their damp noses into our hands and beg for the remainder of our lunch. A few crumbs, too, for the frisky gray squirrels who are leaping and chattering among the trees, perhaps the great grandchildren of the ones that Martha and John Custis fed so many years ago. And then we seat ourselves again on our magic carpet, and are quickly wafted back to our homes,

with the feeling that the pages of history have never brought so near as has this old house, the man who was first in war, first in peace, and first as an example of patriotism to American children.

HELEN PERKINS.

Amherst, Mass.

HOME PLAY.

ST. VALENTINE.

THE children have been busy
For many days before,
In making loving tokens
To send from door to door.

And now their work's completed,
And so they haste to play;
For this is February,
Their own glad fourteenth day.

Young Ted sits in the middle;
His eyes with love-light shine;
For he is quickly chosen
To be St. Valentine.

With grave and rev'rent manner
His messengers he sends,
And bids them quickly carry
His love to the earth's ends.

The children gladly hasten,
And so from door to door
Is left a loving token
For well, and ill, and poor.

Each token breathes a message
As silent as the air,
And tells to all so truly
That love is everywhere.

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.

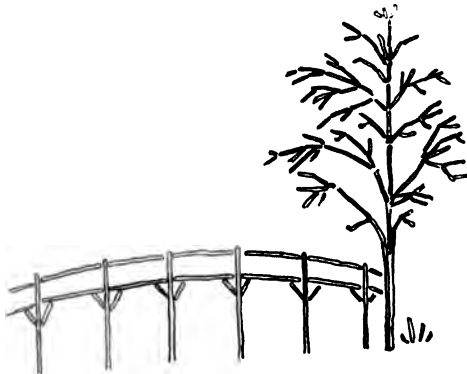
SNOWFLAKES.

LITTLE fairy people
Dancing in the sky,
Dressed in soft white raiment
As they downward fly,
Play with little children;
Kiss their cheeks so red;
Keep the flowers cozy
In their earthy bed;

Robe the world in beauty
In a single night,
Covering trees and houses
Till they sparkle bright.
When their work is over
They will find the way
Back to their cloud palace,
Till another day.

Worcester, Mass.

WINIFRED MARSH.



A Winter Picture.

What pretty pictures we can make with just matches or toothpicks. Here is a little tree near a bridge; so bare and cold it looks, I can almost hear the wind whistle through. What other story can you tell with a few sticks?

SONG OF SNOWFLAKES.

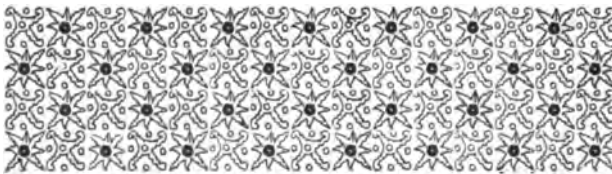
(Tune, "Sing a Song of Sixpence.")

SING a song of snowflakes
Dancing through the air!
See them whirling, playing,
Falling everywhere.
Tiny little snowflakes,
Sparkling, clear, and white,
May we all as gentle be;
To those we love, as bright!

Sing a song of snowflakes!
Of Winter's busy bees
Cov'ring all the flowers,
Swinging on the trees,
Spreading little blankets
Over tender seed,
Tucking in so snug and warm;
Yes, that is what they need.

Sing a song of snowflakes,
From the world above
Softly, softly falling!
Are they full of love?
Beautiful white fairies
Dressed in silver spray,
Happy little snowflakes all,
Merrily at play.

ADELLE J. GRAY.



THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

I AM sure, little children, that you all want to know what our whole flag means.

The stars and the stripes stand for our beautiful, free country—and its freedom which we all love so dearly. I wonder if you would like to know what each color means,—the red, the white, and the blue.

Each one means something that we would all like to be. I will tell you what they mean, and you may think about it.

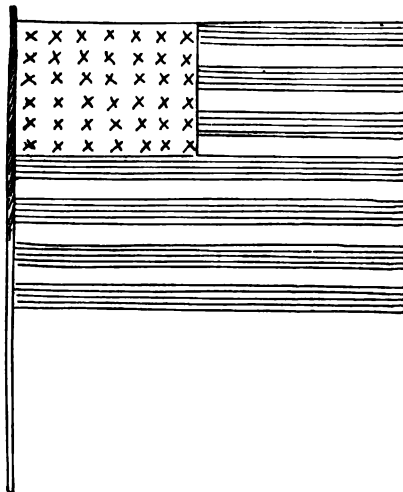
The red in the stripes means, Be brave; the white in the stripes and stars means, Be pure; and the blue square means, Be true. I wonder who can remember this little story, and tell us tomorrow.

Here is another verse to the song, just for children:

O flag of the bright stars and stripes,
O flag of red, white, and blue,
We all look upon you with love,
And pray to be pure, brave, and true.
Thy colors make children all wonder
What's meant by the red, white, and blue;
The hearts of the children reach upward
While bearing the red, white, and blue;
While bearing the red, white, and blue,
While bearing the red, white, and blue,
Oh, the hearts of the children reach upward
While bearing the red, white, and blue.

Salem, O.

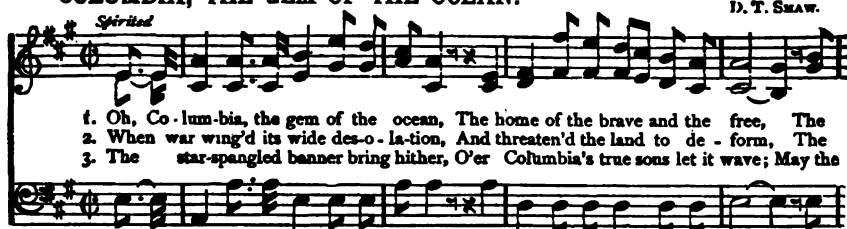
META BURDICK.



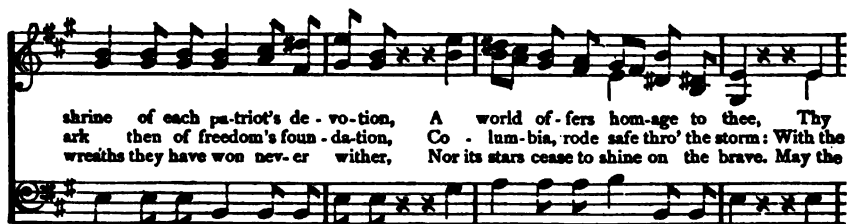
COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

D. T. SHAW.

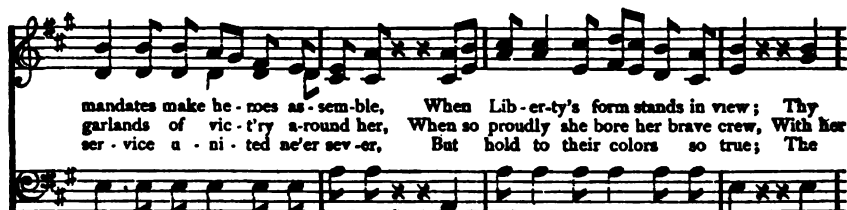
Spirited



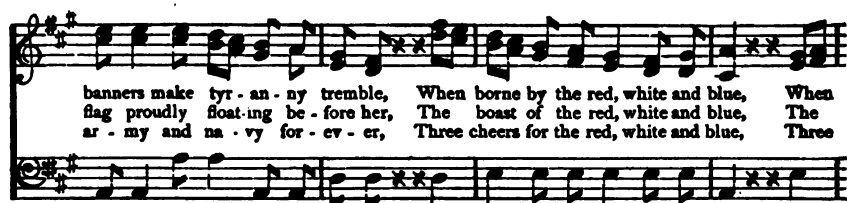
1. Oh, Co-lum-bia, the gem of the ocean, The home of the brave and the free, The
 2. When war wing'd its wide des-o-la-tion, And threaten'd the land to de-form, The
 3. The star-spangled banner bring hither, O'er Columbia's true sons let it wave; May the



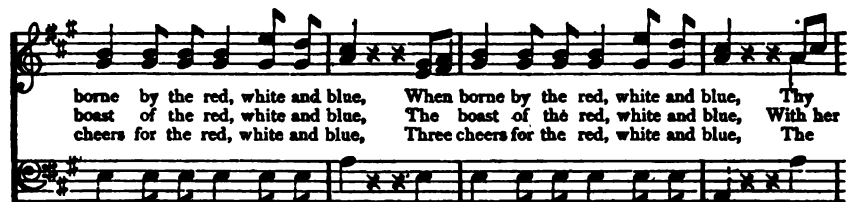
shrine of each pa-triot's de-votion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee, Thy
 ark then of freedom's foun-da-tion, Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm: With the
 wreaths they have won nev-er wither, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the



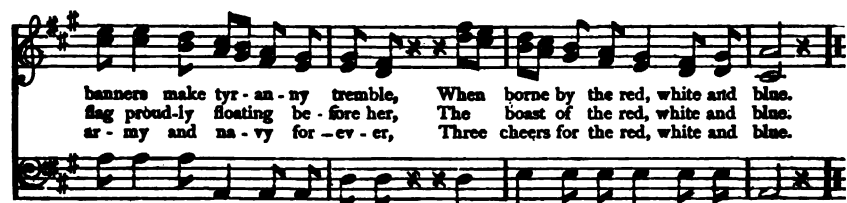
mandates make he-ros as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view; Thy
 garlands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her
 ser-vice a-ni-ted ae'er sev-er, But hold to their colors so true; The



banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue, When
 flag proudly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue, The
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three



borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
 boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
 cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The



banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CLEON, THE GREEK BOY.

(Simplified from JANE ANDREWS.)

CLEON was a little Greek boy, who lived in the city of Athens, long ago.

One day, when Cleon was a very little boy, he climbed up on his mother's bed, and stood there to make a speech. He wrapped his robe across his breast, and moved his arms about, just as he had seen men do when they were speaking to the people.

When Cleon's father and mother saw him do this they said to each other, "Our boy will be a great man. We must teach him to make real speeches, so that when he grows up, he will know how to lecture to the people."

So they sent him to a school where he could learn to recite beautiful poetry. Cleon's school began very early in the morning, just as the sun was rising. How would you like to go to school so early? Do you think you could get up in time?

When Cleon learned to write, he had no slate and pencil like yours, but he had a little tablet, with nice clean wax spread all over it; and for a pencil he had a queer kind of pen called a *stylus*. It was made of ivory, pointed at one end and flattened at the other. The pointed end was to write in the wax, and the flat end was to smooth it all out again, ready for another lesson. Did you ever write in the sand with a stick? I think Cleon's writing must have been something like that.

When Cleon was a little older, he was sent to another kind of school, called a gymnasium, where he learned to run very swiftly, to wrestle, and to make himself very strong.

In those days every Greek boy practiced running a great deal, and the boys often ran races with each other. Whenever a boy would win a race, everyone praised him, and said, "See what a splendid runner he is!"

Cleon could run very swiftly, and often won when he raced with the other boys.

One day his teacher said to him, "Cleon, you must go and race in the Olympic games."

Now you will wonder what the Olympic games were, so I will tell you. Every four years the people from all over Greece

assembled at a place called Olympia, to see and take part in racing, running, jumping, and all kinds of sports in which the player needs to be very strong. No one could take part in these games except the men and boys who had practiced a great deal; so Cleon was very proud when his teacher told him he could go and race at Olympia.

When the time drew near, a large company set out to walk from Athens to Olympia. It was a long journey, nearly sixty miles; but there were no trains in those days to take the people swiftly from place to place, so they had to walk. Cleon was very happy to be allowed to go with them, and did not mind walking at all.

When they reached Olympia, they all went to the field where the games were to be held. There Cleon saw some of the boys with whom he was to race. There were a great many, but Cleon felt very sure he could beat them.

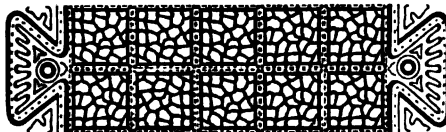
There was only one boy that looked as if he might be able to run as fast as Cleon. This one boy had a very dirty coat, but his limbs were large and strong. He was a Spartan boy, and as Cleon looked at the great muscles in his limbs, he said to himself, "If I can only beat that boy, I don't care for all the others." At last they stood up ready to begin. One, two, three, start! Off they go, swift as the wind. Cleon seems to be doing his very best, but the Spartan boy is keeping up with him. On, on they go, Cleon's bright locks blowing in the wind. He hears the Spartan's breath come hard. One more bound, and Cleon has won the race!

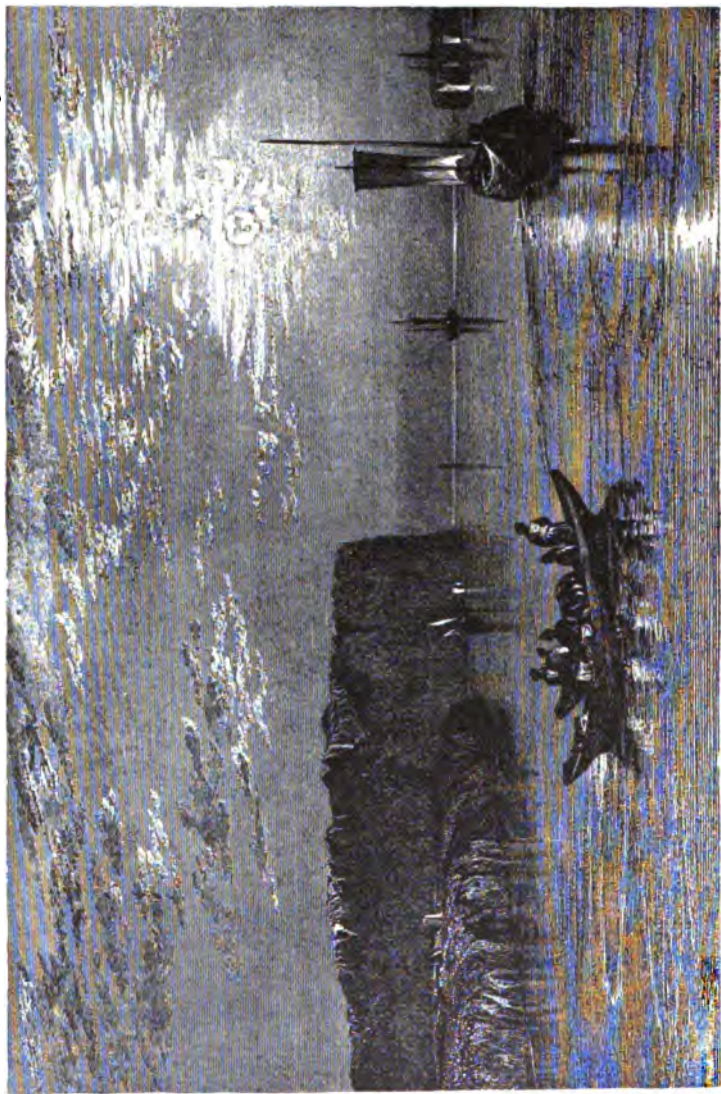
The crowd cheered. "Hurrah! hurrah for Cleon of Athens!" they cried. Cleon turned and shook hands with the Spartan boy, for it is only manly to be a friend to your enemy.

Then he bowed his head, and they crowned him with a wreath of olive, to show that he had won the race, while the people shouted again and again, "Hurrah for Cleon of Athens!"

Detroit, Mich.

S. ALICE WELTON.





Exposed by J. M. W. Turner, N. A.

OUT ON THE WATER.

PRETTY MISS SUNBEAM.

PRETTY Miss Sunbeam looks from the sky
Down to the earth, where the dewdrops lie.
“Please, little Dewdrops, don’t go away;
I will come down, and then we will play.”

So she dips her wand in the sun’s bright brim,
And slips down the arch of the rainbow’s rim,
Down to the earth, where the dewdrops lie—
Pretty Miss Sunbeam out of the sky.

She touched each drop with her wand of flame,
And straightway bright jewels they all became;
Violet and orange and yellow and blue,
They caught the tints of rainbow hue.

With the red and the green and the indigo
They were far too fine to be left, you know;
So Miss Sunbeam’s sisters, who soon passed by,
Carried them all up into the sky.

PAULINE G. WIGGIN.



SIX funny men with a hat for a
boat,
Went out on the deep briny ocean
to float.
One went as the rudder, another
to steer;
A third looked with his eye
through the telescope clear;
One held down the rail, another
the sail,
And the sixth one acted as passen-
geer.

WHAT WE DID ON A STORMY DAY.

DOROTHY was looking out of the window. It was snowing fast, and the wind was blowing hard. She was afraid it was going to be a long, lonesome day, for Aunt Nell, whom she was visiting, didn't have any little girls or boys. There was not even a plaything with which she could amuse herself, and the prospect did certainly look dubious. Presently Auntie Nell came bustling into the room, with a bright smile. She was one of those nice persons who smile whether it shines or storms out of doors. In her hand she carried a roll of bright colored papers, and sitting down began cutting them in round pieces as big as a silver half-dollar.

"What are you going to make, Auntie?" asked Dorothy.

"You shall see," said Aunt Nellie; "and you may take these little blunt scissors and cut out some, too."

When they had made quite a pile of these little paper circles, the coachman came in with a bunch of straws which he had bought at the soda-water man's, around the corner.

"That is right," said Aunt Nell, taking them from his hand; "and instead of drinking through them, as they do in the store, we will cut them in pieces an inch long."

Then, with a big darning needle and thread, she and Dorothy began to string them: first a straw, then a bright paper circle, then another straw, and so on, until many lovely chains were made.

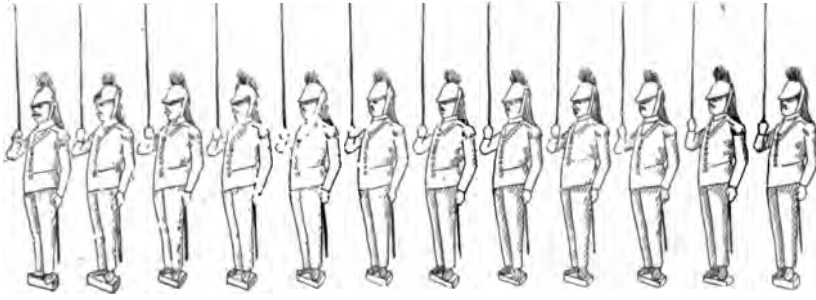
"Now I want you to learn the names of these pretty colors, Dorothy," said her aunt. "They are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. If you learn these, when you go home you will be able to tell your mamma all the prime colors."

When Uncle Harry came to tea he found many wonderful chains looped over the pictures on the walls, pinned to the curtains, and even hanging from the gas burner. "Somebody has been decorating this room; that's sure," said he.

When Dorothy went to bed that night, she said to Auntie Nell: "I just wish tomorrow would be stormy, too, so we could make more chains."

M. H. LE BRON.





THE SOLDIER BOY IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

WHEN I visited the children last week in an Iowa kindergarten, they invited me to join them in their jolly games. Ethel was chosen from the play ring, to think of a game. She thought for a minute, then looked about the room, and pointed to the flag that was near the window. The children on the ring all clapped their hands and said: "She wants the soldier game." I wondered what kind of a game that was. John, who was quite tall, reached the flag for Ethel. She took it and held it up against her shoulder, standing very straight and steady. The children sang to her as she marched around the circle:

"Soldier boy, soldier boy,
Where are you going,
Bearing so proudly
The red, white, and blue?"

When they finished the last word, it was quite still. Then Ethel sang back this answer while she marched on:

"I'm going where my country,
My duty, is calling,
Bearing so bravely
The red, white, and blue."

Ethel handed the flag to little Ned, and he marched to the children's singing, and answered back like a stout soldier boy.

Do you not think I was very glad when Ned chose me to carry the flag next?

AMALIE HOFER.



WINTER SPORTS.



HEIGHO for the Winter,
With its frolic and fun!
But heigho for the Springtime,
When Winter is done!

We love skating and sliding,
With their laughter and glee,
The jingling sleighriding,
And all the sports free.

But Springtime is coming,
And everyone's glad;
For the buds are all waiting,
And each lassie and lad.





THE ANGEL AND THE LILIES.—Carlo Dolci.

CHILD-GARDEN

OF STORY, SONG, AND PLAY.

Vol. II.

MARCH, 1894.

No. 4.

MARCH.

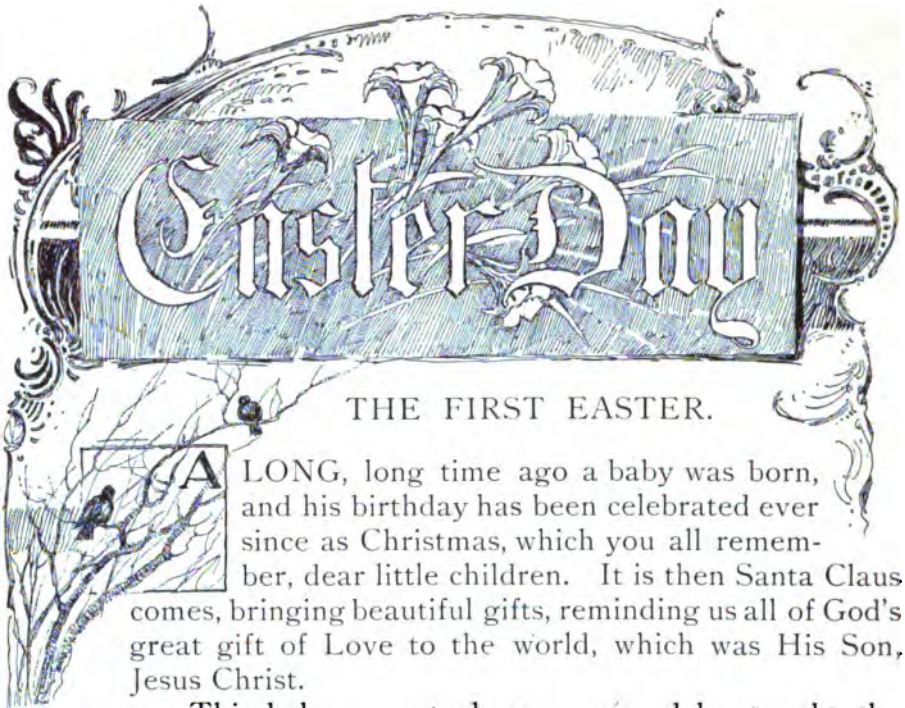
I 'M merry, breezy little March;
Dear children gathered here,
I hope you all are glad to greet
The third month of the year.
There's so much work for me to do!
Old Winter's stayed so long;
And I must blow him north again,
With breezes swift and strong.
Then I must melt the snow and ice,
And waken little Spring;
And from the warm and sunny South
Must call the birds to sing.
JESSIE DAVIS.

MARCH nodded to Winter, "Good-by! good-by!
Off to your home in the North you must hie.
Oh, have you forgotten, under the snow
The wee seeds are waiting—yes, waiting to grow?"

"They are Spring's little babies, and soon she'll be here,
Whisp'ring her welcome to each baby dear;
So I'll tidy the earth; I'll sweep and I'll blow,
Getting it cleared for the flowers to grow!"

Toronto.

ANNIE McMULLEN.



THE FIRST EASTER.

A LONG, long time ago a baby was born, and his birthday has been celebrated ever since as Christmas, which you all remember, dear little children. It is then Santa Claus comes, bringing beautiful gifts, reminding us all of God's great gift of Love to the world, which was His Son, Jesus Christ.

This baby grew to be a man, and he taught the people how to love God and each other.

Your parents and your Sunday-school teachers will tell you how he died and was put in a strong stone tomb with a heavy stone door, on which was put the great seal of the priesthood, so that the door could not be moved without breaking it; besides it is not lawful for men to break seals that do not belong to them.

Some Roman soldiers were stationed at this tomb to watch it most carefully, that this seal be not touched. Day and night they stood there watching by turns, some watching while the others rested and slept. They did not know, poor men, that angels were watching there also; for all the angels in heaven loved Jesus, because he loved all men, and all women, and all the little children in the whole world.

These soldiers were faithfully watching that sealed doorway on the second night after Jesus had been put in the tomb, when suddenly they heard a bird sing, and it sang so sweetly that those rough Roman soldiers stopped, as they walked back and forth, to listen to its song. They had never heard such a song before. Soon another bird came, then several more, and they all sang the most beautiful song. It was like the song the angels

sang when Jesus was born. You remember that, do you not?

The dear little birds had felt the love of Jesus afar off, and came to sing their thanks for it at his tomb. They did not weep, and were not afraid, but sang the very gladdest, most joyous song that ever had been sung before. The birdies knew that the One who loved all things could not be kept in a tomb, and so they came to tell the soldiers about it; but the soldiers could not understand.

Then just after midnight there came the most beautiful light in the east! It flashed up, up into the very top of the sky, and lighted up the whole world. But all the people were asleep except these soldiers, and they were so frightened they trembled. Then there came a stream of light down upon that tomb, as bright as lightning and as glowing as the sun, and the seal broke, the great stone was gently lifted out of the door, and the great Lover of the world came forth radiant and glorious. Two beautiful angels stood there to greet him, and he, standing beside the open tomb, raised his eyes to heaven in silent thanks; and then he walked out among the trees in the garden near by.

The soldiers were so frightened that they fell fainting to the ground. They were not afraid of wild beasts, nor of rushing waters, nor of battle where men were killed; but never before had they seen the power of love, and it surprised them so they could not speak.

Well, this coming from the tomb made the first Easter morning. It was a new day for the world, and the very earth rejoiced.

When the friends of Jesus came in the early morning to visit his tomb, they found the ground all about, which had been dry and hard the day before, covered with pure white lilies, little things that just put up their sweet white faces through the earth to give thanks for the love, the life, and the joy that Jesus Christ had brought into the world.

The day before the first Easter, men were sad because they did not believe in the power of love. But in the early dawn of that bright day, birds and flowers rejoiced in the love that had brought peace to men of good will. The friends who came to look upon a closed tomb found singing birds, sweet white lilies, and an open tomb in which sat two angels.

Then Jesus himself came from the garden, and spoke to them in a voice so sweet that it calmed their troubled hearts, dried their tears, and made them glad.

We always have lilies at Easter time, because an angel from heaven brought them to Mary, the mother of Jesus, before he was born, and telling her that he was coming; and because when he grew to be a man he walked one day in a field, and pointing to the lilies, he said, "Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say to you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." And then the earth in its gladness sent forth the same sweet blossoms at his resurrection. And we tell the story of the first Christmas every Winter, and of the first Easter each Spring, so that the little children may not forget how good God is, and how Jesus Christ, His Son, loves them always.

Love is the Fulfilling of the Law.

A. N. K.

THE SURPRISE.

TWO little birds with coats of gray
Were picking up crumbs in the broad pathway,
And never a word to each other spoke they—
These little birds in gray.

Too busy were they to stop to talk,
For their breakfast was spread in the garden walk;
And they picked, and picked, and picked so fast,
That we thought they could not fly, at last.

Just then a bird with a breast bright red
Flew down, and shook his little head,
And hopped by the birds that were all in gray,
And warbled forth a merry lay.

"Ho, ho!" said the birds that were all in gray,
"We may look for Spring; indeed we may,
For that's Mr. Robin; of Springtime he sings.
How welcome his presence! what good news he brings!"

EMMA LOUISE CLAPP.

PEAR BLOSSOMS.

ON the pear tree in my garden
Little baby buds are swelling;
And the Spring winds, gently blowing,
Stories to those buds are telling:

If you wait a little longer,
Growing slowly day and night,
You will be green buds no longer,
But sweet blossoms pure and white.

Then the birds will sing around you,
And the sun will warmly shine;
But you still must keep on growing;
To be idle you've no time.

When your petals white have fallen,
You will think your work is done;
But keep growing, growing, growing,
With your face turned toward the sun.

By and by, your work all finished,
You a juicy pear will be,
With your cheeks all pink and yellow,
Hanging on the mother tree.

Baldwinsville, N. Y.

FRANCES WEED.

A MINER'S STORY.

WILLIE lived in a funny little house on the side of a mountain, with a rushing little mountain stream near by, and rocks to climb among. His papa was a miner; not the kind of a miner you usually think of, with a pick and shovel, going down into a deep, dark hole in the ground, but a miner with a pan, who worked in the river. Often Willie went with his papa when he went to the river, and he would sometimes take a little pan too, and together they would

wash the gravel scooped up in their pans. And sometimes in the bottom of the pans they would find little specks or lumps of gold; for gold is heavier than the gravel, and would collect in the bottom.

One day Willie found a big lump of gold, and his papa was so pleased, and said it was a nugget. And Willie began to wonder why they didn't always find the big nuggets instead of the little specks; and he asked his papa where the gold in the river came from, and why it sometimes came in specks and lumps, and sometimes in nuggets. So his papa put his pan down and sat down on a rock, and held the pretty yellow nugget in his hand while he told Willie about it.

"My boy, many ages ago the ocean waves put some little specks of gold into the sandstone. Then some water with iron in it came trickling all through the sandstone, and dissolved these little specks as it went by them, and carried them on until it came—perhaps to a crack, or some place where it had to give up the gold. And it had picked up so many little specks that when it gave them all up together, there were a good many little strings and lumps of the shining yellow metal.

"Then by and by a river like this one came cutting down through the rocks and washed away these little lumps, and if a little boy and his papa were there, perhaps they found some of them with their pans. But if they went on, they were put into some rocks that the water was making down on the seashore, and when the iron-water came along again through the rocks, they would be dissolved with the other bits of gold, and carried on. And when the iron-water gave them up again, they would perhaps be all together in a *big* lump; and then this river found it and washed it down here, and we picked it up. Do you see, Willie?"

"Yes, Papa; and if we had left it in the river, perhaps it would go down to the ocean again and come back bigger."

"Good, my boy! And all those *little* lumps that we have washed out of the river would go to make nuggets, if we left them to follow their journeys from the mountains to the ocean."

MAY H. HORTON.

HOME PLAY.

PRINCE SPRING AND THE HARE.

HURRAH! hurrah! 'tis young Prince Spring
Whose voice is heard through the earth to ring.
He gravely "views the landscape o'er,"
And wonders where all the children are.

But none have come to greet his reign;
Again he looks, but in vain! in vain!
The chair's a hedge, and hidden behind
Is Master Hare, whom the Prince will find.

"Ah, young Hare, for the children's sake,
I pray thee to them these bright eggs take;
And with them take this message, too—
That Prince Spring waits with a welcome true."

Young Hare scampers with nimble legs,
Carrying the basket of colored eggs.
With shouts of joy the children greet
The Hare who brings the message and treat.

Now they hurry Prince Spring to meet,
Spreading the news along through the street.
When they meet there's nothing but fun.
Then all is ended; the play is done.

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.

Easter Morning



They say it is Easter
morning;

Time for the world
to awake.

If I should step out
without warning

Do you think I should make a mistake!

In the ground there's a sound as of growing:

Violets will spring bye-and-bye:

On the hill-top I'm sure there is crowing:

I am thinking - peep, peep - I will try.

THE STORY OF A CATERPILLAR.

IN one of the beautiful houses in the city of Brooklyn was a kitchen garden, where grew a nice bed of bright green parsley; and among this parsley a humble caterpillar had its home.

It was not a pretty thing to look at, with its long black body striped with white, its sixteen short legs—eight on each side,—its twelve little eyes, and its two ugly jaws. Its body was also divided into twelve parts, which looked very much like twelve thick rings.

And still the ugly worm had his work to do upon earth (just as either you or I have), and he tried to do it well. Boys with pasteboard boxes hunted for him, and the gardener of the house to which the parsley bed belonged grew very angry. And why? Because the caterpillar ate some of the parsley which the gardener wanted for his Winter store.

Still the caterpillar ate on, only taking time to change his dress from black to green. One day he felt a change coming over him. His eyes began to feel heavy, his legs weary, and he could hardly move his ugly jaws, he was so tired. How he wished he could go to sleep! He must go to bed; so he rolled himself up under a leaf, in a bed called a "cocoon," made of thread as fine as silk, and was soon fast asleep.

How long he slept he never knew; but one sunny morning he awoke. What a change had come over him! He hardly knew himself.

His ugly dress had gone, and in its place were four beautiful purple wings, two on each side. The wings were trimmed with silver and gold. His twelve little eyes had disappeared, and in their stead were two brilliant black ones. He had now only six legs instead of sixteen; and best of all, his ugly jaws had gone, and in their place was a long, slender tube, to sip the dew from the flowers, and which, when not in use, he could curl up under his head out of the way.

How happy he was! He paused and looked about him. He gently raised his wings. He could fly. He spread his wings, and away he flew, a beautiful butterfly.

He flew to the flower garden of his old home, and lit on a white rose, from which he sipped the morning dew sweet as honey. He saw a little boy (one of the same who had tried to put him in a pasteboard box when he was a poor caterpillar) standing by the window, and he flew to greet him. How Butterfly wished he could tell the little boy who he was! "Oh," cried the boy, "what a beautiful butterfly!" and he reached out his hand to catch it; but our little friend spread his wings and flew away. He next visited the gardener, whom he saw busy weeding a fine bed of red carnations. The butterfly lit on one of the flowers, and spread his wings to the sunshine. The gardener stopped his work to admire the beautiful wings, never thinking

it was the same ugly worm in a new dress, come to greet him.

All day long the butterfly flitted from flower to flower, bringing pleasure to all who saw it. When the sun sank to bed in the west, our butterfly folded his purple wings and went to bed under the leaves of a rosebush in the same garden where he had once lived a poor, humble worm.

Brooklyn.

ALICE LOTHERINGTON.

A LITTLE BROWN SEED.

A LITTLE brown seed,
 'Way down in the ground,
 Was sleeping so hard
 He heard not a sound,
 Till the robin called
 In a voice so shrill,
 He sleepily said,
 "Oh, Robin, be still!"

"Wake!" said the robin;
 "Oh, Johnnie-jump-up,
 You're late; it's 'most time
 For sweet Buttercup.
You must come first,
 Dear Violet, you know;
 Johnnie-jump-up,
 Jump up and grow!"

So Johnnie awoke,
 And pushed out of bed
 First his green leaves,
 Then yellow head.
 It made him so happy
 To see the sunlight,
 He bowed to the robin,
 And said, "You were right."

H. M. T.

THE KING OF THE HARVEST.

THE first of March was the harvest New Year, and the harvest king called all his harvest fairies together.

The king sat on a throne that I am sure was the very funniest throne you ever saw. It had four big yellow pumpkins for legs, and a fringe of oats all around the bottom, and a canopy of cornstalks. The king wore a crown made of wheat stalks all woven nicely, and he held a bunch of wheat stalks in his hand for a scepter; his long, flowing cloak was made of beautiful brown flax straw woven finely together, and squash seeds sewed all over it for ornament. Now did you ever see such a funny king? But he had a round, rosy face, and looked very pleasant and cheery when he called, "Ho, my fairies! come here, my elves!"

And then the queerest little fairies gathered around his throne! Each had a wreath; some of delicate, nice flowers, some of wheat, some of blue flax blossoms; and one had white buckwheat flowers in his hair, and another squash flowers.

The king looked at them all, and then he said: "Now you must listen very carefully while I tell you where you are to go all this year; because when you once start out you must keep on with your work until I call you all together next harvest New Year. In March, remember, you must ripen the rice fields of the Nile and the Ganges; there are a great many, many people in Egypt and India, and they need large harvests. In April—are you all listening?—go to the wheat fields by the Sea of Galilee. The wheat of Syria is famous; do your best there; then go to Persia, and around the earth to Mexico." In May, Florida will be ready for you, and Morocco and Japan. In June you must work under the flag of the crescent; then to Spain and California. In July —"

"Hurrah for July!" shouted a gay little elf, turning a somersault, and spoiling his wreath of buckwheat blossoms.

"Hush," said the king; "you will not remember what I tell you if you caper around that way. In July, Germany and England will be waiting for you; and don't forget the big wheat fields of Illinois. In August you must go to France, Russia, and

Canada; in September, to Scotland and Norway; and in October, to the cornfields of Ireland. In November you can see the strange sights in Patagonia, and in December visit the other South American countries. In January you finish your year with Australia and New Zealand, and in February all gather together and come back to me. Now you may go."

And the fairies joined hands and danced around the throne, singing:

"Our work is never done;
We travel onward with the sun,
In never-ending circles round the earth,
To make perpetual harvest mirth."

M. H. H.

WIND SONG.

Child: "WIND, Wind, where are you going,
With all your soft little breezes blowing?"

Wind: "Away, away, over land and sea!"

Child: "What can you do with the mighty sea?"

Wind: "I can toss up its waves right merrily, [ships."
And play rocking the cradle with stately

Child: "What can you do for the firm-fixed land?"

Wind: "I can carry the rain clouds from strand to strand,
And bring new life wherever I go.

"The trees bend low as I whistle past,
But stronger stand for the sturdy blast;
For I bring fresh strength wherever I go."

Child: "Please bring us the birds and the butterflies,
And the cloudless blue of the Summer skies,
And teach the little flowers to blow!"

MAY MACKINTOSH.



THE lily is the queen of Easter flowers because it stands for purity and a new child life for the world. But there are other plants and flowers which are very beautiful, which we want in our early garden. The crocus comes up through the snow, and points its little bud with a narrow green leaf on either side. It does not mind the cold wind, this tender bud, but opens in the first sunshine as cheerfully as little children go to the kindergarden. Its blossoms are white, pale yellow, lavender, and sometimes pink. The dear little things are so brave and "chipper," that we welcome them because they are not afraid of the snow and winds of March.

The narcissus is another early flower, bolder looking than the crocus and more showy,—either a dazzling white or a bright yellow; on a long, slender stem he bends and sways in the Spring breezes, which are never very gentle even in our warmer countries.

The hyacinth is an early flower, budding underneath the ground and bursting into bloom as soon as out of the cold earth. The most beautiful kind is the "Roman," which comes in the three colors we all so love,—red, white, and blue. Sometimes the hyacinth is very double when we have given it a great deal of care, and it comes in all colors from pure white to a deep purple.

But the sweetest thing that grows in all the garden is the little white sweet violet. It needs some shelter and a southeast nook or corner; that is, it needs to be kept from the north and west winds. The blossom comes even before the new leaves do.

Right among the old dried leaves you will find its modest little head bending low.

The snowdrop is a curious thing. It is a shrub (that is, a small tree), and this white blossom is more like a cranberry than a flower. It looks like a drop of ice. These hardy plants grow all over the world, and are dear to all children from Lapland to Africa.

This Spring, in April, you can plant the hardy shrubs and ferns, the violets and Johnny-jump-ups, and next March you will have green leaves and blossoms for the glad Easter time.

If in October we plant the bulbs of crocus, narcissus, hyacinths, and tulips, as soon as the snow is gone the flowers will come, so that from March to June we can have bright blossoms—

White and yellow, red and blue,
Some for me and some for you.

WHAT I FOUND IN THE WOODS.

ONE bright Spring morning I was walking out in the woods, and watching the sunbeams play hide and seek with each other through the branches of the trees.

I was looking for any stray floweret which might have braved the strength of Jack Frost's breath and smiled back at the sun a thanks for the warm rays of sunshine.

No flowers could I find, but instead I came upon a tall tree with a round hole in its trunk, just about as high as my eyes.

When I had been a little girl, one of my delights was a friendly old tree with a great opening just at the ground. What a home it had been for me! My dolls and I played there; it had been my kitchen, my parlor, my dining room, where I had played party with my dolls many a time. It really belonged to my dolls and me; no one else seemed even to notice it.

There was always a band of birds singing outside, so my doll guests were always sure of music.

Here in the midst of the woods, I had found another hollow

tree. I longed to climb into it; but I was grown too large, and the hole was so small I could not even put you inside in the warm darkness.

I placed my ear to the hole, but there was no sound.

Growing bolder, I put my hand inside. I might have known Dame Nature did not make holes and queer corners for nothing. What do you suppose I touched? I carefully drew it out, and there lay a little soft, furry squirrel, sound, sound asleep in my hand. And what do you think—he did not waken, or stir!

I held him gently up to my cloak and put in my other hand, and what *do* you suppose I found this time? Just another little gray ball of fur. I laid them close together in one hand, and went on hunting into the dark secrets of the hollow tree.

No more balls of fur, but a whole heap of nuts—chestnuts, hickory, beech nuts—came pouring out of one corner. The dear little squirrels had been taking a long Winter's nap, and the warmth of the Spring had not yet called them back to their frolicsome life.

They were so pretty and soft and furry, I wanted to take them right home with me to enjoy each day. But I happened to think they would soon waken, and how queer the cage floor would seem to them in place of the quiet wood in which they had gone to sleep.

I remembered how I had loved my hollow tree, and I knew they must love their tree too; so I laid them inside close together. The nuts I had scattered, I knew they would quickly find.

When next I went to the wood, every little singing stream was blue with violets. There was the old tree again, the same hole, and there, blinking at me, were two bright little black eyes in the hole. Just above my head was a soft cough, a chattering, a whisk of tail, and I saw the other little fur ball.

I wondered if they knew they had had an early Spring visitor. I wondered if the little scolding chatter was for me because I had scattered the nuts. But the happy little gray fellow in the hole whirled after his mate, and chasing him from branch to branch, left me wondering.

FLORENCE G. BENNETT.

Easter.

EMILIE POULSSON.

J. H. CHAPEK.

p Allegretto.

The birds of spring In gladness sing This hap - py Eas - ter morn - ing, The

flow - 'rets gay Bloom forth to-day, The whole glad earth a - dorn - ing, And

we re - peat Their mes - sage sweet, With gladsome hearts and voi - ces; O'er


all the earth In ho - ly mirth, Tri - umph - ant life re - joic - es.

fz



A FULL ORBED Easter

A WIND STORY.



WHY does the old oak throw its branches up and down? The winds of March are worrying him. It would have been well enough had the winds blown in only one direction; but the poor branches were tossed in every way; up and down, and sometimes even the great, strong body was bent and almost twisted. And when night came the poor old tree found no rest, for the wind did not seem to know it was bedtime, even though the full moon came to tell them so. That would have been well enough; but as long as it sported and frolicked, no one else—not even the old brown leaves of last Summer—could lie still. The wind was very thoughtless to do so; at least so the tree thought.

But strange to say, even while it was blowing its worst and rudest, the snow seemed to be disappearing more and more; there were some dry spots where there was none at all. But the tree was so high above the ground, he never noticed it.

"Ugh! whew!" sighed the tree, shivering. "I've lived through many a long season, but everyone had an end. And now right after a long, cold Winter, when everything is waiting for a change, for the first time since I can remember, it is beginning all over again. Year after year I've borne my leaves and acorns, only to see them drop and go out of sight without seeming to do any good for myself or anyone else; so I think it will be quite as well if Winter just stays here, and saves this whole forest, as well as myself, the old trouble of each year doing the same thing."

And the sour old tree jerked its long branches away from the wind, and seemed to say it didn't care what happened.

And the wind blew harder and harder, and the old brown leaves under the snow crept out little by little, as the bare spots grew larger; and the cold snow water, as it soaked into the ground, gave the old oak's roots a cold bath that sent a shiver clear up its trunk and into its limbs. The tree had given up its hope that there was anything but cold, or it would not have felt it so. It must have forgotten last Easter time.

But right at the very root of the great tree, close up in the mold that clung to the bark, another little set of roots found room to cling. The snows that melted to give them a Spring bath washed down through the soft soil, and when the little rootlets tasted it, it seemed to be almost sweet with sugar, it was such a pleasant drink after the long Winter of hiding. And if you had tasted it, it would really have been sweet. It was their first Easter wine.

These roots were very tiny things, just like little threads,—as fine as hair, almost; and they were just a little curled, too; so as not to touch the bark of the oak, they had bent themselves out of his way a bit. And when the soft water-drops sank into the ground around these rootlets, each one grew just a very little. They were so glad to go and meet the drops, so glad to drink them, even if it was cold, that they all started at once. And in the center, where all these wee little threads of root came together, right in the heart of the plant, it began to beat and beat, and grow, too, because it was glad that the roots had found the sweet water that they loved so and were so thirsty for.

And without saying a word to the roots, the little heart thought and thought of what it would do to surprise them. As it pushed itself, leaf by leaf, out of the mold, however, it heard the wind sounds and the rustling branches; and as it had never known the world before, it was affrighted. And the tree mumbled and grumbled such gloomy sounds, and beat itself about so, that everywhere it was most melancholy to look around. And the plant stood still and wondered. The oak said:

"The wind is king now; it's no longer necessary for me to stand, when such a poor, weak, unseen thing as wind is master. But I cannot cease. I must beat myself and break myself so

long as the wind is king." And a gust sent a shower of brown, ugly leaves right into the tiny plant's face, and she shrank back. But the glad roots were working away for their share of the juices that sank into the ground, and the precious bud remembered its secret, and bravely lifted up its head. And the king of March, whom the tree disliked so, lifted the old withered leaves from the little plant's head when he saw how brave she was, and he breathed warm breath upon her, right close to the ground. And she breathed it, and grew and grew. And when the little stalk stretched itself out from the small center, the wind became softer and softer; and in just a short week it stood and held a flower up to the sun as its Easter offering.

And the old tree stopped fretting, too; for he looked down at the blossom, and remembered; and knew that Spring was born, for he had seen this very flower before; and after that, through the whole forest he sent the queer story that trees had never known before; but we knew it. He said that the flower ought to be called the "wind flower."

And the king of March loved the little wind princess, and he gave her a pair of dewdrop earrings.

The king sent the blossom himself, to tell that he was not cruel; the strong wind blew, only to make the earth free of its hard crust and cold weather. But strong things like trees are not always the greatest, and they did not believe that it was for the best. A quiet little flower that grows in good soil and has busy roots, can bring such a blossom and make the whole forest glad again. And the world is just like a great forest, and every day needs a sweet story told over and over to keep it glad and good, and bring an Easter every day.

"Kind hearts are the gardens;

Kind thoughts are the roots;

Kind words are the blossoms;

Kind deeds are the fruits."

And sunbeams of love in these heart-gardens glow,

That put out the world's darkness, and make Easter
buds grow.

A. H.



A KINDERGARTEN IN CHICAGO.*

SUCH an interested little group of children are sitting at their study table in this picture, that one almost forgets to look at the crutches; and they are so happy, that they quite forget them themselves.

This picture gives us just a peep at their pictures, their organ, their sunny window, their books, and the big lamp that loves to shine down from above when there is no sun.

This happy household is living in the north end of Chicago, with a good man and woman to father and mother them, besides a kind kindergartner who knows just how to make their study time a delight, and their playtime as full of interest as it is of fun.

The first thing in the morning, although it is hard to get about with legs that won't go as they should, unless crutches help along, yet every little tot is up and about, helping with breakfast

*Industrial Home for Crippled Children, at 91 Heine St.

and to put their house in order for school time. You would love to spend a morning with them, and see how spry they are and how they enjoy their work.

They have dear birdies to care for who sing, and sing, and besides, old "Sunshine" the kitty must be fed, so that he can afterwards lie in the window of the kindergarten and watch the morning work. "Sunshine" loves to see the nimble fingers play the finger games, "Ten little men," and—we all know what others.

"Sunshine" and the children know all about the "Seven Little Sisters," and read the CHILD-GARDEN every month. They love, above all, the good "St. Christopher," because he too knew how to work, as they are learning, and although he had stout legs to help along, he carried a staff. All the children who could write, told the story over again with their pencils.

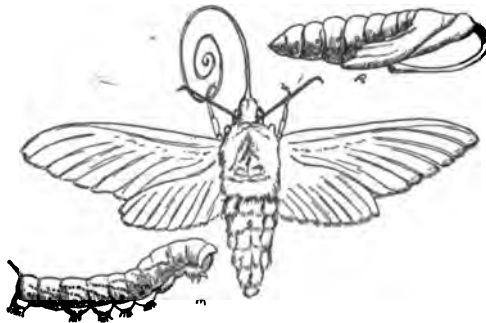
They all love their crutches, too, for they are such kind helpers, playing in the games, and taking part in all their work.

You should have seen the Christmas presents they made—something for everyone! and they know well enough they do not need to think for themselves, because they have a very wonderful friend who comes at each holy Christmas time, to think of every happy gift their hearts might choose.

But the best gift of all that is coming to these little folks is a home in the beautiful grassy country, with such glorious trees and flowers all their own, to keep and care for the year round, and in Winter, the precious white snow.

When they are all happy in their new home we will go and see them, and tell the CHILD-GARDEN children all about it.

A. H.



Who can tell the relationship between these very different little creatures? They are more than cousins.

A KINDERGARTEN

ON THE RAILROAD FROM ST. PAUL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Dear little readers of CHILD-GARDEN:—

Doubtless many of you have never heard of a kindergarten on the steam cars. A friend of yours, who said "good-by" to seventy dear little children a few weeks ago, was cheered and made happy all the way from St. Paul to San Francisco by playing kindergarten.

A little boy and girl were on the train, who had been with their papa and mamma to London to visit their grandmamma. The little boy's name was Phil, the little girl's Evelyne. Phil and Evelyne were on their way to Hong Kong, China, where they were born. They told such nice stories about the little Chinese children, and wanted to learn to fold houses, baskets, chairs, picture frames, etc., so they could teach the little people in Hong Kong.

There were, for many miles, only five people in the car besides Evelyne and Phil,—their papa and mamma, two gentlemen, and your friend. Very soon they were all playing kindergarten. Phil and Evelyne knew many kindergarten songs. When passing a high mountain covered with snow, they sang "Little Jack Frost," and "This is the way the snow comes down." If they saw trickling down the mountain side a pretty little stream, they would sing, "Give, said the little stream." When crossing the high bridges they played the Carpenter. Phil and Evelyne talked much about you, and thought it would be very nice if the children in Hong Kong could read CHILD-GARDEN.

J. P.



Anchor used by Columbus.

DANDELION.

LITTLE yellow-headed boy
Coming in the Spring,
When the flowers all awake
And the birdies sing!

Do you know, dear little boy,
Smiling in the sun,
That you are the children's joy
When the snow is gone?

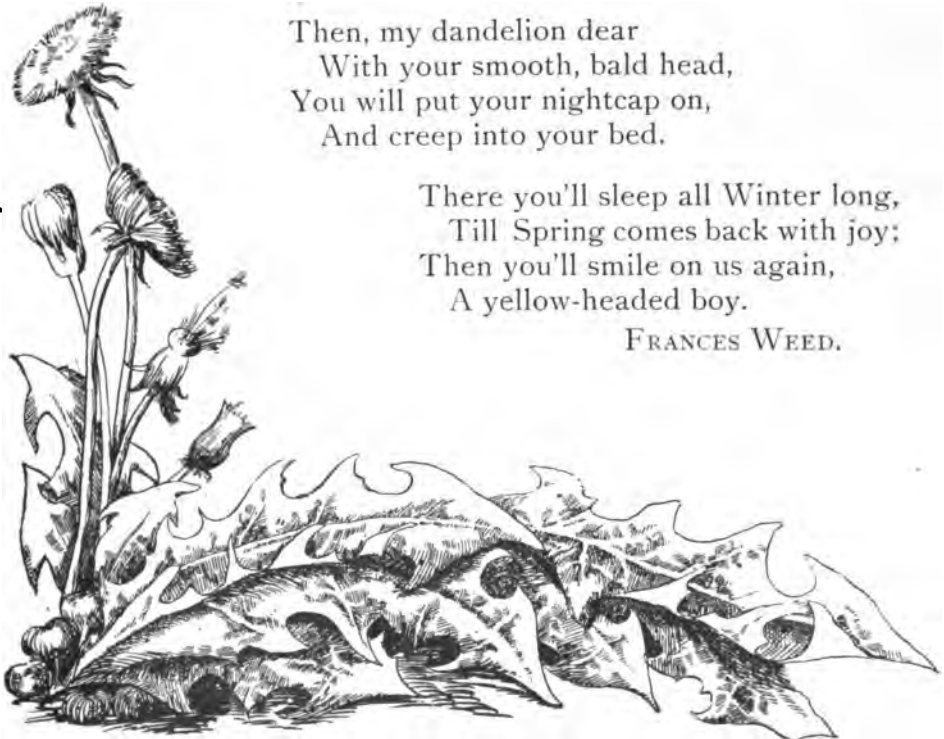
As you stand there on the lawn
In your green and gold,
Playing with the birds and bees,
You are growing old.

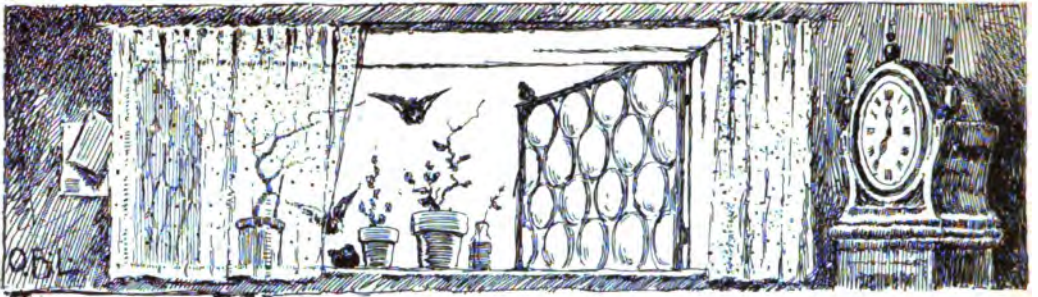
Do you know your golden hair
Soon will turn to white?
That the wind will blow it off
In a single night?

Then, my dandelion dear
With your smooth, bald head,
You will put your nightcap on,
And creep into your bed.

There you'll sleep all Winter long,
Till Spring comes back with joy;
Then you'll smile on us again,
A yellow-headed boy.

FRANCES WEED.





EASTER CAROL.

I.

THE world is filled with gladness;
The bells of Easter ring;
Each pure white lily's waking,
To welcome infant Spring.

CHORUS.

Oh, dear little children, listen,
And hear what the glad bells say!
The sweetest chime they ever rang —
"Our Lord is risen today!"

II.

Birds are flying across the sky;
Their songs ring through the air;
They carol of the Father's love
He shows us everywhere.

CHORUS.

Oh, dear little children, listen,
And hear what the birdlings say!
The sweetest song they ever sang —
"Our Lord is risen today!"

ELLEN ROBENA FIELD.



THE EASTER LILY.*



ONCE upon a time a family of Lily Bulbs lived together in the corner of a greenhouse. Above them, on a shelf by the window, stood a tall rose tree so beautiful that everyone felt happier for having looked at its blossoms of glistening pink. The sunbeams came "in a shining crest" to visit the plant and wander among its soft green leaves, or to rest awhile on its lovely flowers.

One little Lily Bulb down in the dark corner never tired of watching the rose, that seemed to her to grow more beautiful each day. In her rough dress of brown she lay quite still and waited, longing to be beautiful too.

She wished so much that the sunbeams would visit her in her quiet corner. Every day she thought of questions she knew they could answer. "They would surely know," she said, "why I must lie here and wait; for every night when their work is finished down here, the great golden sun calls them home to him, and on their way they must meet such a number of people that could tell them, even if they did not know themselves." But the sunbeams never came, and Lily sighed and waited for some one else to tell her what she most wanted to know.

Once a soft breeze floated in at the window, and she held her breath and listened while it told its story in a whisper to the rose. "Dear rose," she heard it say, "I never visit you that you do not send me on my way so full of sweetness that I carry happiness wherever I go. Do you give the same to all?" "Yes," replied the rose, "that is why I am sweet and beautiful. The more I give of my sweetness the more I have to give. Some day I shall go from here and have much more to do in the great world outside." The rose plant told the truth, for next day a dear mother came to the greenhouse and took it away for her little child's birthday.

Weeks went by, and still the Lily Bulb lay patiently waiting for the change she felt would come. Softly she whispered to

*Republished from *Kindergarten Magazine* by request.

herself the words she had heard: "The more I give of my sweetness the more I shall have to give."

A day came when the greenhouse was full of busy men. Suddenly Lily was lifted tenderly and placed on a soft bed of earth, in a little brown house quite by herself. The change was so delightful, and Lily would have enjoyed lying there for days and looking at the many new things about, but she grew so sleepy! "I wonder if it is a part of my work to fall fast asleep," she said. Lily thought that the sunbeams came to visit her, and that she heard them tell of a time when they would awaken her. Did she really hear this, or was it a dream? for Lily Bulb was fast asleep.

One by one the flowers in the greenhouse garden said good-by to the birds, and dropped to sleep also. Robins and bluebirds had made ready for their long journey South, and were flying about among the trees, and bidding the squirrels farewell until Spring. The sun had a great way of hurrying to bed early these days, and Jack Frost came almost as soon as he had gone. Master Jack had his hands more than full of work to do on early Fall evenings. He unlocked the doors of the chestnut burrs so that the little brown nuts could jump easily to the ground and begin to do their work. The squirrels thanked Jack Frost as they heaped up their piles of nuts for the Winter days that were to come.

One night the clouds sent millions of feathery snowflakes through the air, down, down to the ground, and there they spread such a mantle of soft snow over the earth that the flowers smiled in their Winter's sleep and breathed a "Thank you," for the warm white blanket that lay for many weeks over the "great brown house" where the flowers slept and dreamed of the Spring that was to come.

Under the eaves of the greenhouse roof long icicles hung, and the sunbeams came down now to smile on them and clothe them in all the beautiful colors of the rainbow.

One day Mr. March Wind flew by, and told in his loud voice that Spring would soon be here. And out in the meadows the snowdrops hung their heads and watched for the baby grasses, that they might be the first to welcome them.

Then Miss Lily Bulb rubbed her eyes, and stretched her

little body so hard that *snap!* went the little brown dress from top to toe. "I must have some light and see what can be done," said Lily. So she pushed open the doors of her brown house, and there were the sunbeams to wish her "Good day." But where was Lily's rough dress? It had gone, and in its place was a lovely green one. Lily Bulb felt *so* happy! "Now I know what my work is to be," said she softly to herself; "I am to grow better and sweeter each day, and make everyone about me happy." Day after day she grew higher and higher, and the dress of green was changed into one of glistening white.

"My beautiful Easter Lily!" said the gardener, as he smiled into her shining face. "Oh," said she, "I am not proud, but so full of joy that I can fill all the air with perfume, and that the faces that gaze at me grow sweeter, and the look of a little child comes back to their eyes!"

Next day Easter Lily was taken, with a great number of other lovely flowers, to a beautiful church. Soft music sounded from the organ, and many little children's voices rang out in song. Easter Lily trembled with joy and love, and her glistening blossoms sent out a perfume as sweet as the children's voices, and mingling together they floated up, up, and into the clear sky—one wave of precious melody that said:

"For Christ has risen, the angels say,
This holy, holy Easter day."

FANNY CHAPIN.



THE SUNBEAM'S VISIT.

ONE day, as the glorious sun came up to bid the world "Good morning," one beam of light came out with all the rest, and went to give its part of brightness to the people of the world. In this beam of light were six little rays; but they all had on white cloaks, and they went along so close together that they looked like one clear, white ray. It was early in the morning, and as the beam of light went on its way straight from the sun, to take its message of love and brightness to the world just as well and quickly as it could, it went through between two of the slats of the blind in the window of the room where little Johnny was snugly tucked in bed fast asleep; and it shone right on the top of a glass ink-stand which Johnny's mother kept on the table. As the beam of light went through the sharp edges of the clear glass, all the little rays took off their white cloaks, and went and stood hand in hand in a streak of colors on the white ceiling. Each one of the six rays that made the beam of light was a different color. Three of them were strong, and able to take care of their little brothers and help them to be bright as they were, just as little children who are bright and happy help others to be bright and happy too. These three strong rays were red and yellow and blue. The red and the yellow rays had between them another ray who held tight to both of them, and the red and the yellow ray each gave him some of their brightness; so he was an orange ray. And the yellow and the blue had fast hold of the little green ray which was between them, sharing the brightness of the yellow and the coolness of the blue ray, and very happy and bright himself while he was standing close to them. Then at the end of the line, close to the blue, stood another ray. He was something like the red ray at the other end of the line, who gave him some of his red glow; but he was more like the blue, because he stood close to him and shared his color, which, mixed with the red, made him a purple ray. So there they stood, the red and the orange, the yellow and the green, the blue and the purple rays, holding each other's hands and looking at Johnny.

And all this didn't take as long to happen as it takes to tell about it; for as they looked at him, Johnny felt their brightness against his eyelids, and opened his eyes to see what it was, and said: "Why, there is the light; it must be morning."

So he got up right away, and washed his face and hands very clean, and dressed, so he would not be late to breakfast. He opened the blinds to let more of the sunshine in, and then the six little rays ran back through the glass and put on their white cloaks again, and went with all the other beams of light to make the day bright. And Johnny stood before the window and said "Good morning" to the sun, which had sent the beam of light to visit him and make him glad.

CORNELIA FULTON CRARY.

THE EGG.

WHILE we are enjoying the pretty colored eggs that come to us at the Easter time, we must not forget why we choose the egg for this season more than at Thanksgiving or Christmas, to play with, to eat, and to think about.

It is the first beautiful form which covers over almost every kind of life. Frogs, fishes, snakes, all kinds of insects, and birds, begin life inside the egg.

The living point (or life germ) is the little white globule on one edge of the yolk. The white and the yolk are the food which is stored up for the new life to feed upon while in the shell, and as soon as this food is all gone, the little fish, or insect, or birdie bursts the shell from within, and a new creature comes forth, with all his parts,—his eyes, ears, and everything else,—besides intelligence of some kind.

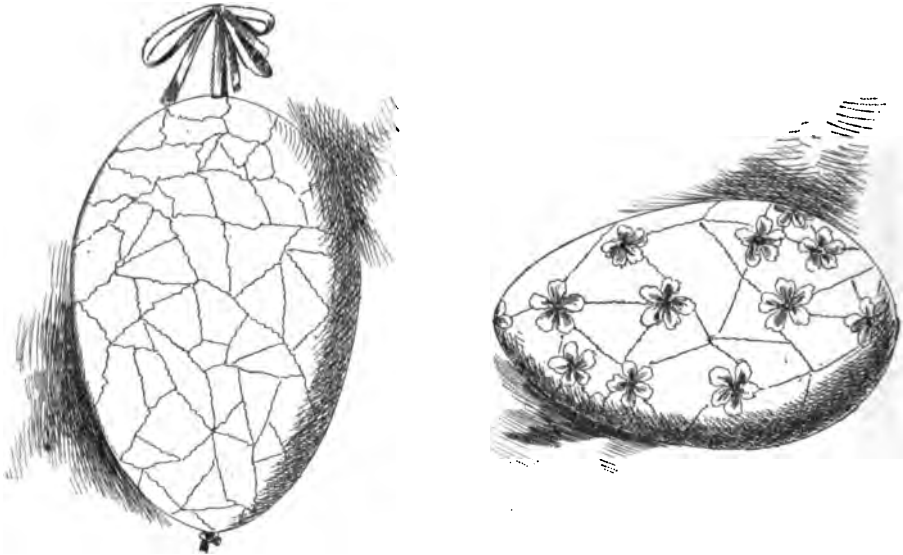
Because of all this, the egg has always been called very beautiful in shape; and this shape was much used in olden times, in what we now call "ancient classic architecture," for making pretty borders.

So because it holds all the beginnings of a new life, and the food for this life while it is helpless, it was a long, long time ago chosen as the especial food for Easter time (the time of the new

life for the world); and the shell is colored or painted for the pleasure of the children.

When you grow older and learn how to use the microscope (the instrument that makes little things look very large), you can look at that small white globule on the edge of the yolk, and you will see wonderful things in it.

A. N. K.



COME, MERRY SUNBEAMS.

COME, merry sunbeams, fill our room;
 You surely cannot come too soon.
 But not for us alone we call;
 For birdies, trees, and flowers, all
 Are happier for your presence bright;
 Your coming brings to all delight.

And if sometimes you are not here,
 We know you are but hiding near.
 Should you not come at all today,
 To join with us in work and play,
 Your places we will try to fill
 By wearing brighter faces still.

St. Louis.

MARY L. KOCH.



Easter Lilies.



THE Lord Christ walked through the garden.

An angel sat upon the stone. His head was bent in thought, and he said: "The children will walk in the garden. They will come and play in the paths by the bright flowers, and they will never know that the Lord Christ has walked there.

"I must tell them.

"Where his feet have trod, shall spring up a stately plant. Its pure white petals shall be as spotless as he. Its fragrance shall fill the air, as his love has the lives of men.

"A pure and stately lily shall be my message to the children. When they see its beauty and breathe its perfume, they will know that here the Lord Christ has been.

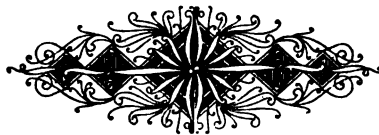
"The others may not read the message, but the children will understand.

"Yes, the children will understand."

The angel smiled with radiant joy, and the Easter lilies bloomed.

Lake Forest, Ill.

MAY HENRIETTA HORTON.





EARLY EASTER



EARLY EASTER



LITTLE BAM.
"Out at Grandpa's Farm."

CHILD-GARDEN

OF STORY, SONG, AND PLAY.

Vol. II.

APRIL, 1894.

No. 5.

THE SONG OF THE SUN.

TOLD TO A LITTLE BOY IN INDIA.

The sun peeped into my garden at early break of day, and
a rosy blush o'erspread his face when he found the flowers still
fast asleep. Sang he:

I.

Wake, oh, wake, little flowers;
Golden day is at hand;
Welcome, oh, welcome the task
Allah for thee hath planned!

II.

Know, oh, know, little flowers,
Know this truth from above:
Each blossom is a letter
In Allah's message of love.

III.

Then shine, shine, little flowers;
Shine with His tender love;
For thou must brighten the world
With His light from above.

GRACE PHILLIPS.

THE STORY OF FROEBEL.*

IT was more than a hundred years ago today that God sent a dear little baby into the home of a father and mother in Germany,—a baby boy. They named him Friedrich, and loved him just as your father and mother love you. They held him in their arms, carried him gently, watched him while he slept, and talked to him when he was awake to see him laugh and coo.

When he was a little older and sat up in his mother's lap, his brother taught him to patty-cake, and he would laugh and clap his hands together with all his might. Sometimes his mother would make little cakes while he sat fastened in a chair by the table and watched her work, and sometimes she would carry him in her arms out into the yard while she fed the ducks and chickens their dinner. He liked all that, but before he was a year old his dear mother died. Friedrich's father and brother did all they could for him, but they could not comfort him as his mother did, and he was not happy.

When he was old enough to run and play he used to go out in the garden and work in the sand, and make little hills out of sand, and make flower beds and put in the flowers which he picked, to play they were growing there; but soon he was shut out from the garden and not allowed to go there any more, so he could not have that happiness.

Sometimes he would lie on the soft green grass and watch the butterflies in the air above him, and the birds in the trees, and the blue sky beyond it all. He did not have many children to play with; there were no kindergartens in those days; he had no one to teach him how to work and play and sing, and many of his days were very lonely.

When he grew older he went to school, and studied hard and learned many things which he wanted to know; and his older brother was very kind and taught him many interesting things about plants and animals, and showed him how to watch them and learn about them himself.

In a few more years he had grown to be a man. He often

* Born April 21, 1782; died June 21, 1852.

thought about the lonely days when he was a little boy, with no mother and no one to play with, and he felt so sorry for such little children that he wanted to do something to make them happier and better; for he loved little children very much, and they loved him, too.

Then his country needed him to be a soldier, and he went away with other soldiers to fight for his country. And one night when he was lying on the ground looking up at the stars in the clear sky, and everything around him was asleep and still, he kept thinking of those sad days when he was a little child, and he said: "I will go home soon as my country does not need me, and I will gather the dear little children around me in my home and make them happy."

Then when he went home he tried teaching school; but that did not exactly please him, because he wanted to do something for the very little children, who were about as old as you are.

At last, when he was an old man,* he asked the little children to come to his home; and he showed them how to study about plants and animals; and he made a garden bed, where they all helped to rake the ground and sow the seed and water the flowers; and he made pretty balls and cubes and cylinders for them to play with; and he taught them how to weave mats, and to sew pictures, and to make pretty things in clay and sand, and to play merry games and sing sweet songs. Friedrich told them beautiful stories, and played with them just as if he were a little boy, too; and they all loved him and came every day to his house and garden to play and work and sing. He called his school of little children a "kindergarten,"—that is, a child-garden, or garden of children.

Now can you tell what Friedrich's other name is? He was a noble man, very good and true and kind. When people heard about his kindergarten in the little German town, they went to visit it; and some good women stayed there and learned all they could about the kindergarten. Friedrich Froebel helped them to understand the work, and he wrote in a book many of the songs and games, so that other people might learn them.

Some good women went from this country, too, across the

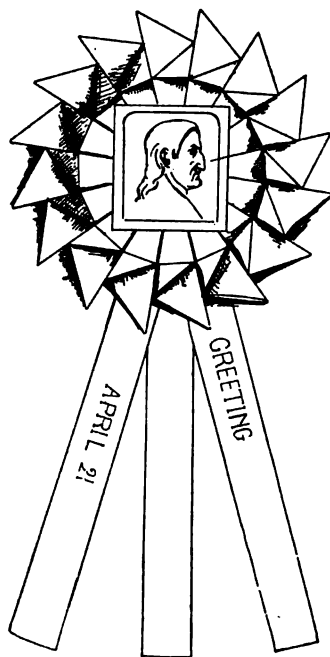
* In 1837, when he was fifty-five years of age, he opened the first kindergarten, at Blankenberg.

ocean, to Froebel's school in Germany, to learn about it, and then came back here and made kindergartens in our own land.

That is how you came to have this kindergarten, with its sunshine, flowers, pictures, music, and so many things to make you wiser and happier. The good that Froebel did for little children was so great that we cannot tell it all; but we do not intend to forget it, and we show how thankful we are by playing our merriest games and singing our gladdest songs upon his birthday.

Racine, Wis.

SUSAN P. CLEMENT.



SPRING.

A BLUEBIRD sang in my window;
 A blue violet peeped below;
 A deep blue sky was over them.
 They said, Spring has come; did you know?

M. N. NASH.



SPRING'S CALL TO THE FLOWERS.

COME, come," said Mother Nature;
"You must waken from your rest.
Don't you hear the bluebird singing?
And robin is building his nest.
"Jack Frost has said 'Good-by,' once;
But he may come back to know
Which little flowers are afraid to start,
And which will push up and grow.
"Come, Daffodil; you're brave and strong.
Peep through the hard earth, my dear,
And show Jack Frost, if he comes again,
You're one of the first to be here.
"And come, my Crocus and Pansy sweet,
With your dresses of purple and blue.
Last year you took an early start;
I hope you will this year, too.
"I must off to the woods and pastures wide,
Where the little brooks laugh and leap;
To the ledges bare, and the hillside too,
Where I left many seeds asleep.
"Come, Mayflower sweet, hiding
With your pink head tucked out of sight,
And the pine trees singing you gently to sleep
When you ought to be up fresh and bright.

SPRING OUT AT GRANDPA'S.

"And, Violet dear, you're coming, I know;
Come, peep from the grass, so shy;
And the children, so glad to see you there,
Will pick you as they pass by.

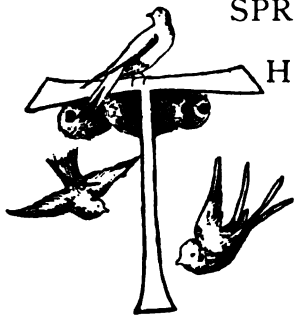
"Then, Dandelion, you're a hardy chap,
With your face so sunny and yellow;
But ere long, when the Summer comes,
You'll look quite like another fellow.

"Dear Honeysuckle, I pray you arise
And peep from your nook in the rock,
Where you bow your head when the breezes blow,
And seem so plainly to talk.

"The other flowers will come later, I know;
But the children love you best;
For you come when the trees and hills are bare,
And the robin is building his nest."

G. E. L.

(Written for the children of New England who read the CHILD-GARDEN.)

SPRING OUT AT GRANDPA'S.

HE Winter was long and cold out at Grandpa's; the snow lay deep on the ground; the boys and girls had great fun coasting on their sleds down the long white hills, and digging out snow huts in the big drifts. The horses, the cows, the little colt, and all the animals had lived in the barn through the cold days and nights. They ate corn and hay, and slept on nice clean straw. "Polly" and "Jim" were not kittens any more; they had grown up into big cats, and caught mice in the corncrib, and every morning and evening they went

to the stable where the cows were milked, and drank a panful of new milk. So between eating mice and drinking milk they grew very fat and saucy.

The little chickens had grown up, too, and were now fine hens; they laid many an egg for breakfast, and went cackling around, making things lively. At last there came a warm rain; it rained all night and all day. The snow was melted, the water was running everywhere; little streams trickled down the hills, and the brook was full and overflowing. And when the snow was gone, there was the grass all getting green.

One morning the sun came out; it shone down warmer and warmer, and then things began to wake up. The buds on the honeysuckle over the porch were the first to get awake; they peeped out, and said: "I think Spring must have come, by the way the sun feels."

Then the grapevine in Grandpa's study opened *its* eyes, and said: "Hello! I wonder what has happened." The honeysuckle heard it, and said: "Why, Spring has come, and it is time you waked up and began to hurry. *I* have been awake quite awhile."

Then the mulberry tree stretched itself, yawned, and said: "I feel pretty sleepy yet;" but the honeysuckle called to it and said: "Don't be lazy; you need to get right to work, or you will not have any mulberries ripe in time for the young robins and the little yellow-haired Bam." "Oh, that is a fact!" said the mulberry tree; and it shook out its long branches in a great hurry, until all the old, last year's leaves fell off, and there were the new green buds all ready to come out.

The little colt that Bam used to ride had grown pretty big, and Aunt Beb looked at him and said: "He is so big and strong and rough, that he will never do for Bam to ride; he would tumble her off. What can we do about it, I wonder." *Tilly* heard what Aunt Beb said, and *she* looked at the colt, and said: "He really *is* too big for Bam; she could never climb up on him; and he is grown so naughty, sometimes he kicks. I must try and do something about it." So one morning, here came *Tilly* trotting into the yard with a brand-new little colt beside her, and said to Aunt Beb: "Here is a saddle horse for Bam." So Aunt Beb patted the new little colt, and gave *Tilly* a panful of oats because

she had been so good. Then Aunt Joe said, "What will Bam do for some little chickens when she comes? for these are all grown up." So she put a whole lot of eggs into the big box, lit the lamp to keep them warm, shut all up tight, and said: "In just three weeks there will be a box full of nice little chickens."

But the honeysuckle did not know what to make of it, because she did not see Bam anywhere around; so she called to the grapevine and said: "Where is that little yellow-haired girl who used to run about here with a basket full of kittens in her hand?" And the grapevine said, "I have just been wondering about that myself; but let us ask the robin; for he goes everywhere and knows everything, and very likely he has seen her somewhere."

So one day the robin flew into the honeysuckle to take a look at his last year's nest, and see if he could fix it up good enough to raise a brood in, or whether he would have to build a new one; and the honeysuckle asked him—"Oh, Robin Redbreast, have you seen anything of the little yellow-haired Bam that used to run on the porch here last Summer?" And the robin looked very wise, and said: "Of course I have seen her; do you suppose I keep my head under my wing when I am flying about? I saw her through the window of a big house in Chicago; but she did not see me; she was too busy."

"Well, now," said the honeysuckle, "you see I am growing in the ground, and cannot go running around; but you are a good flyer, and then you have been there once, and know the way; so you go and find that little Bam, and tell her it is just about time she was here attending to things. Tell her that the little chickens will be out in a week or two, and no one to help take care of them. Tell her that Tilly has a new little colt; and I saw the old cat coming down from the barn carrying a kitten in her mouth. And here, Robin, take one of my leaves in your bill, and tell the little girl I sent it to her. And you just hurry up!"

So the robin started off as fast as he could fly. And if any little girl in Chicago sees a robin with a honeysuckle leaf in his bill, she will know that it is about time for her to put on her little hat, pack up her family of dolls, and travel out to Grandpa's.

E. B. CROWELL.

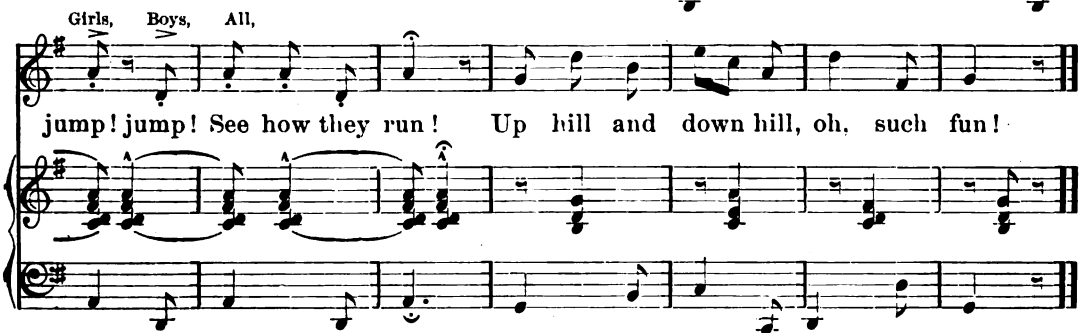
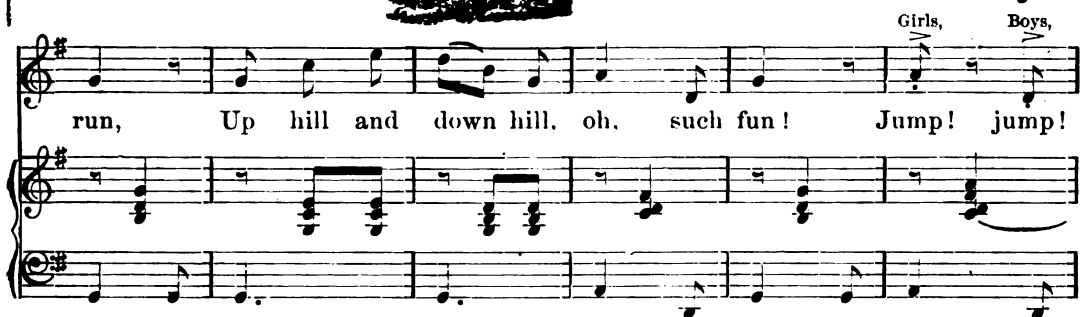
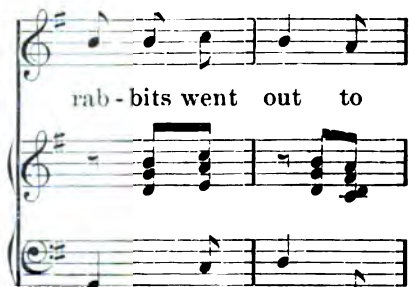
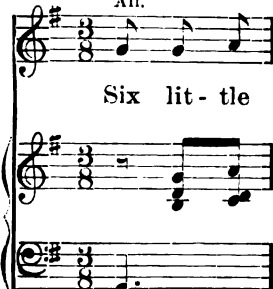


Six Little Rabbits.

Composed for
WORK AND PLAY.

BY

Gleefully. All. CARL BETZ.



Copyright, 1894.

By permission of *Work and Play*.



THE FARMER.

THE FARMER.

I.

IN the early Spring
When the birds come back,
The farmer doth swing
His whip with a crack,
As he drives his plow
And he plants his seed.
He gets up with the sun, and now
Works hard that we may feed.

CHORUS:

Flowers bloom,
Birdies fly
Round him all the day—
A life in the open air,
That will drive dull care away!

II.

As the sun shines hot,
Or God sends the rain,
Will on this fair spot
Grow the ripening grain.
Then his sharp scythe bright
He swings with a will;
Ties the grain in bundles tight,
And sends it to the mill.

CHORUS:

ESTHER JACKSON.



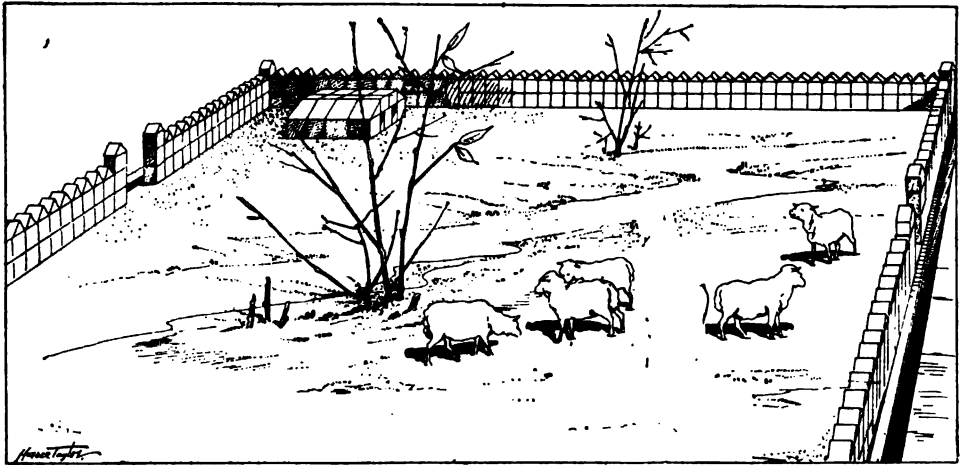
The Seed tells its own Story.

A FARMER'S SCRAPBOOK.

WE have all played garden and seen other people make a garden; but did we ever have a garden ourselves? Some day we may want to know all about gardening, and perhaps may have a beautiful piece of ground to use to help give us the very sweetest fresh flowers and vegetables.

What a good idea it would be to have Mamma send for some seed catalogues, and also books with pictures of farm tools and machinery!

Our little friend Dorothy has made quite a study of the farmer, and can tell his whole story in her scrapbook, beginning



A Play Garden with Sand and Toys.

with the very first tools he uses and the first seed he sows; then also she knows just when he does certain work with his tools in the corn and grain. Finally, her scrapbook tells all about the harvest time, and around the margins are flying all the different kinds of birds that come with each season, and the wild flowers which show their heads from April to October.

It would be as much fun as the best continued story, to start such a beautiful scrapbook story, to be brought out on each rainy day during the coming Summer. And think of the stories you could tell to all next Winter's visitors!

A. H.

SPRING SONG.

ALL the little grasses,
Through the Winter's night,
In their beds are sleeping
'Neath a cov'ring white.

CHORUS:

Blow, blow, Wintry winds;
Blow above their heads.
All the little grasses
Are safe in their beds. .

Now the Winter's over;
Gone the ice and snow;
And the sunshine whispers,
"It is time to grow."

CHORUS:

Shine, shine, golden sun;
Shine above their heads.
Wake the little grasses.
Asleep in their beds.

Hear the raindrops tapping,
Tapping at the door;
Crying, "Spring is coming;
Grasses, sleep no more."

CHORUS:

"Twit, twit," call the birds,
Through the April rain;
"Waken, little grasses;
Spring has come again."

Hark! there's something stirring;
All the grasses hear.
Soldiers, they are marching;
Up with pike and spear!

CHORUS:

Skim, skim, swallows, skim
O'er the tender grass;
Breezes, blow above it
Gently as you pass.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

PUSSY WILLOW AND MOUSIE WILLOW.



URRY Mrs. Pussy Willow stood by the roadside. It was a bright, clear morning in the early part of March, and the cold, blustering wind had been making a great many little birds fly into some cozy corner for shelter. The leaves which had fallen from the trees last Fall when he asked them to come and play with their red and gold dresses on, he was now whirling round and round in large numbers up and down the road. March was truly coming in like a lion, and the little birds wished he would hurry and go away like a lamb. Mrs. Pussy thought, as she looked around: Jack Frost has gone away for a day or two, and my little pussies might just peep their dear little heads out from under their little brown bonnets, and feel the warm sunshine and the wind, and see how bare the fields look.

The little brook which ran under the road close by Mrs. Pussy's door, was bubbling and laughing as if trying to wake the little seeds which slept near its bank, and tell them Spring was coming.

As the sun's warm rays fell more directly on the great brown earth, the little pussies pushed their gray heads from under their bonnets and said: "How good this sun feels." They pushed their heads out farther and farther, and rocked away in the wind, having a fine time. Day after day they played and rocked and swung and grew.

One day Mrs. Pussy heard a little girl say, "Oh, Papa, I want those pussies to make some little mice of, for Ruth!" The little girl was Jannette Morrill, and Ruth was her little sister.

"Pussies to make mice of! Pussies to make mice of!" Mrs. Pussy said this over and over to herself, wondering all the while how Jannette was going to make mice from her pussies; but in a minute, snap! went the stick on which all her babies grew, and was carried home by Jannette to make her little sister happy. But how Jannette was going to make mice of pussies, you will know if you watch her as she runs into the house with her pretty pussies, and lays them on the table while she runs to Mamma to get a bottle of mucilage and some cardboard.

First she cuts the cardboard very evenly about the size of the sewing card she had in kindergarten; then with careful fingers she breaks a pussy from the stem and takes off its little brown bonnet, and, putting a very little mucilage on one side, fastens it to the card; then another and another, until she has five in all. Little Ruth enjoys watching her, and when all are on, Jannette carries it to Mamma and says: "Now, Mamma, if you will make some eyes and a tail, I will show Ruth some cunning, dear little mice."

G. E. L.



MOTHER WILLOW'S DARLINGS.

CHILDREN: Mother Willow's darling Pussies,
Peeping out your furry heads,
Did the Robin Redbreast call you
From your little beds?

PUSSIES: Mother Sun has sent her fairies,
Telling us 't is time to wake.
Nodding, we greet you, little children,
And smile "Good-by" to the last snowflake.

LITTLE sunbeams, call my flowers;
They have slept so very long!
The sunny South has rosy bowers;
There birdies sing their sweetest song.

April's raindrops come to help you;
Listen; do you hear them call?
May is coming now to greet you,
Raindrops, flowers, birds and all.

E. J. G.

MISS APRIL'S FAVORITE RHYMES.



MISS APRIL.

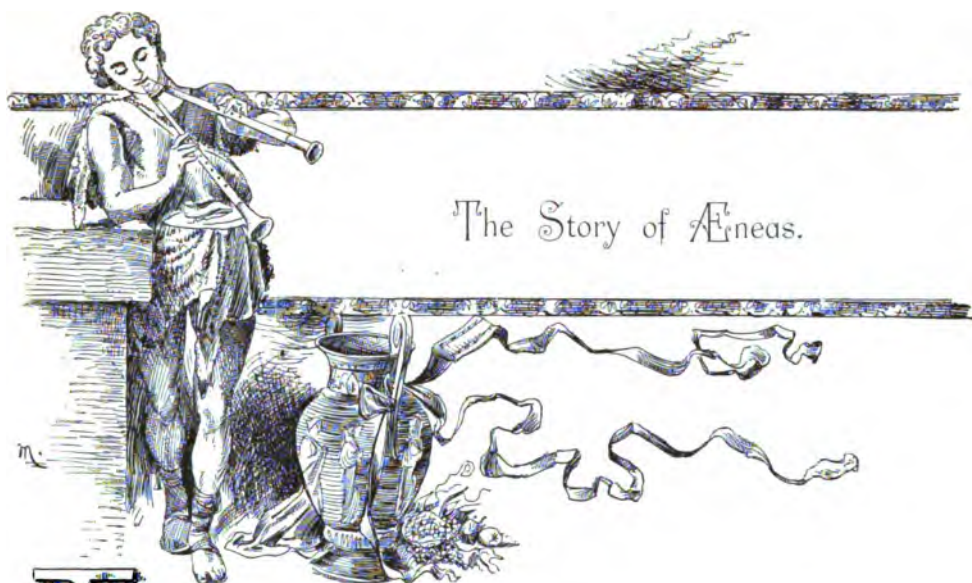
DOLLY had a doggie
Called Pete, Pete, Pete;
He had two eyes,
And he had four feet.

But his legs were so short
He couldn't catch a rabbit,
Though he chased them every
time,
Because he had the habit.

There is a little bird
All the birdies call Dick;
He sings a song,
And he sings it quick.
He swings in the tree tops
Day by day.
He is a good birdie,
So they say.

One, two, three,
Baby Bee
Cried so hard
Couldn't see;

Four, five, six,
Playing tricks;
Baby Bee,
Full of glee.



The Story of Æneas.

THERE was once a great city called Troy, where lived a man named Æneas, with his wife and little son, Ascanius.

Æneas was the son of Venus, a beautiful fairy, who loved him and kept him from harm.

One day a great army came to Troy and burned the city to the ground, so that Æneas had to take his family and run to the seashore. On the way his wife died, and they had to leave her.

When they came to the seashore Æneas found a large company of men from Troy, who had escaped from the fire.

These men made Æneas their king, and when they had built several strong ships, they sailed away together to find a new country and a new home.

In his sleep Æneas dreamed that he saw a fairy, who said to him: "There is a land called Italy, and a place where the river Tiber flows softly to the sea; there you must find your home."

In the morning Æneas told his dream to the men of Troy who were with him, and they all said: "To Italy we will go."

Now there was a naughty fairy called Juno, who did not love Æneas and his beautiful mother, Venus. Juno did not wish Æneas to go to Italy, so she sent for the Storm King, and made him blow his winds upon the ships, so that some of them were broken. The sun went down, and the thunders and lightnings were terrible; but in the morning the storm was over, and the men of Troy were safe.

Then Æneas and his men sailed for the nearest shore; for they were tired out with the storm, and were very glad to stand upon the dry land again.

They hid their ships in a place that was covered with trees, for they did not know whether the people living in this land would be kind or not.

Then Æneas went out to look at the country. As he was walking through the woods he met his fairy mother, Venus; but he did not know her, for she was dressed like a hunter maiden. Her dress was short, her hair was loose, and she carried a bow and arrow in her hand. When Æneas saw her, he said: "Can you tell me what land this is?"

Then Venus answered: "Over yonder is the city of Carthage, and the queen is called Dido."

As she spoke she turned away, and a rosy light shone from her neck, while a sweet smell came from her hair.

Then Æneas knew that she was his mother; and he said: "Oh, Mother, why did you not let me know you?"

After that Æneas and his men went toward the city; but Venus covered them with a mist, so that no one could see them. She was afraid the queen would not like to have them there.

When they entered the city they saw many beautiful buildings, and while they were looking at them, lovely Queen Dido passed that way.

Then Æneas came out of the mist, and told his story to the queen, who listened kindly and invited him into her palace. She also sent food to the men of Troy who were in the ships.

But Venus was troubled when she saw this, for she could not tell whether Queen Dido meant to be kind to Æneas or not. So she sent for Cupid, the little winged boy who hides in valentines, and said to him: "Cupid, Æneas is in the queen's palace; and when he sends for his little son, Ascanius, you must go instead, and breathe kindness into the heart of the queen, so she will love Æneas and do him no harm."

Cupid promised, and Venus took Ascanius and made him sleep a deep sleep among the flowers in the woods.

Soon after Æneas sent for Ascanius, but Cupid took off his wings and went in his place. When Cupid came to the palace, they all thought he was Ascanius. Queen Dido kissed him, and

took him on her lap. Then this sweet little boy breathed kind thoughts into her heart, so she forgot to be cruel.

That night the queen made a great feast for Æneas, and they ate a beautiful supper from golden dishes, while servants without number waited upon them.

The next day the queen took them through her beautiful city, and showed them all its wonders. Every day she thought of something new to do for Æneas, because Cupid had breathed so much kindness into her heart.



At last Queen Dido asked Æneas to stay in Carthage always, and he promised that he would. But that night he dreamed that a fairy stood by him and said: "You cannot stay in Carthage; you must go on to Italy."

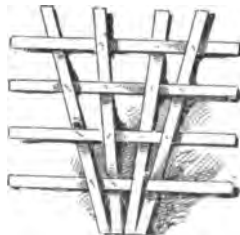
In the morning Æneas told the queen that he must go. Then Dido was angry, and the kindness faded out of her heart.

So Æneas hurried with his ships, and when they were ready he sailed away for Italy, taking Ascanius with him.

They sailed a long, long time, and Juno sent them many storms; but at last they landed safe in Italy. When they had found the place where the river Tiber flows softly to the sea, they made their home there, and were very happy.

Detroit, Mich.

S. ALICE WELTON.



EARLY TO BED.

A LITTLE GIRL'S FIRST STORY.

IT is time to go to bed, dear," said Mamma to Helen.

"Oh, dear me! I wish I was a lady like you, so that I would not have to go to bed so early."

"But, my dear," said Mamma, "you cannot grow nearly so fast if you don't go to bed early; for you know you grow more when you are asleep than when you are awake. So go to bed now, as it is after eight o'clock. You will soon grow larger and can sit up later."

So little Helen went to bed and was soon asleep. She dreamed she was a big lady now, sitting up very late, and already wishing she was a little girl again. She had been to about twenty balls that season, and had had a great many hot-house flowers given to her. She went to other countries, where there was such beautiful weather and where there were lovely rivers and forests; and she went to large cities where there were great picture galleries. She saw the king's palace and his gardens. But the palace did not seem nearly so nice as the little country home where she was born, nor the music nearly so sweet as the prattle of her little brothers and sisters. She was getting very tired of society, and would have given almost anything to get back with her papa and mamma and little sisters and brothers. But she had her journey all planned out through Switzerland and Italy, and the people who had known her father when he lived in Paris invited her to receptions, and she was often invited to go to the opera and the theater. Everybody was saying, "What a nice time this American girl is having!" but she was wishing she was a little girl again, in the dear old country home.

The next morning when Helen awoke and found she had only been dreaming, she was very glad. The sun was streaming into her room and the birds were singing gayly. How clean everything seemed, and quiet, with dew sparkling on the leaves and grass; and the dear old house was very much nicer than the palace of her dream.

Tom, her older brother, came rapping at her door and called out: "Len, Len, get up quick; the ponies are ready for our ride."

She jumped up and looked out of the window down into the yard, and there stood the dear little black ponies, Topsy and

Chloe, tied under the big elm tree. She dressed in a hurry and was soon down at the breakfast table, eating her bread and milk so fast that Tom had to tell her there was no hurry. In a few minutes she was out under the tree, and they both jumped on their ponies and were soon riding over the field.

She told Tom her dream, and how glad she was it was only a dream; and she thought how much nicer it was to be a little girl and living in such a dear old home.

She had great fun that day, as it was her birthday, and she was eight years old. And before it was eight o'clock that night she went to her mother, and throwing her arms around her neck, said she wanted to go to bed early, and that she wanted to be always a little girl.

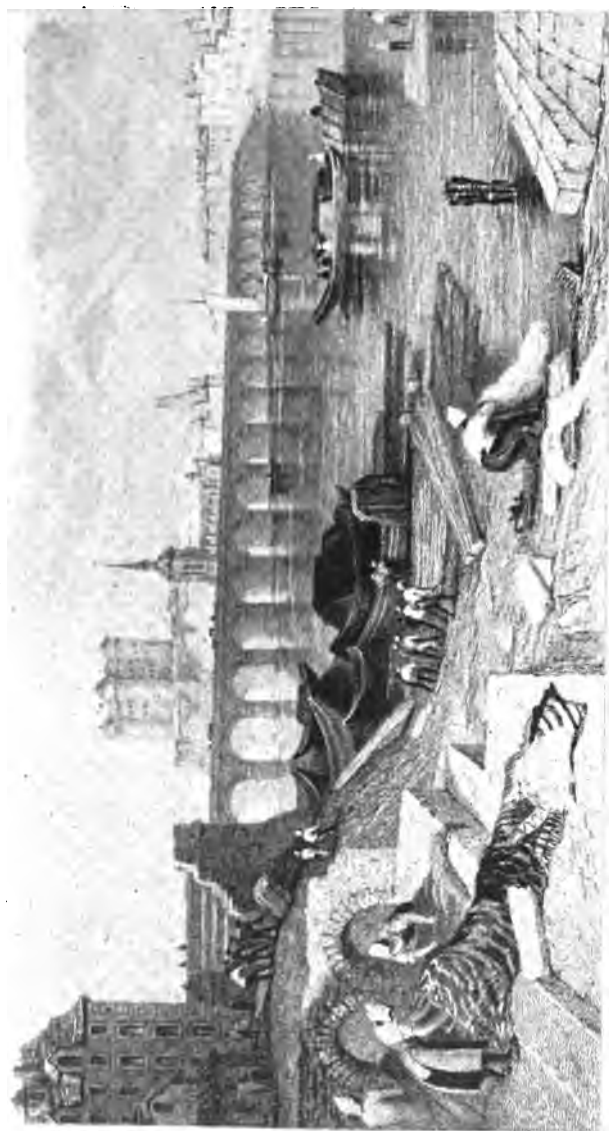
JANET MONTGOMERY NORRIS.

La Moille, Ill.

EARTH TO AIR.

(Adapted from LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.)

A LITTLE worm on branch of gray
Began his work one Summer day.
He planned and built, he wove and spun,
Until his tiny house was done.
He laid the walls with leaf-green rails;
He set the roof with golden nails;
He wove a sheet of softest lace,
And in its folds himself found place.
He slept, and in the dark of night
Upon his sides grew wings of light.
The shining house became a veil,
And gone was every golden nail.
Through the thin walls of gauze I spied
The rainbow wings he had not tried.
They cradled close and folded tight
His velvet body, strong and light.
On sped the hours till sleep was done;
Wide swung the doors to life's new sun;
He woke! he longed his wings to try,
And found himself—a butterfly!



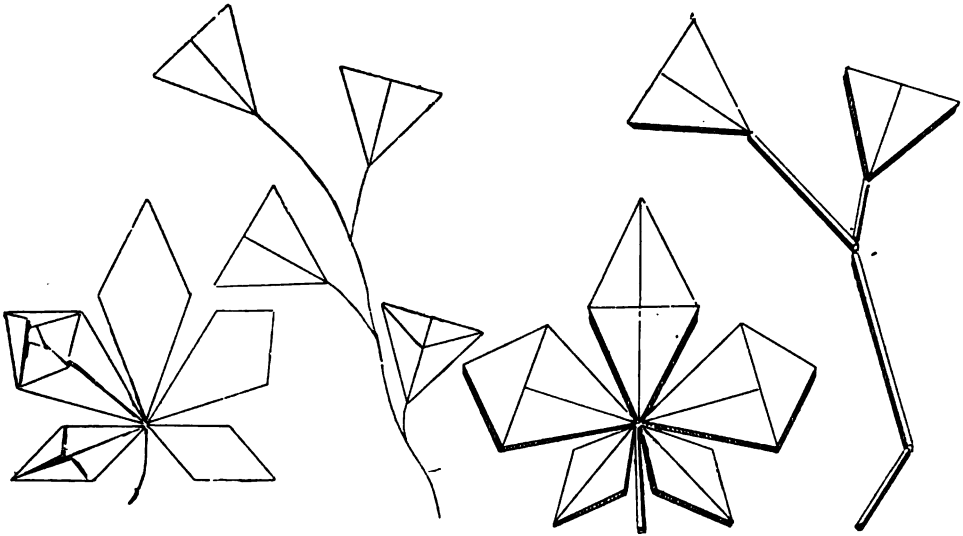
SPRING IN SUNNY ITALY.

THINGS TO MAKE, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.



HIS pair of shears shall be the right-hand man, and help tell some stories which will last a long time, just as pictures keep telling the same stories over and over again for a long time. The story shall be about green and growing things. Let us find the kind of paper which shall best tell such a story. I saw some fresh green paper in our sewing room which would be very good for this story.

Is there more than one kind of green leaves? Let us see how many different greens we can find. Then we will make a story about the plant that is nearest like our paper. My story is



to be about the old ivy vine which has been climbing over our porch so many years. It is a dark green, and the leaves come out in families. The tallest one is in the middle, and the smaller ones on each side.

The paper must be square to begin with. Then it can be carefully folded, as in the picture, to make the leaves. These all come together in the middle where the stem holds them. Of course, when the real ivy grows, the leaves come out from a center, and spread broader and more green every day. Our picture can only tell the story of how they look when they are quite grown up.

A. H.

BREATH OF SPRING.

FAR from the South, one April day,
A warm and gentle breeze
Came rushing over hill and plain
To start the waving trees.
His breath was felt on every bush;
Each bud received a kiss.
Wake up! wake up! the Spring is here'
Its greeting you will miss.

The raindrops warmed at his approach;
They quickly, with a thud,
Began to pour and shake and coax,
To wake each flower and bud.
The buds begin to open now,
The green leaves peeping through,
To see if earth was putting on
Her dress of Springtime hue.

Jack Frost, who in his northern home
Had been a little while,
Came back, upon a visit bent,
And met the warm Spring smile.
A snow cloud high up in the sky
Knew if the breath of frost [now,
Should touch the buds and flowers
Their beauty would be lost.

She quickly spread her sheltering arms,
And from her fleecy fold
She sent a blanket all of white,
To keep them from the cold.
It shielded them from Jack's embrace
Until he went away;
The blanket melted into rain,
And all was bright and gay.

MALANA A. HARRIS.

LADY APRIL.

SPEEDING west at sunset,
A golden sunbeam found
Little Lady April
Resting on the ground.

Her hair was tossed and wavy,
Twined with violets, too;
Her lips just curved with laughter,
And her eyes a misty blue.

The sunbeam paused and listened
To the fairy tale she weaves:
'T was the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
Of the raindrops on the leaves!

Toronto.

ANNIE McMULLEN.



HERE is a story told on a sewing card with needle and thread. What is it all about?

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S PARTY.

MR. AND MRS. BLUEBIRD had been South all Winter, and just returned to their Summer home in the North.

They had chosen for their home this year a beautiful old garden with a great many nice trees, and flower beds which, when the weather was a little warmer, would be full of bright blossoms.

Running through this garden was a dear, happy little brook, with shining white pebbles in the bottom; and the water was so clear that Mrs. Bluebird decided at once that this was the very best spot which could be chosen for them to build their nest and begin housekeeping.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bluebird, "I never before have seen such a beautiful place for a house. This old cherry tree is so large, and some of the branches hang right over the brook; so that every morning we can just fly down and take a bath before we go for our breakfast."

Mr. Bluebird was very glad to see Mrs. Bluebird so happy and so well pleased with everything in the old garden. "But," said he, "we must not waste any time; we will fly around and look sharply to find material for our little nest." So they flew away, one to one side of the garden, and one to the other, but never staying far apart for any length of time.

Suddenly Mr. Bluebird came flying down beside Mrs. Bluebird, saying: "Oh, my dear, you can't think of the surprise I have for you! Come right over here with me."

"What is it?" said Mrs. Bluebird, very much excited; "do tell me what it is."

"It is some old friends of yours," said Mr. Bluebird; "but I don't want to tell you about them. Please come right away, for I know you will be glad to see them."

So she followed Mr. Bluebird, who went down behind a large willow tree which grew by the side of the brook, and there to her surprise and delight she found six dear little fairies.

Now Mrs. Bluebird was very fond of the fairies, for she had known them the year before, and they had become the best of friends.

"We're so glad to see you!" said Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird; "but why do you look so sad and so unhappy?"

"Well," said the fairies, "we are unhappy, but we are glad to see you, and your singing has cheered us wonderfully; still it does not help our trouble any."

"Why, what can be the matter? Tell us all about it," said the birds; "perhaps we can help you."

"Well, if you have time to listen we will tell you," said the fairies; "but we doubt if you can do anything to help us. There is one person that we little fairies love better than anyone else in the world, and who also loves us very dearly; and this is the Queen of the fairies. She takes care of us all through the Winter and Spring, Summer and Fall, and is just the dearest and loveliest queen that ever was. She gives us our dresses, and teaches us how to keep them nice and tidy. She tells us how to help other people, and do things to make them happy; but this is very easy, for she herself is always doing some kind act; and if we watch her we can see just how to do it ourselves."

"Well, well," said Mr. Bluebird, "this is funny. Why are you so unhappy then?"

"Wait," said the fairies; "we haven't come to the unhappy part yet. Every year, just at this time, our queen gives a party to welcome back the Spring. It is at this party that we get our new dresses; and we may choose any color we like. This year we six made a nice plan that we would be rainbow fairies, for we know that the queen is very fond of the rainbow. Now we will tell you how we get our dresses. We each find a flower that is just the color we want our dress to be, and when the day for the party comes, we each take our flower to the queen; she dips it in the brook and then sprinkles the water over us, and our dress becomes just like the flower. After this we say "Thank you," very politely, and we each lay our flower in her lap. When all our dresses are changed and all the flowers in the queen's lap, she takes the flowers and puts them in a large basket, and we all make a circle and dance around them. Then the queen tells us all about places we may go, and kind things we can do all through the long Summer; she tells us stories and plays games with us, and—oh, we do have *such* a lovely time!"

"Oh, dear!" said one of the fairies, "we almost forgot to say that the queen always invites the birds to come and sing, and be happy with us."

Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird had listened very quietly while the fairies had been telling their story, and now they said: "Well, that must be perfectly delightful; but you have not told us yet why you are so very sad."

"We're just coming to that," said the fairies. M. B.

(To be concluded in May number.)

HOW THE CROCUS AWOKE.

'T WAS not a little daisy,
Nor yet a buttercup
That dear, good Mother Nature
Was gently waking up.
It was a little crocus,
That all the Winter through
Had quietly been sleeping,
Just as the grasses do.
The snowy little blankets
Had kept it nice and warm,
And it had slept so sweetly,
Quite free from any harm.
And now dear Mother Nature
Had asked the raindrops small
To quietly and gently
Right on the crocus fall,
And help it to awaken;
And—yes, 't was really so:
It soon felt quite like stretching,
And trying hard to grow.
"Wake up, dear little Crocus,"
The little raindrops said;
The sunbeams smiled upon it
So lovingly instead.
And soon the little crocus
Was really broad awake;
And then it grew so quickly
For Mother Nature's sake!

A. H. B.

THE MAPLE-TREE PARTY.

WHAT was Jack doing? There he was, climbing up the fence, looking at something on a tree. Susie wondered if he had found some gum, and hurried on to see.

She was only four years old, so she could not run very fast. It was very muddy, too, and she did not want to fall down and spoil her pretty red dress, or drop her little cake of maple sugar in the mud; such a nice little cake of brown sugar as it was, with scallops all round the edge! Jack and Susie were just on their way home from the shop; but Jack, who was seven years old, had run on ahead, and now he had found something and was calling to her to hurry.

"What is it, Jack? Is it gum?" said Susie, when she got near the tree.

"Gum doesn't grow on maple trees," said Jack. "But look, Susie; this side of the tree is all wet right here, as if somebody had thrown a whole dipperful of water on it."

By this time Susie was trying to climb up too; and Jack helped her, so that she could stand on the second rail of the fence and hold on to the top. Then she could see the wet place, and she asked:

"Did you make those little holes in the tree, Jack?"

"What holes?" said Jack. "I didn't make any holes. Oh, yes, I see them now, up there at the top of the wet place—and some on this side, too."

Sure enough, there they were,—nine little round holes, very like those Susie had seen Jack make in boards with the gimlet when Mamma lent it to him.

Just then the children heard some one coming, and looking round they saw Aunt Nellie at the gate.

"Oh, Auntie, please come quick! we've got something to show you," called Jack.

Aunt Nellie gave Susie a kiss on her rosy cheek, and pinching Jack's ear, said: "What are you doing here on the fence?"

"Look! there on the tree! see, Aunt Nellie," said Susie, pointing to it with her finger, while Jack asked: "What makes the tree wet there, Auntie?"

Aunt Nellie looked at the tree carefully for a minute. "Jack," said she, "do you see those round holes?"

"Yes," said Jack; "Susie thought I made them with the gimlet; but I didn't."

"I know who made them," said Aunt Nellie, slowly. "Mr. Woodpecker made those holes with his bill. He knew there were some little insects under the bark, and he wanted them for his dinner. But when he flew away, some drops of sweet maple sap came and peeped out of the holes; and when they saw the sun shining so brightly and everything looking happy, they called to some other little drops to come, too. So one little drop after another came running out, until presently there was quite a crowd of them, and they all agreed to have a nice play running down the outside of the tree. The little drops were so sweet that they were just wishing somebody would come and taste them, when you two children came along. Let us taste the sweet sap. This tree will be a lovely place for a party; so I guess we had better invite all the early flies and the bumblebees to come."

"And the little ants, too," said Jack.

"Doesn't it taste sweet, Aunt Nellie?" asked Susie.

"I don't think there is enough of it hardly for us to taste, Susie," said her auntie. "We will have to take you to the woods, some day next Spring, where the men bore holes in maple trees and get quarts of sap. Then you could taste it, and see the big pots of sap boiling and boiling, to make nice maple syrup and sugar."

"Just like this maple sugar?" said Susie, showing her little cake.

"Yes," said Auntie; "just like that."

"We ought to say 'Thank you' to Mr. Woodpecker," said Jack.

"Now," said Auntie, "you two little folks had better trot off home, for Mamma will be looking for you."

So, saying 'Good-by,' off they ran, to enjoy their own piece of maple sugar, and to tell their mamma about the party on the maple tree down by the fence.

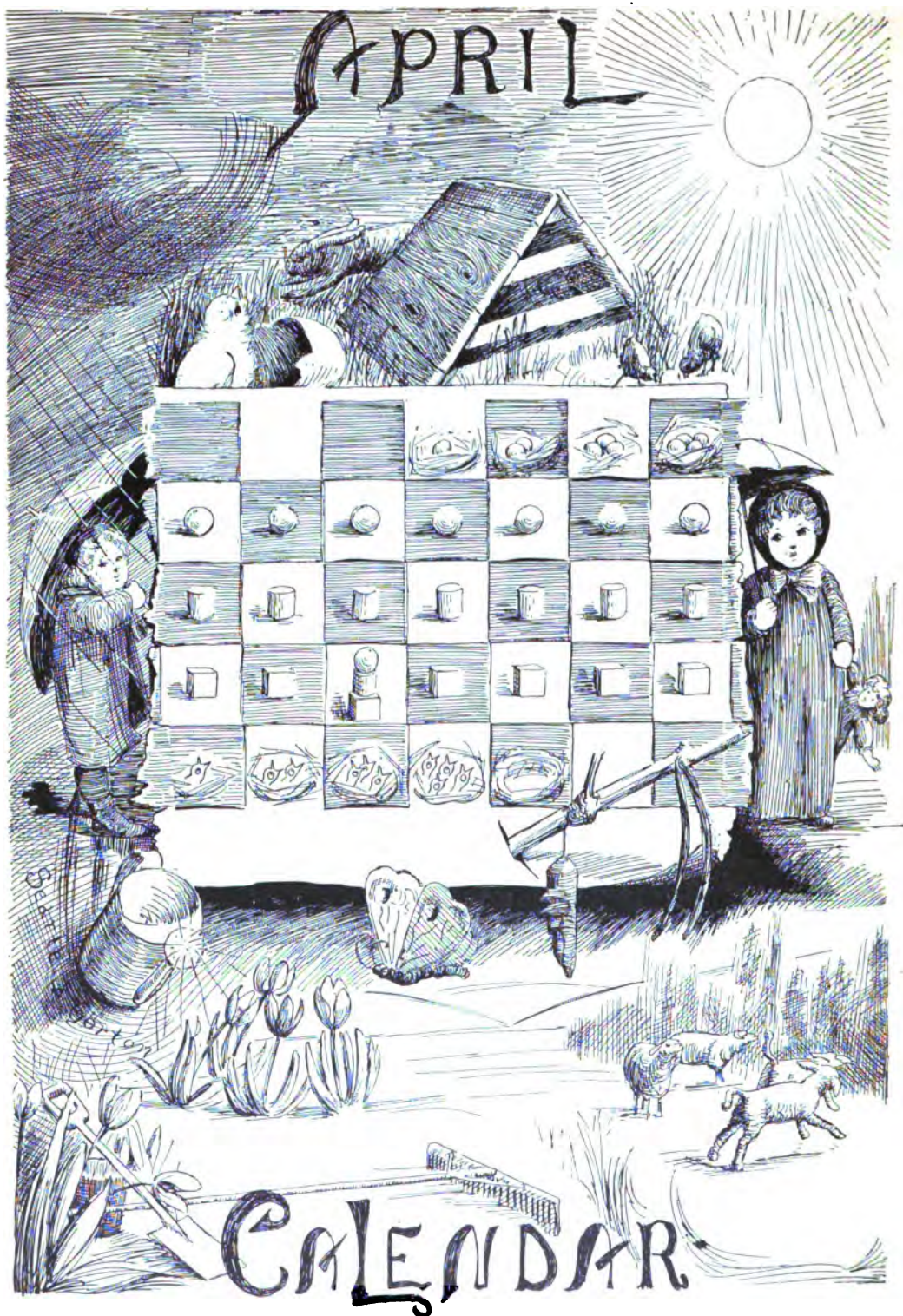
BARRY HARAS.



THE EARLY BEECHES.

SPRING SONG.

THE sun is shining brightly;
The birds begin to sing;
And everything is ready
For the coming of the Spring.
The trees' brown buds are swelling;
They soon will burst their sheath,
In tender green excelling
Even the grass beneath.
The sky is blue, and birdies
Fly swiftly to and fro;
The farmer, in his cornfields,
Begins his seed to sow.
And then the flowers say softly,
"Wake up! we shall be late!
The cows are in the pasture,
And Baby's at the gate.
"For Baby's rosy fingers
Do love the flowers so!
Dear Earth, you must not keep us,
For it is time to blow." MAY MACKINTOSH.



Find every Spring Story you can in this Calendar.



THE FLOWER KING, CAROLUS LINNÆUS.
(See page 162.)

CHILD-GARDEN

OF STORY, SONG, AND PLAY.

Vol. II.

MAY, 1894.

No. 6.

SPRING'S CALL TO THE SEEDS.



COME, the gentle raindrops say,
As they patter down in a loving way,
'Tis time for Jack Frost to say "Good-by";
And 'way up north he now must fly.

And you little seeds must start to grow,
Or Mother Nature will scold, you know.
The April showers and warm Spring rain
Have come to help you up again.

Come, said the sun, with a loving kiss;
Come, come! wake up, or you will miss
The bluebird's call and robin's trill
In the treetop there on yonder hill.

They sing of the Summer that's coming soon,
And the pleasant months of May and June,
When roses and flowers around us grow
To make all happy and glad, you know.

Just push your little roots down in the ground,
And plenty of water will there be found;
Then push your leaves up, to greet the sun;
For Winter has gone and Spring has begun.

There is plenty of work for each to do,
And little seeds must be helping, too.
Oh, yes! each one must do his best,
Until the earth is newly dressed.

G. E. LORING.

THE FLOWER KING.

ON the twenty-third day of May, in the year seventeen hundred and seven, one hundred and eighty-seven years ago this May, a little baby boy was born in the town of Rashult, in far-away Sweden. His parents named him Carolus, but he is known all over the whole world by his last name, Linnæus.* When only four years old he heard his father, who was pastor of the parish, talking with some people about the value and nature of some plants which grew in the fields and hedges, and he became so much interested in what was said that when he next went for a walk with his father he wanted to know all about the plants they saw by the wayside.

As he grew a little older he asked more questions than his father could answer about the flowers and plants, and as soon as he could read he loved to read all that had been written about them. In school he thought only of the dear little plants that no one had ever cared enough about to name, and every Summer holiday was spent in the fields tenderly examining the roots, stems, leaves, buds, blossoms, and seeds of Mother Nature's dear little neglected children. His good father was much troubled over this boy, who did not like the books that little boys and girls in those days had to learn by heart whether they understood them or not.

Little Carl loved living things, and he was very tender and gentle with them, even if he had to kill them in studying them; for he knew that if a few plants died for the knowledge to be gained thereby, millions would live to grow and bloom in new beauty, because of the interest all the people in the world would take in them. So he studied them with this great love for them in his heart, until his parents and teachers let him have his own way about it; for he would go hungry, ragged, and barefoot rather than not study his beloved plants.

His father and his teachers were almost in despair over his studies, because he would not put his mind on anything but the natural world about him. In these days the children are urged

* Or Carl von Linné, and he died at Upsala, Sweden, January 19, 1778.

to look at all these natural objects, and parents and teachers are glad to answer their questions; but the wise professors of those days did not know what to do with the little boy who would rather go hungry into the fields to study plants than to stay with the musty books and have plenty of good food.

The great power in the world is love, and Linnæus loved the flowers so devotedly, that as he grew older the old professors let him study in his own way; and he gathered together the plants that were like each other, into groups and families; this is called "classifying" them.

When only twenty-three years old he was asked to lecture in the University of Upsala, where he was a student; and he took his pupils out into the fields to study the plants, which was a new way then, as all the old professors gave their lectures in small, dusty rooms, with dried plants, dry books, dry bones, and taught the little they knew of nature in the Latin language. They thought they could not talk learnedly about the dear old Mother in any other.

There is one good reason for using Latin names for plants, animals, birds, and fishes: the students of all nations can understand their meaning. This is why all the scientific names are in Latin. Thus they are the same in every country. So the flowers that grow in Sweden have the same names as the same plants in France, or Spain, or England, or America. When the readers of the CHILD-GARDEN go to school they should study Latin for two or three years, so as to be able to use the same names for plants and birds that the children are learning all over the world.

While our little Carl, now a grown-up man, was in Upsala he had charge of the gardens that belonged to the school, and he made them much more beautiful than they had ever been before. You all know what a cold country Lapland is,—how short the Summer is there, and what a little time the plants have to grow in. We knew very little about the plants in those cold regions then, and when the Academy of Sciences, in Upsala, Sweden, wanted some one to go to Lapland and learn all about its plants and flowers, Carl Linnæus offered to go. The school directors said they would pay his expenses, and gave him the money, and on the twelfth of May, seventeen hundred and

thirty-two, he started on his journey, on horseback at first, with all his luggage in a small knapsack strapped on his back. He would make long excursions into the fields on foot, gather the plants, press, dry, and pack them in boxes, and send them back to the academy that had sent him out for them. Some of the journey was made by boats, and twice he crossed the mountains, always gathering the new plants and sending them to the school.

When he returned in the Fall of the year he had traveled forty-six hundred miles, and the whole trip only cost the academy one hundred and twelve dollars. While on this trip he went down into the mines of Lapland and learned much about the ores which lie so deeply hidden in the earth.

After this he traveled much in the different countries of Europe, and also went to England. After several years of hard study he returned to his native country, because the dear girl he loved lived there, and he wanted to be always near her. They were married in June, seventeen hundred and thirty-nine. He was now becoming known all over the world, and the kings of different countries wanted him to come and live with them and classify the flowers they all admired but knew so little about. But he stayed in his own country, and the students who loved flowers well enough to go so far to learn all about them, went to him to study. They came from every country by the hundreds, until there were thousands of them, and the little unknown Swedish boy became one of the most widely known men in all the world; and he wrote more than one hundred and eighty books, which were written in Latin, so that all the nations of Europe could understand them.

He was called the Flower King, because he knew so much about flowers and loved them so tenderly. He was a happy boy and man, because he was always busy and useful, and so gentle with plants that they seemed to know him and put forth their most beautiful blossoms in his gardens. So beautiful were his flowers, that kings, princes, and rich nobles vied with each other in getting plants from his gardens, and botany became one of the greatest of the sciences; and now every little child can learn all about the nature and habits of the plants and flowers of its own fields and gardens, and much of the vegetation of the whole world, just because Linnæus was so faithful in his love.

Connected with many of the parks of the cities are gardens which are more or less like the gardens Linnæus founded, and in the midst of beds of blooming plants you will nearly always find a portrait statue of the man who loved and studied the flowers as Friedrich Froebel loved and studied little children. Linnæus loved children, too, and there are some pleasant stories about the pranks they used to play for his amusement. But his love for plants and flowers was his great characteristic,—that is, the chief love of a great soul,—and he will always be known as the Flower King.

A. N. K.

SWEET BUTTERCUP.



HERE'S a dear little flow'r in the garden;

It is just like a little cup,
And it's yellow, as yellow as butter;
And they call it sweet buttercup.

It always comes in the Springtime,
Just in the month of May;
So I've been watching for it,
And it's just waked up today.

It was in its little green nightdress
When it first got out of bed,
And it never tried to dress itself
Till it had been washed and fed.

For the rain and its dear earth mother
Gave it plenty to eat and to drink;
And the sun smiled so lovingly at it,
That it gave it its dress, I think;

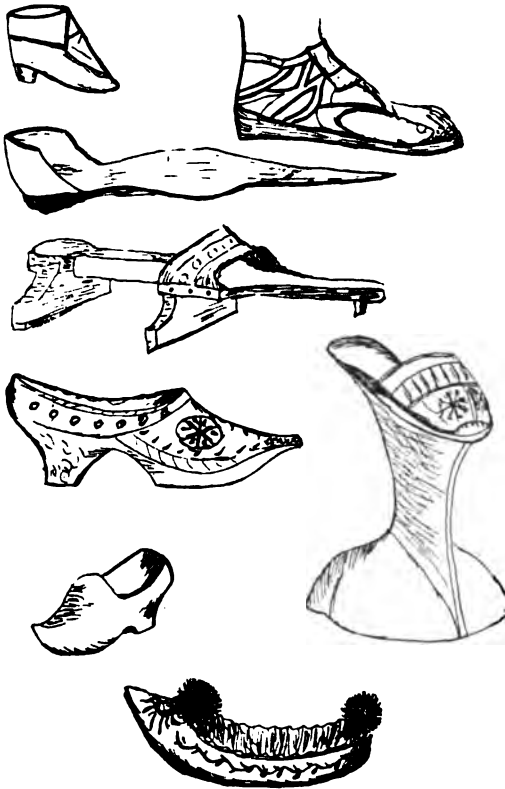
For when all its washing and eating
And changing of dresses was done,
Instead of its little green nightgown,
It wore a dress just like the sun.

MAUD L. BETTS.

QUEER SHOES.

ONCE upon a time long ago, so long ago that Columbus had not found our country, America, there lived in far-off countries many strange people, who did not live as we do; their houses were different from ours, and they neither looked, talked, nor dressed as we do.

The first shoes were worn by these people; these shoes were very different from ours, and were called sandals. They were made of dried leaves or grass woven together, and covered only the sole of the foot. These queer shoes were usually laced onto the foot, the lacing passing between the big toe and the one next to it, reaching sometimes almost to the knee, and again only to the ankle.



How cold Jack Frost would make our feet if we wore these sandals, wouldn't he? He never went to those countries, so that the people's feet were not cold; but after every walk they were very dusty, as you know yours would be if you walked in the street without stockings, and with only the sole of your shoe for a boot.

Because of this dust on their feet, the people always took off their sandals at the door, and then when they went into the house they had their feet washed. In other countries, at different times, the people have worn many very queer shoes.

Some were made of wood, plain or beautifully carved. Even now some people wear these plain wooden shoes; and

they make such a clatter that the little children have to leave theirs outside of the schoolhouse door, and wear only their thick warm stockings until they come out again.

Then there were shoes of colored leather, or silk and lace, with such long pointed toes that people had to fasten them to their knees with chains of gold or silver with pretty buckles. To keep these shoes from the mud they wore still another shoe, of wood; for no one had ever heard of rubbers then.

After wearing these shoes for awhile the people grew very tired of such long pointed toes, so they changed to a shoe which was short, like ours, but with a very, very broad toe.

You know that years ago only Indians lived here. Well, for their little boys and girls and for themselves they made beautiful shoes of soft deerskin, and trimmed them with fur and bright beads.

In Jack Frost's own country, where Summer never comes, but where there is always ice and snow, everyone wears shoes of fur, which are so warm that Jack Frost cannot make "Little girls cry 'oh, oh, oh!'" nor "Little boys say 'ho, ho, ho!'"

In China some of the babies' feet are bound very tightly with strips of cloth, to keep them from growing any larger. Just think of Mamma wearing baby's shoes! The children cannot run and play as you do, nor the women walk, but must be helped every step.

In another far-away country you might see, if you were there, people walking on very high shoes,—so high that if you had them on, you would be as tall as mother.

I wonder how many can tell me how our shoes look, who make them for us, and whether they are made of grass, wood, silk, or leather.

HELPFUL HANDS.

FIVE little fingers working away,
 To help Mamma dear, on a very busy day.
 Do you ask how five little fingers so small
 Can be of any real service at all?
 Listen, while I whisper the reason to you:
 A loving little heart tells them just what to do.

HATTIE LOUISE JEROME.



AURORA — Guido Reni.

A STORY OF THE AURORA.

ONCE upon a time there lived a painter who could make such beautiful pictures that, though he painted them long ago, people even now like to look at them.

His name was Guido Reni. One morning when Guido looked out of his window, far away across the hills, he saw the most glorious sunrise that he had ever beheld. It seemed to him as he gazed upon it that he could almost see into heaven itself, the colors were so clear and beautiful. He never forgot it, and each day he wished more and more that he could paint such a sunrise.

He remembered how first he had seen just the faintest pink, and then how it grew brighter and brighter until the sky was all aglow with red and orange, and how it kept changing until at last he saw the round golden sun himself, with all his beautiful streaks of yellow; so bright was it that Guido could not look steadily at it. Each day he repeated to himself, "If I could only paint such a picture! Ah, how many people who do not know how beautiful the sunrise is, might look at it! and then perhaps they would rise early some morning and see the real sunrise and all the lovely colors with which the sky is aglow."

So after thinking about it a long time, and trying to see if he could mix some colors like those he had seen so far above him in the beautiful sunrise clouds, he thought he could not find any so bright and clear as were those in the sunrise; but when his picture was finished, and he had done the very best he could, it was a great surprise to him.

Everyone who came and looked at it said, "Guido must have seen the real sunrise, to be able to paint such a wonderful picture."

The queerest part of it was that he had painted a story of the sunrise; and this is the story:

Once upon a time while most of the people all over the country were sleeping, just as it was beginning to grow light, a little boy who loved to get up very early and watch the sun rise, was looking out of his small window. His mother would some-

times call, "Carl, why do you rise so very early?. It's almost dark!"

Then Carl would say, "Oh, Mother, if you could only see how beautiful the sky is now!"

He had watched the golden sun rise many times before, but this morning the strangest thing happened while he was looking and looking, far up into the sky. What do you think he saw?

High up in the east, floating along in the clouds, was a beautiful maiden, and as she moved along she seemed to be scattering something down below. Carl looked again and saw that she was dropping soft, delicate pink roses over the whole earth, that all the fathers and mothers and little children, when they should open their eyes, might find them. As Carl watched her, suddenly, as swift as the wind blows, came four prancing horses with manes flying through the air.

Just above the beautiful horses was a dear little angel carrying a tiny light that shone far down like a twinkling star. Carl clapped his hands, he was so happy, and called his mother to come quickly. But what do you think he saw when he looked again? A most beautiful golden chariot drawn by the horses, and all around it were seven maidens with shining hair, who joined hands and danced along close to the king, who drove the prancing horses and rode in the golden chariot, which moved so swiftly that his mantle streamed far behind. He was such a grand king,—so bright that Carl could hardly look at him; but he liked the king's beautiful smile, which shone like gold far down below right into Carl's heart; and Carl smiled too. And then, just as quickly as they came, they all disappeared; and when Carl's mother came into the room she said, "Why, child, what makes you smile?"

"I'm so happy, Mother!" Carl never forgot the king's sunshiny smile, and was always so happy that wherever he went people would say, "Why, he looks just as though he came right out of the sunshine;" and everybody else smiled too.

Then Guido Reni said, "This is the 'Aurora'—the Morning." And when the people looked at his wonderful picture it always made them wish to look up into the sky and see the real sunrise.

NELLIE A. LLOYD.

MISS PIXLEY'S SCHOOL.

(A CONTINUED STORY.)

IT was the most delightful idea! If there were only hundreds of Miss Pixleys to carry out such ideas. Just think of a school out of doors among the flowers and birds, and nicer than any playtime you ever knew. Well, Miss Pixley had an idea, and she wanted to try it, so she asked Fred and Horace's mamma to let them come. Fred's papa laughed when she told him, and said the children couldn't get anything but a playtime from it, and he knew they would like that. So you see he didn't think it was going to be any school at all. But Miss Pixley didn't mind what he said, if he only let Fred and Horace come.

The school was to begin in April, because then the flowers began to come out, and all the beautiful things of Spring; and Miss Pixley wanted to have the first flowers in their lessons. So everything was prepared to go 'way out in the country on a farm about thirty miles from their city home; but they were only going for five days each week, so they did not pack any trunks. Each Friday night the boys were to return home to their mother. One pleasant Monday morning in April they started, Fred and Horace each with a hand bag containing enough clean clothes to last them a week; and Miss Pixley with her hand bag and a microscope case.

When they boarded the street car, whom should they find inside but Mr. Field, the principal of the school where Fred and Horace went until this Monday morning. He looked surprised, and asked the boys if they were going off on a vacation. "No, sir," said Fred promptly; "we are going to Miss Pixley's school."

"Indeed! where is it?" asked Mr. Field.

"Out on a farm, by a lake, where we can see polliwogs and crabs, and flowers and everything," said Fred earnestly.

"But what kind of a school is it?" Mr. Field said, his curiosity quite aroused. "How many pupils has she?"

"Just Horace and me," said Fred, seeming to think that was quite enough.

"Well, my boys, I hope you will have a good time and learn a great deal," said Mr. Field kindly, getting off the car.

When they had safely traveled the thirty miles and reached the little station, the boys began to feel very lonesome and strange. Just a little, low building, with a wagon or two and some sleepy-looking horses; no cable trains, no shouting newsboys, no policemen,—nothing like home. But a little boy with very big blue eyes asked them if they were going over to "Millers';" and when Miss Pixley said "Yes, are you Reuben?" he looked as surprised as though she had told him the story of his birth; but he nodded his head and turned to a wagon near by, saying, "Pa sent me to bring you over."

Fred climbed in beside Reuben and proceeded to get acquainted, as the sleepy-looking horse jogged toward home.

"Why don't you drive faster, and make him hold his head up?"

Reuben looked up, surprised. "Too muddy," he answered.

"Well, what do you have such muddy streets for? Why don't you have them cleaned?" Fred persisted.

Reuben began to look as though he thought Fred was something new,—a kind of creature he had never seen before. "We always have muddy roads in Springtime," he explained. "This isn't bad; I've seen 'em when they was like puddin', up to the hubs."

"What hubs?" asked Fred.

Reuben laughed. "Hubs of the wheels, of course! What did you think?" But Fred's feelings were hurt by Reuben's laugh, and he kept still.

Miss Pixley, although she had been talking to Horace, and telling him about the fields and woods they saw all about them, and what use the farmer made of them, had heard the talk between Reuben and Fred, and thought it now time for her to help. Fred's school had begun, and he needed his teacher.

"Fred," she said, "ask Reuben to tell you about the wheels, all their parts and uses, and then later we will find out how they are made and repaired."

Reuben thought it rather a joke that a boy should not know about wheels, and he felt rather queer to be playing teacher to this fine city boy; but Fred made him forget all these feelings

when he said: "These wheels, Miss Pixley? just common wheels? What's the matter with them, Reuben?"

"Nothing's the matter with 'em," said Reuben, laughing. "They're just like any wheels, only maybe not so pretty as some; they've got hubs and spokes and tires, just like all wheels."

"What are they?" asked Fred.

"Why, the hub's that round piece in the middle, that goes over the axle."

"And what's the axle?"

Reuben began to realize now that Fred really wanted to know, so he started out seriously to explain all he could. And holding the reins in one hand while he allowed the horse to walk, he leaned over and pointed out to Fred the axle bar under the wagon, joining one wheel to the other and holding up the wagon; then the spokes stuck in all around the hub and connecting the felly with it, and last of all the tire to protect the felly and hold everything together, making a big round wheel, strong but light.

And Fred was so interested that he was sorry when the sleepy horse stopped of its own accord at the farmhouse gate.

MAY H. HORTON.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BIRD'S REPLY.

FROM the tip-top branch of an apple tree
 A queer little bird looked down at me.
 "Why did you go up there?" said I;
 And this was the strange little bird's reply:
 "From the very top of this apple tree
 The country far around I see;
 And I'm nearer the sky on the top of this tree,
 And nearer the One who made and loves me.
 "And soon the sun will sink to rest
 Behind the hills in the distant west;
 Then listen well, and you'll hear me say
 My prayers, in a true little bird's own way."

Boston, Mass.

EMMA LOUISE CLAPP.



BESSIE'S CAKE.

WHEN Bessie was four years old she went out into the country to live on a farm. She had a happy time, for she kept busy all day long.

The farmer had a daughter named Mandy, and Bessie often went into the kitchen to see what Mandy was doing. One afternoon she found Mandy mixing a cake for tea. Bessie watched her beat the eggs and sift the flour, and then she said, "Mandy, I wish I could make a cake, too. Do you think if I made one it would taste good like yours?"

And Mandy said, "Well, one cake will be enough for us; but I am sure the chickens would like a cake for their supper. Do you want to make one for them?"

Bessie clapped her hands and could scarcely wait for Mandy to tie an apron over her little blue dress before she began. Then Mandy gave her a big wooden spoon, and a dish in which she poured some yellow meal and a little water.

Bessie stirred with all her might until the lumps were beaten smooth, then she went out into the yard and called "Here, chick, chick, chick! Here, chick, chick, chick!" There were a good many dear little yellow chickens, and every one came running up, so Bessie was kept very busy feeding them all.

But the old "turkey gobbler" came strutting along, saying "Gobble, gobble, gobble," 'way down his throat. When he saw the cake he wanted to eat it all himself; and he was so big and greedy that he scared all the little chickens away. Bessie was frightened too, when he tried to eat out of her hand.

Mamma saw him, and when she came out and said "*Shoo!*" and flapped her apron, he ran off, and then Mamma chased him to the other end of the yard.

After that the chickens came again, and Bessie fed them what was left of the cake. They could not say "Thank you," as little boys and girls can, but they said "Peep, peep," and Bessie knew that their supper had tasted good.

B. ATWATER.



EVERYDAY WORK OF THE SUN.

THE first thing the sun did in the early morning after he had rubbed his sleepy eyes, was to peep up above the earth in the east and look in the window of little Mamie's bedroom. Mamie was sound asleep. Her soft eyelids were fastened down over her pretty blue eyes the sun loved so well. "I'll kiss her softly," said the sun, "and only whisper 'Good morning' in her ear, and then hurry away before she awakes to make the good, dear earth bright with her goodness; for she loves the earth as much as I do." So he took out his brush and painted the clouds in the east red and gold. How beautiful they looked! The wind was soft and gentle, and blew the clouds only a little, to let them stay long enough for Mamie to see them.

The sun next danced over the bright green fields and warmed the little buttercup buds with his kisses, telling them to open their yellow leaves and to look their best, for six o'clock was coming and Mamie would be up. He warmed the birdies in their nests, and just covered the water with light birds till it sparkled more brightly than I can tell.

Down in the fields Mamie's papa had planted corn. The rain had come down the night before and had given the little corn seeds water to drink; but they needed the warm sunshine too, to make them grow. Oh, how glad they were when they saw the dear, good, bright sun! Mamie's little pet chickens could come out now from under the old mother hen's wings. They wouldn't grow cold; the sunshine was up. The night street lamps were needed no longer, for the sun gave light. Mamie's mamma blew out the tallow candle light, for the sun had reached her kitchen window and gave her as much light as she needed to make corn cakes for breakfast. When all was ready the sun peeped again into Mamie's window, and just as the old clock on the kitchen shelf struck six, he kissed and kissed Mamie's eyelids until she couldn't sleep any longer; and then how he laughed, and how she laughed, and how happy they were together!

MRS. W. H. EDWARDS.

TROOPS OF HAPPY CHILDREN.

Troops of happy children Playing by the sea. Build with sand and
 Busy lit-tle sand-crab Working by the sea. Rest within the

pebbles A little house for me Furnish it with sea-shells, Moss for couches
 cottage We have built for thee. In it there are couches Chairs of seashells

wee Light it with a sun-beam Caught in laughter free.
 rare. Brightly is it light-ed With a sunbeam fair.

rit *a tempo*
 Light it with a sun-beam, Caught in laughter free
 Brightly is it light-ed With a sunbeam fair.

rit *a tempo*



IT was near the end of April. Ida and Fanny could not go to kindergarten.

Mamma knew how fond her little girls were of Miss Jessie and their playmates; and she was sure that they missed the pleasant kindergarten work and play.

One evening Mamma thought of a lovely plan: they would play kindergarten in the nursery.

Next morning after breakfast she called the children upstairs. In the nursery they found the low table pulled over to the window, and on it were brushes, mucilage, scissors, and a lot of colored papers.

Ida and Fanny clapped their hands when they saw all these things; and they quickly brought their small chairs and sat down by the table, ready for Mamma to tell them what to do.

First they sang some of the songs Miss Jessie had taught them about the sunshine, the birds, and the flowers.

Then Mamma said to them, "I am going to help my little girls to have a busy, happy time; and then we will find a way to help other children, too."

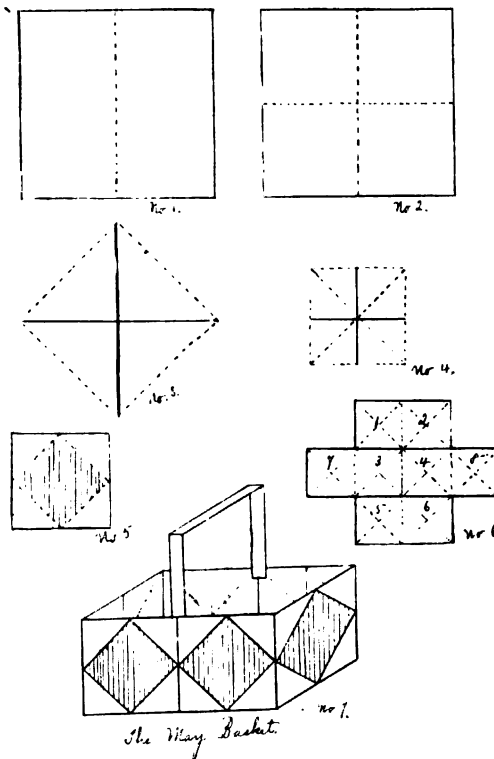
They each took a square of pale green paper and folded it across like a book (No. 1); then opened it and folded the top down to the bottom (No. 2); next, each corner was folded to the center "like an envelope" (No. 3), and a small square of darker green paper put in "for a letter."

Turning the envelopes over, all four corners were folded in to the center (No. 4). The papers were turned over once more, showing four small squares. Each inner corner was then folded back to the outer corner, and creased down very flat and smooth (No. 5).

Then Mamma said, "I am going down to speak to Bridget. While I am gone you may both fold seven more papers just like this first one."

Fanny and Ida worked away quite busily, and when Mamma came back they were finishing the last ones.

"We will play that it is lunch time now, children. Ida may put the papers into this box, and Fanny may spread these napkins on the table. I have brought a glass of milk and some bread and butter for each one," said Mamma.



After they finished lunch the table was cleared again, and then Mamma brought back the papers and mucilage.

The triangles that were folded over onto the backs of the forms were spread with mucilage, then all eight were pasted together as in Fig. 6.

"The two in the middle are for the bottom; fold up the two on each side, and the end ones, and paste them together, and your little basket is ready for its handle.

"Take a long strip of paper and fold it over and over till it is about a half inch wide; paste each end to the middle of a long side, and your basket is finished.

"That is all the work for today. Put away the things in the drawer; and when you have washed your brushes and your hands, we will have a talk, while I darn the stockings."

"Oh, Mamma, what shall we do with our baskets when the paste is dry? Can we put something in them?" asked Ida.

"I think we could use them to put shells in, or buttons," said Fanny.

Mamma said, "Yes, you can use them in that way if you like; but I thought you might make some baskets every morning, until you have a great many. Then the last day of April we will go out and pick violets enough to fill all the baskets, and you may send them to whomever you like."

"Could we send them to all the children in the kindergarten?"

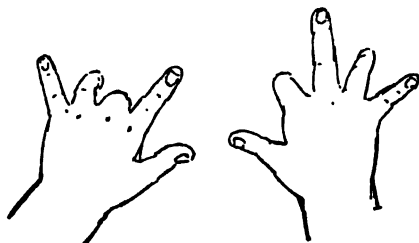
"Yes, indeed; I am sure they will enjoy the lovely Spring flowers. And you may send the sweetest one of all to Miss Jessie for a May-day present."

Such busy children Ida and Fanny were for the next few days, that twenty baskets were finished; and on May day they were filled with the violets the children gathered the afternoon before.

Oh, how happy the children were! and their smiles were the sweetest thanks one could wish.

Ida and Fanny say they are going to make some baskets each year, to send to the kindergarten. I wonder if some other children will try to help in the same way.

V. B. JACOBS.



THE FAIRY QUEEN'S PARTY.

(Continued from April.)

OUR trouble is this: You know we have had such a cold Winter, and Jack Frost has stayed so late, that we are afraid we cannot get any flowers."

"Ah," said Mr. Bluebird, "this does seem rather serious; just let me think a few moments." He put his little head on one side and looked very wise, and Mrs. Bluebird whispered to the fairies: "He will do all he possibly can to get the flowers for you. He is very wise, and I am sure can think of some way out of the difficulty."

After Mr. Bluebird had thought for some time he said that he would do his best, but that no time must be lost. So he called Mrs. Bluebird,—for they always went together,—and away they flew, leaving the fairies a little comforted, but not knowing just what the birds were going to do.

First they flew to the flower bed where the hyacinths grew, and Mr. Bluebird knocked on the ground with his bill—tap-tap! "Aren't you awake, Hyacinth? Don't you want to go to the Fairy Queen's party?"

"Yes," sleepily answered Hyacinth; "but the covers on my bed are so heavy that I can't lift them off; and my little green leaves are so tender that unless our dear old friend Mr. Sun is shining very warmly, I am afraid I cannot come out in some time."

"Well, well, something must be done about this. My dear," said Mr. Bluebird to his wife, "will you please go around and wake up Crocus and Daffodil and Violet and the Ferns, and tell them that if they want to go to the Fairy Queen's party they must be ready to come out in a hurry? I will go and ask the friendly clouds and the kind old sun if they will help us to make this year's fairy party a grand success."

Mrs. Bluebird was very glad to do her part, so she started out and knocked—tap-tap!—at the doors of all the different flower families. They all said they were ready to come, if the sun and rain would help them to throw off their Winter covers.

While Mrs. Bluebird was busy with her part of the work,

Mr. Bluebird asked the clouds if they would be kind enough to send a little nice, warm rain to soften the hard earth and make it easy for the little flowers to get through. "Yes," said the clouds; "we are willing to do our part, but the sun must go away before we can send the rain."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Bluebird; "if all you little clouds come together, you can make one big cloud, which will hide the sun, and then when the rain is over, all the little clouds can separate, and the sun can shine warmly and brightly and help the little flowers to grow."

Mr. Wind had been listening to this conversation, and he thought to himself, "Now I think I can help a little here." So he very gently blew all the little clouds together, and very soon a nice, gentle rain was coming down all over the old garden.

The little seeds and bulbs in the ground thought that their covers began to feel lighter, as one by one they all began to poke their little heads out to see if they had better get up and dress themselves for the queen's party, of which the Bluebirds had told them.

When they looked out they saw that the sun was shining warmly and brightly; for after the rain was over, Mr. Wind had come again and blown the clouds, so that Mr. Sun could have his turn to help.

The sun kept shining and the flowers kept growing, so that when the day for the party arrived, the little fairies were very happy. The flowers were standing up so straight, not minding if it was a little bit chilly; for they knew it would soon be warmer, and besides, they were going to the party, and the flowers as well as the fairies loved the Fairy Queen, for she touched them so gently and tenderly; and they loved to lie in her lap and have her smile down on them.

Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird occupied a prominent place, and sang their sweetest songs.

Everything was just as the six little rainbow fairies had told them; and how proud they were to see red, blue, yellow, green, orange, and purple come one after the other with their flowers, and then see the queen dip the flowers in the brook and sprinkle each one, changing their dull brown Winter coat to a beautiful dress exactly like the flower! Then the queen kissed

them, and each one laid her flower in the queen's lap, and gayly danced back to her place in the fairy circle.

This was a happy day for all the birds and flowers and fairies; but the very happiest of all were Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird, who did so much to make the queen's party a success.

E. M. B.

[THE END.]

MERRY BROOK.



THE Spring had come and little Merry Brook jumped out from her home, and danced merrily away. She felt very happy this beautiful morning, for she was going to see her Grandpa Ocean, who lived miles away over hills and valleys.

The sky was blue and bright, and on all of the trees and grasses Jack Frost had painted beautiful pictures; and every little blade of grass and every little leaf wore a glistening white dress. As Merry Brook danced along, Mr. Robin called out a happy "Good morning!" and sang his prettiest song, and Mr. Sun looked down and smiled at her.

Everyone loved little Merry Brook, for she always looked so happy, and did so much to make her friends happy too.

This morning as she went along Merry Brook thought, "I am going to see how many people I can make happy today;" and so glad did she feel, that she fairly ran over the meadow and jumped onto a large rock to look around and see where her path led her.

Beyond the rock lay a smooth meadow, and Merry Brook jumped down from the rock and went dancing on her way through the tall meadow grass. Pretty soon she came to a place where the grasses and rushes grew very tall; and here, with her two front feet in the water, stood Mrs. Mulley Cow.

Merry Brook did not see Mrs. Mulley's face at first, and felt a little afraid, so ran behind a log and peeped out. Just then Mrs. Mulley turned her head, and little Merry Brook just laughed aloud, for Mrs. Mulley had so kind a face that Merry

Brook was afraid no longer, but ran out from behind the log and straight up to where Mrs. Mulley stood, and kissed her right on the nose. So happy did this make Mrs. Mulley, that she turned and ran quickly up to the barnyard, and willingly gave her nice warm milk for little Goldlocks' breakfast.

Merry Brook went on down hill, and over level meadows, never stopping to rest, but dancing around logs, jumping over rocks, and softly laughing to herself; so happy was she to be out under the blue sky, with the birds and flowers.



GOLDLOCKS' JUG.

Now Merry Brook's path led her onto a large rock, from which she must either jump down or run 'way around a longer way; but Merry Brook ran out to the edge of the rock, and, peeping over, saw little Goldlocks down below the rock, with a jug for water.

Merry Brook cried out, "Oh, now I can make little Goldlocks so happy!" and off she jumped from the rock, right into little Goldlocks' jug; and Goldlocks cried out in glee: "Oh, I thank you, Merry Brook! now I can go quickly home and fill

the kettle for dinner;" and off she ran, singing "Give, said the little stream."

Merry Brook was a little tired now, and began to go more slowly, for right over her head Mr. Sun was sending down his rays of heat, and Merry Brook was glad to run under some tall trees which she saw, where it looked so shady and cool.

In under these trees Goldlocks' papa was eating his lunch and resting; for he had been working so hard all the morning, to plow the field where he could plant the grain which Goldlocks' mamma would make into nice white bread, after it was made into flour.

Merry Brook ran up to Goldlocks' papa and gave him a nice cool drink of water, and then out into the sunshine she went again, and on to where an old mill stood. Out onto the great wheel of the mill she went, and helped to grind the grain.

After helping the miller, Merry Brook ran down a hill and across a field where some sheep were eating and resting, then into a beautiful wood again. As she reached the edge of the woods, Merry Brook ran softly over the moss to listen; then her merry laugh rippled through the woods, making all the trees and birds laugh too; and Merry Brook fairly danced in glee, for she could hear her Grandpa Ocean singing. Mr. Wind had carried the song over the hills to cheer Merry Brook on her way.

On and on she hurried, flying over her path, pausing now and then to listen for Grandpa's voice, growing plainer and plainer, until, as she ran down the last hill, she could hear Grandpa calling: "Come on, little Merry Brook; I hear you laughing." Then she saw, through the trees, Grandpa's house; and how she did hurry across the white beach in front of the house! And there were Grandpa Ocean and Grandma Wave hurrying over the beach to meet her; and Merry Brook was so happy to see them that she jumped right into Grandma Wave's outstretched arms. Then how much Merry Brook had to tell of her trip, and what low sweet songs Grandma sang, until, just as Mr. Sun jumped into his bed of purple clouds, saying "Good night" to all the world, little Merry Brook fell asleep in Grandma's arms, tired after her long trip, and dreamed of her home in the spring.

CLARA L. CONGDON.



A MAY PARTY IN GREENLAND.

LITTLE Elsie lived in Greenland, and her papa was a missionary. It really is not a green land at all, but a white land, where snow falls nearly the year round, and the ice freezes into great mountains that float off into the sea when the Summer comes.

Many things so common to you, Elsie never saw in her life. She never saw a potato nor ate an apple; and if she could have had just one of the flowers that you throw away by handfuls, she would have been a very happy little girl.

One day in April, when the water in the fiord was beginning to peep through the ice, and the sun was shining a little warmer, Elsie's mamma read her a story about a little girl who was to be "Queen of the May."

"The first day of May, Elsie," said Mamma, "in warm countries the children have a party out in the woods, and sometimes they have a May pole with long bright ribbons hung from the top. And they each take a ribbon and dance around the pole until the ribbon is wound in a pretty braid all around it. They choose the

little girl they like best to be their Queen of May, and crown her with flowers."

"Oh, Mamma, how lovely that would be!" cried Elsie. "Why can't I have a May party? I will invite Jans, and Fridrike, and Marta, an' splain it all to them. I know they will choose me Queen of May, because they like me better than anybody."

Elsie talked about her May party until Mamma said she guessed Elsie would have to have one.

So May day Papa planted a little pole in the snow, and Mamma hung some red, white, and blue ribbons on it. Jans, Marta, and Fridrike came over with their fur coats and funny peaked hoods on to the party. Mamma had made a pretty little green wreath out of braided paper, and Elsie sat on an old chair with a fur rug on it for a throne, while Jans put the green crown on top of her little hood. Then Mamma showed them how, and they danced in their little high boots around the pole with the gay strings, until it was all wound. It looked very pretty, too, with its gay red and blue, standing up in the white snow. Mamma had opened a can of beef and a can of peaches, and made some hot biscuit; so they spread the fur rug on the snow, where the sun shone by the side of the house, and sat on it while they had their picnic. By the time they were through the sun was almost down; so the other children trudged home, and Elsie came into the house with her eyes shining and her little nose red from the cold.

"That was a beautiful May party, wasn't it, Mamma?" she said, while she was warming her numb little hands by the stove.

"Yes, darling, it was," Mamma answered; but she sighed, for she was thinking of the green grass, sweet flowers, and warm sunshine of her far-away home.

JEANNETTE SCOTT BENTON.

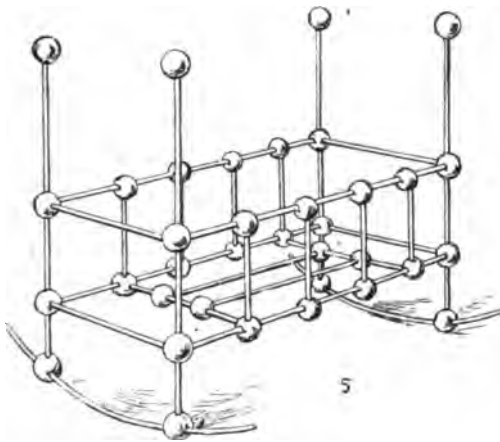
THE buzzing bee gives honey sweet
To every little neighbor;
Then thanks to her we all repeat,
For her unceasing labor.

E. G. S.

A DOLL'S KINDERGARTEN CRADLE.

IF you are living in the country, ask the gardener to let you have some nice, big marrowfat pease, out of the seed he is planting, and if you are a little city girl, ask Mamma to buy you a few cents' worth at a seed store. Put them to soak in water over one night only; for if left in the water longer they will begin to sprout, and then they will be spoiled for the purpose which this little picture is to illustrate.

The slender, round sticks can be bought at the kindergarten supply store, or can be whittled out by the big brother. You will need four long ones for the four high posts, and four about the same length for the side rails of the little cradle, and several shorter ones.



The pease are so soft that you can punch these sticks right through them, and when you have joined them as this little picture so plainly shows, you can put in willow twigs for rockers, or the sticks made for the purpose at the kindergarten supply store, and set it on the table to dry. When all the pease are dry, get Sister to gild the whole thing with

some of her yellow paint, which can be finished in a coat of varnish or shellac, and lo! you have a lovely brass cradle for dolly, or a bedstead if the rockers are left off.

If you want a very dainty one for a fairy doll, use smaller pease—the round, smooth ones—and toothpicks; and Sister will make you a tiny doll out of crinkled paper, for a Brownie fairy who will come sliding down a moonbeam some night when you are sound asleep, and rock the little thing as solemnly as you rock your big dolly in the wicker cradle that Santa brought last Christmas.

THE ROBIN OF THE WHITE CROSS.

OUR kindergarten children had been watching robins, trying to see whether they walked "right foot, left foot," like the chickens, or "hop-hop-hopped," both feet together, like the kindergarten canary.

One morning Harold ran in saying he had seen a robin with white feathers on his back.

The children exclaimed: "It wasn't a robin. They are always black, orange, and ash color." The kindergartner told them that once in a great while a robin astonished his family by stepping out of the nest with a white dress on. "But such cases are so rare," she said, "we must watch carefully, and perhaps we shall see a wonderful sight." Harold was not mistaken; his robin, marked on his back with a cross of white feathers, came to live in our grove.

The circular driveway was a regular dress parade for all the robins, and White Cross paraded with the others, round and round the grass plot, where, if a worm so much as showed his nose, or blinked his eyes in the sunlight, White Cross seized him by the head, and, dancing backward to pull him out full length, swallowed him with keen relish.

One day the children called the kindergartner out to see a baby robin who had fallen from the nest. Sure enough! The baby was White Cross' son; and though unhurt by his fall, his parents were in great distress and uttered cries. The children dug for worms and fed the little thing, who seemed to grow stronger with every worm he swallowed, and at the eighth worm danced 'way out into the road. This would never do; we could not put him back in the nest, for he wouldn't stay there five minutes without trying those growing legs of his, and hopping out again. In spite of the wild cries of his parents we put Baby in an empty bird cage, and carried him in to our sunny window.

Bright and early the next morning White Cross and his wife were perched on the outside window ledge, looking at Baby through the glass; and each parent dangled a long angleworm in its bill for Baby's breakfast. Baby's cries for those worms

were so impatient that they were like the tones of a naughty little boy who pounds the table with his spoon and calls, "Give me some!"

The children supplied little Robin's needs, though it was unpleasant to handle those cold, squirming things. We were told we should slice the worms; but this was too cruel, so we made Robin swallow them whole, and then the worms would never know what happened to them. We used a small stick for a spoon, and managed quite comfortably. While Robin was eating his breakfast, we were called outside by a noise in the grove. White Cross had given an alarm, and the grove was alive with robins. All at once the trees were full of the fluttering things. It seemed as if all the robins in the county had assembled to give advice to the White Cross family. People passing along the street came into the grove to ask, "What ails all the robins? What have you been doing that disturbs them?"

Our nearest neighbors put their heads out of their windows to watch the strange actions of the birds. Each bird was screaming at the top of his voice, and as they all talked at once, they were not in the least use to White Cross, who could make nothing out of such a clamor; and though he ordered "Silence!" and begged to hear one at a time, no robin was willing to listen for a second to any other bird.

We wanted to put Baby Robin where his parents could reach him; so we found a long, deep dry-goods box, lined it with hay, dragged it out on the piazza, and put him in. Now Robin could hop long hops, and walk almost a quarter of a mile a day around in his box; but he couldn't jump out.

The piazza was close to the grove, and as soon as we left Robin, both father and mother flew down and fed and talked to the dear for a long while. The robins finding that their good advice was not taken, walked off to their own families.

Now began quite a happy life for baby in his box. When all in the kindergarten were too busy to feed him, he could easily call to his father and mother, who answered him with comforting words and plenty of fresh worms.

The kindergartner told the children that as soon as Robin was old enough to hop over the edge of his box, he would be old enough to fly away, and then he must have his liberty.

Meanwhile we could love him, and pet him by holding him in our hands and stroking him as you would a kitten, while he gave murmurs of satisfaction and cuddled down enjoying the warmth of soft little hands.

He had three words which were as plain as English. His request for worms was one; his murmurs of satisfaction when his little crop was full, made two; and his call for his mother made three—bird words which we all understood perfectly. The kindergartner found she could make sham worms by rolling up soft rye bread into worm shape, and Robin never knew the difference, but fluttered his wings and screamed, "Give me some," whenever a rye-bread worm was dangled before his eyes. Of course this change in diet saved the life of many a worm, and seemed to agree with Robin, who could now take long hops around and around in his box. It was a sad day for all in the kindergarten when Robin flew out of his box.

White Cross was on hand the moment Robin was free, and stood in a tree giving him lessons in liberty.

Robin flew into an apple tree, and peeping down through the branches at the kindergartner underneath, listened to hear what she had to say about the change in his fortunes. In vain the kindergartner held up a tempting worm on a stick. White Cross seemed to say: "My son, do you see that wide river close by, and that high mountain beyond? Now listen! You may fly over that river, and when you have rested on the opposite shore, and refreshed yourself with a taste of its sparkling waters, you may fly to the tallest tree on that tall mountain, and from there you will see miles and miles of beautiful country, towns, villages, forests, and rivers. From all these beautiful places you may choose a home. Now look down on that kindergartner. Will you eat that worm swinging on that tiresome little stick? How do you know but it is a sham rye-bread worm after all? Will you go back to live in the four walls of a wooden box, to dance on old hay, when you may dance on new grass full of delicious eatable bugs?"

Young Robin replied by flying straight to an island in the middle of the river, and swinging on a branch to consider the matter.

The children said: "We won't mind. Robin is happy, and

we shall often see him." But strange to say, Robin was so exactly like all the other robins in the grove, both in feathers and voice, and had learned his liberty lessons so thoroughly, that he might have lived at the kindergarten door for months, and we never could tell him from any other robin. So we painted his portrait and wrote the story of his life.

Northampton, Mass.

JULIA E. PECK.

THE TREE'S STORY.

A MOTION SONG FOR THE CIRCLE.

THE trees lift up their branches tall;
Their leaves dance in the breeze;
"Oh, ho!" they sing, "for what care we?
We're living at our ease."

But presently the woodman comes,
With axes sharp and bright,
And choosing him a tall pine tree,
He works with all his might.

"Oh, see! the tree is falling now."
It lies upon the ground;
The ax cuts off each twig and bough,
And round it chains are bound.

Two horses pull the tree along
Until a stream they find,
On which the tree floats to the mill
Where waits the miller kind.

He lays the log before the saw,
And back and forth that goes,
Until the mill is full of boards
That lie in long white rows.

And then the children's father buys
Shingles and beams and planks,
To build his house, for which we must
Give tree and woodman thanks.

(This may be sung to several familiar tunes, as "Comin' Thro' the Rye," etc.)

GRACE BUTTERFIELD.



MAYTIME IN VENICE.



OUT FOR A WALK ON A JUNE MORNING.

CHILD-GARDEN


OF STORY, SONG, AND PLAY.

Vol. II.

JUNE, 1894.

No. 7.

JUNE.



ON the windy hillsides
Daisies whitely blow,
While above them softly
Shade and sunshine go.

Birds their young are brood-
ing
In the orchard trees;
In the fields of clover
Hum the drowsy bees.

Through the tender grasses
Barefoot children run,
Fanned by Summer breezes,
Kissed by Summer's sun;

All their pulses throbbing
To one blissful tune,
All their days at dawning,
All their months are June!
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

JUNE IN OLD ENGLAND.

THE month of June is sweet in America, in every part, North and South, East and West. But sweet as it is in our beloved country, it is lovelier in the dear old mother country. When the readers of the CHILD-GARDEN are older, and read of England and its people, they may wonder that so great a people can be so fond of such a little bit of land. If they ever visit it they will wonder no longer, for it is the dearest, freshest, sweetest spot in the whole world, especially in the early Summer time. The climate is very moist, because it is an island—England and Scotland together, irregular in shape, with many little bays indenting the shore, and many arm-like bits of land extending out into the sea.

Have you heard of the Gulf Stream? No? Well, it is a great, deep river of warm water that flows through the Atlantic Ocean, from the Gulf of Mexico north, nearly the whole length of the continent of North America. Then it turns to the east, and crossing the ocean, spreads out very wide and passes west and north of Ireland and of Scotland, and down on the east side of Scotland and England. This stream of water is so warm that it makes the climate of the countries far north very mild, and as the warm water of the Gulf Stream comes in contact with the colder water of the north, a soft, fine mist is the result, which is carried by the winds off the sea far inland. This warm mist keeps the trees, shrubs, all plants and grasses, very fresh and green, just as we keep our lawns and flower beds fresh by sprinkling. So green is Ireland that it is called the Emerald Isle; and England is called the Queen of Isles, because it is always so fresh and beautiful.

In June the fields that are not plowed up are all covered with flowers, as are the roadsides. For fences there are hedges, the hawthorn and white thorn, both of which have lovely blossoms.

Then all the churches and stone walls are covered with the ivy, which has become so celebrated for its beauty as to be known the world over as the English ivy. It has been brought

to this country, and grows fairly well in some mild, moist places, but is poor and dry compared to that which grows in England. There it is *green*—bright, clear, deep, dark green—the whole year through, because it is largely an air plant, and it loves the mist that blows in from the sea. It clings with its many little feet to the stones of the walls, of the churches, and the houses (there the houses are all built of stone), and makes them all so very beautiful that you would never tire looking at them.

Well, in June this ivy has put forth millions of young tendrils all sprouting with little leaves, and the old leaves that have always been on the plant, are very bright and shining in the clear sunlight.

In England and Scotland everybody walks, just for the pleasure of walking. In the sweet June time, when all nature is in her freshest, cleanest clothes, bedecked with her brightest blossoms, and the thousands of streams and lakes are sparkling in the joy of the new life of Spring, the little children are merry and glad, and are out of doors playing in the sun and taking long walks with their parents or nurses, and their bright, happy faces are sweeter than the flowers.

The English people have clear, fair complexions, because they walk much in the moist air, and are very happy in their lovely old ivy-covered homes, and are proud of their beautiful island, which they love so dearly that they are always ready to defend it with their lives!

In June the skylarks build their nests on the ground, and are so happy, so thankful for life, that they sing the sweetest song ever heard, because the gladdest. They soar up, up, up into the light, into the blue ether, until they cannot be seen, but still heard, singing and soaring, soaring and singing, until it seems as if the very angels must stop in their journeyings to and fro, to listen to the bright joy of these dear birds.

All England takes a vacation in June to go a-walking in the sun among the birds and flowers. And, dear children, when you are older you must not forget to read what the English poets have written about the birds and flowers of dear old England.

A. N. K.



LITTLE NELL.

JOHNNY AND NELLIE.

ONE beautiful day in June Johnny asked his older sister Nellie if she would go out to walk with him, and Nellie said, "Oh, yes, Johnny." So off they started. Before they had gone very far Johnny said, "Oh, Nellie, what is this queer-looking thing? See, it goes hop, hop, hop, and it's all covered over with such funny spots! and look at his big round eyes sticking right out of his head." Nellie said, "Why, Johnny, that's a hoppy-toad; and do look right over there, and you'll see another hoppy-toad—two little brother hoppy-toads right here together." "What do they eat?" said Johnny. "All kinds of little bugs and flies; and our Michael likes to have them in the garden, because they help him to keep the bugs from eating up all the things that he works so hard to make grow. The little hoppy-toad likes the bugs and flies so

much; but he hasn't one single tooth to bite them with, and he just has to swallow them all whole."

After watching them for a little while they walked on, and very soon Johnny was saying: "Oh, Nellie, do see this dear little black and white kitty!" Nellie said, "Yes, Johnny, and over there is a big gray cat; and I wonder if it's little kitty's mamma."

So they carried the big cat over to baby kitty, and sure enough it was his mamma; for she began licking him all over, which is the only way that mamma cats can kiss their little babies. "I want to take them home for our very own," said Johnny. "I'm afraid Mamma won't want them," replied Nellie. "I think she'll let us keep them when I tell her how much I want them," said Johnny. Then Nellie took up mamma cat, and Johnny, with baby kitty, started for home.

They hadn't gone far when Johnny said, "Oh, what is that, Nellie, that is running so fast on this fence? It looks like a gray kitten, only its tail is *so* big!" "That is a gray squirrel, and *he* lives in trees, and likes nuts to eat. He wouldn't know how to eat mice, as all kitties do."

Just then Master Squirrel whisked up into a walnut tree, and there he jumped and played around in the tree until he found a little bit of a green walnut. Then Master Squirrel sat up on his two little hind legs, and he put his long bushy tail up over his back like an umbrella. In his fore paws he held the little walnut, while with his long and very sharp and strong teeth he took off the shell, just a little bit of a piece at a time, and then let that fall away down to the ground. After he had chipped the shell away he found the sweet little piece inside. He ate it and threw the rest of the shell away, and then he scampered off to find another nut.

I don't know how long Johnny and Nellie would have watched him, but as mamma cat tried to get away from Nellie, they started for home. Soon Johnny said: "Nellie, Nellie, *do* look at this, that hops along like a hoppy-toad, and has fur like a kitty!" Nellie said, "Those are rabbits. Do you see what long ears they have? They eat carrots and lettuce and other green things. They make holes in the ground for their beds, and for their babies to stay in while they are little."

Mamma cat thought she had been held by Nellie just as long as she could stand it, and again tried to get away; so the children hurried home, and rushed to their mamma, saying: "Oh, Mamma, see what a lovely mamma cat and dear little baby kitty we have found! and please, may we keep them for our very own?" Mamma looked at each happy face, and said she couldn't have them in the house, but if they wanted to make them a nice bed in a box, they could put it up stairs in the barn. Nellie held both mamma cat and baby kitty while Johnny went to the cellar to find a box. Then he carried the box to the barn and put in some nice hay, and rushed to the house to ask Mamma for some milk. Mamma gave him a big saucer full of milk, and he put it beside the box full of hay. He then ran into the house to tell Nellie it was all ready for mamma cat and baby kitty. They took them to the barn and put them down to the nice warm milk. Mamma cat and baby kitty were so very hungry that they ate it all up. Then Johnny put mamma cat into the box of hay, and put in baby kitty. Mamma cat looked all around, and smelled all over the box and all over the hay, and she thought what a nice bed it was. She lay down on the hay, and baby kitty lay down beside her. Mamma cat was so happy that she began to say "Purr-purr." Baby kitty hearing mamma cat say "Purr-purr," said "Purr-purr," too. They said "Purr-purr-purr, p-u-r-r, p-u-r-r." Soon they both stopped, because they were asleep. The children ran into the house to tell Mamma all about it.

F. S. B.

BUSY WORKERS.

THERE are five busy workers
 Who work with patient skill,
 In an industrious manner,
 With persevering will.

I.—THE ARCHITECT.

The buzzing bee,
 Now you must see,
 Is quite an Architect;
 For to and fro
 She quick doth go,
 Her structure to erect.

With wisest skill
And ready will,
She works throughout the day;
Each tiny cell
She fashions well,
And in the proper way.

II.—THE PAPER MAKER.

Mrs. Wasp is a busy little thing;
She has a small waist and a very sharp sting.
And though you may think it a very strange caper,
She keeps herself busy by making fine paper.

III.—THE WEAVER.

The spider is a Weaver;
She weaves a fairy net,
With magic skill and quickness,
With her little spinneret.
Her web is of such fineness,
That none can it surpass;
Can you, my little laddie?
Or you, my little lass?

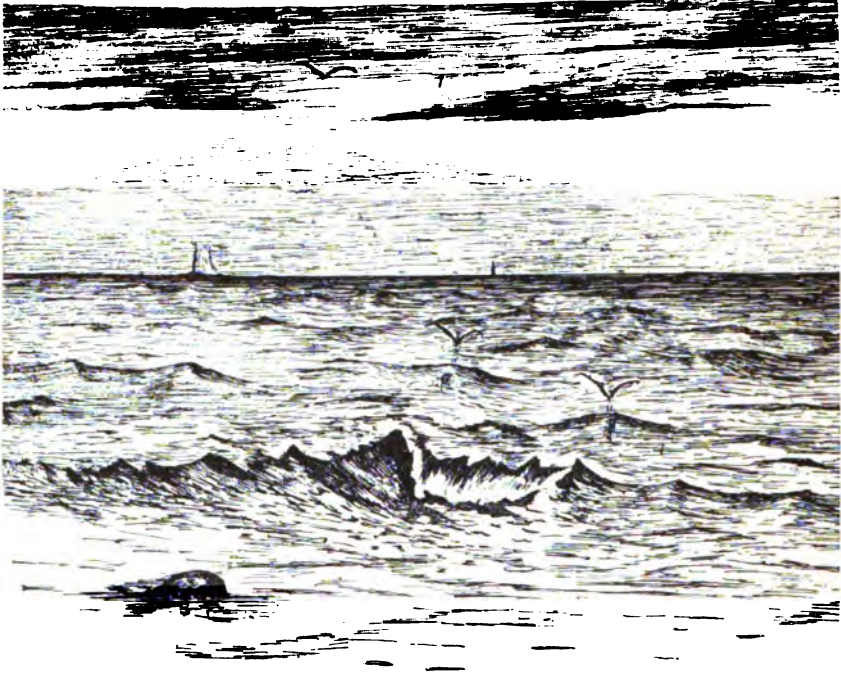
IV.—THE BUILDER.

The beaver strong a Builder is;
His house, so smooth and round,
Of mud and wood, and often stones,
By water's edge is found.

V.—THE MINER.

Bunny is a Miner,
Who burrows in the ground;
Though it is wisely stated,
That gold he's never found.
But then, the precious metals
Fail quite in charming him;
His pleasure is in mining
A home for Bunnykin.

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.



A LITTLE WAVE'S JOURNEY.

FAR out in the great blue ocean a little ripple of water was sparkling and dancing in the morning sun. It was a very tiny ripple, but was just as happy as the white-crested waves on which the tall ships ride. There were many other ripples just like it, and they played together, running and chasing each other here and there and everywhere. By and by they grew tired of their frolic, and tried to think of something else to do. "I know," cried one of the ripples; "we will all take hold of hands, and go to the land where little boys and girls live!" This idea pleased them all, and they decided to start at once. Off they went, keeping very close to each other, for they knew if they did not do this they would be lost and separated, and never be able to reach the green land. Every tiny wave or ripple they met joined them, and almost before they knew it, all together they made a large, strong wave. Flowing swiftly along, it foamed and tossed white drops of spray high in the air, rejoicing in the sunshine.

Now it sees a great white ship sailing slowly along. Softly it slips under it, then, gliding away, sees it pitch and roll about.

Now that it had begun its travels, it was much surprised to find how many curious things lived in the sea, which the ripples and little waves had never noticed before they became one large wave. Looking deep down into the water, it saw pretty flowers, shells, pebbles, little fishes, and many other queer things floating about. Swimming slowly along came a large black whale, blowing a stream of water high in the air. This surprised the wave very much, for it did not know that was the way by which the great creature breathed. A flock of sea birds flapping their white wings flew over the wave, telling it more about the land it so wanted to find.

A little fish who always carried a round shell on its back suddenly swam by. "Good morning, Mistress Crab," called the wave; "let me carry you to the sandy beach to which I am going." The crab was willing, and only stopped to ask some snails to come too. The snails live snug and warm in little houses made of shell, all different colors,—pink and yellow and green.

A long piece of seaweed, brown and with pretty ruffled edges, floated along, and the wave carried it with the rest of its friends. "Here come two very strange-looking fishes," said the wave; "I will take them with me." One was round and yellow like jelly, and the other looked, with its points, like the little twinkling stars that shine so brightly at night, except that the fish was pink instead of gold color. Indeed, it is said the little starfish (for that is its name) once lived in the blue sky, but it was so discontented that it was not allowed to stay there. The queen of the stars saw that it was making all its little friends unhappy, so she sent it to live in the deep blue sea.

All the queer fishes were delighted to ride on the wave to the land, for the sea birds had often spoken of a white sandy beach, and little pools of water, and dark rocks that were pleasant to live by. They all played and frolicked together, keeping a sharp lookout for more of their fellow fishes. But only one more did they find, and the crab was the only one who knew its name. It was round, and all covered with a hard shell from which grew little green points sharp as a needle. "Friend Sea urchin, come with us to the land. We are almost there now," called the crab; and the strange fish was glad to join them. On they all went, faster and faster, the wave growing larger and

larger, until at last they could see the land covered with green grass and tall trees and houses. Strange birds, such as they had never seen on the ocean, were singing gay songs. Little boys and girls were running about with tiny pails and shovels, digging little wells in the sand.

Hark! they can hear the children talking. "Look, look!" they cried; "here comes a great big wave, with seaweed and crabs and pretty shells all rolling in;" and the children shouted and danced about as they watched it roll swiftly in. "How happy we are making them!" thought the wave and the fishes; "we will run faster." On it came with a rush and a roar, onto the hard white sand, throwing spray and drops far and wide.

In their excitement the little waves and ripples let go of hands, and ran in great disorder all over the beach. How the children scampered and laughed as a tiny wave chased them fast and far up the beach! But where were all the fishes and shells and seaweed? All up and down the beach they were lying, just where the wave tossed them. Some clung to the wet rocks, some were in the little pools of water; but all were glad that they had reached the land at last.

Soon the children saw them, and ran to pick them up. They all found something. The pretty shells and pebbles they took home, but the sea urchin and the crab and the starfish they put in some water and watched them swim about. A happier band of children could not be found on the land which the waves and ripples and fishes had so longed to see. M. G. K.

THE LITTLE TRAVELER.

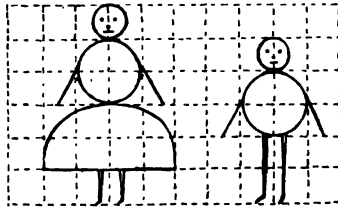
BABY is a traveler;
To many lands he goes.
First he's seen in Lapland,
Then he's off to Doze.

Next he goes to Nodland,
Where all the babies go
When they're very sleepy
Or very tired, you know.

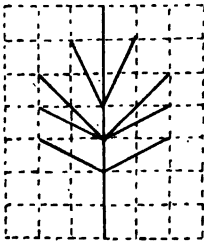
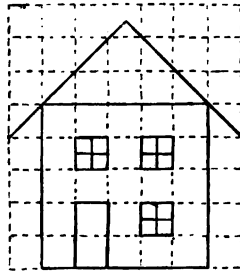
Last he stops in Dreamland,
And tarries quite awhile.
I wonder what he sees there,
To cause that little smile.

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.

A STORY WITH PENCIL AND PAPER.

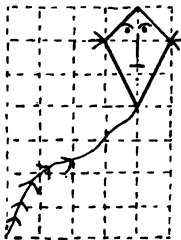
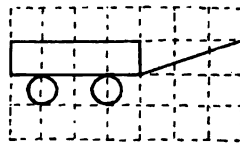


THESE are the children,
Young Harold and May,
Who live in the cottage
Just over the way.



This is the tree
Where in all sorts of weather
They climb like squirrels
Chasing after each other.

This is the wagon
They ride in each day,
Taking quick journeys
To lands far away.



This is the kite,
When the wind comes out,
They fly through the air
With laughter and shout.

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.

INDIAN WEAVING STORY.

WHEN Columbus came in his ship to this country, from Spain, the land far away, he found strange-looking people which he called Indians, dressed in skins of animals and feathers of birds. Their faces were of a reddish color, their eyes black, their hair black, long, and straight, and they were very tall and could run fast, with their long, thin legs.

These Indians were glad to see Columbus, and brought him many gifts. They thought he was the All-Father, and that he could make the sick well by a touch of his hand. These Indians lived in tents called "wigwams," made of birch bark over poles standing in a slanting position and meeting at the top. Their food was the flesh of wild animals, berries, and corn. They made boats called "canoes," out of the trunks of trees, by scooping out one side.

We still have Indians in this country, and some of them live in wigwams, and make barrels, tubs, snowshoes, and many useful articles, while their wives and daughters, called "squaws," make moccasins, ornaments, and baskets.

Now I will tell you how they make baskets. They take a long, stout piece of tough wood, birch and fir being the best kind, and with a funny-looking knife they cut it into strips or slats, which look like narrow ribbon. It is sometimes an inch wide, and sometimes less, according to the size of the basket to be made. Then the squaw takes two or three strips in her hand, and puts them from up to down, and then takes one strip and puts it over and under, from right to left, till she gets a great many strips in, and makes it wider and longer as she goes along. She sometimes colors her strips red, blue, and yellow, to make the basket look pretty.

When she weaves enough to make the basket the size she wants it, she fastens the ends of the strips to a round hoop, which forms the edge of the basket. She sometimes makes the baskets round in shape, sometimes square; and she shapes them as she weaves, and also puts a handle on them if needed.

The Indian baby, called a "papoose," soon learns to make

baskets, and he knows all the birds and wild flowers. The story goes:

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid them in the Winter;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's chickens."
Of all the beasts he learned their language;
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
Why the rabbit was so timid;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's brothers."

KAMK.

THE PINE TREE'S STORY.

(FOR SECOND GIFT.)

"WHERE did you come from, playmates three?"
"Out of the forest, from an old pine tree."
"But the coat of the tree is rough and green;
And yours are as smooth as any I've seen."
"My little friends, if you'll quiet be,
A story I'll tell of the old pine tree:
How it stood in the forest for many long years,
And then came to play with you, my dears."
"This old pine tree stood among all the rest;
Some little birds came and built a nest.
The squirrels, too, had a home snug and warm,
And the old tree sheltered and kept them from
harm."
"The wind sang his songs, and the sun shone above;
They all did their best for the tree that they loved.
One day a woodman came to the wood,
Brought his ax to the place where the old tree
stood."

THE PINE TREE'S STORY.

"He said, as he looked at the trunk so fine,
'I think you must help make that house of mine.'
So he took up his ax and worked right well,
Till the tree bent over; then down it fell.

"Then he chopped off the branches and piled them
high,
To make him a fire some day, by and by;
Then his ax he shouldered and went away,
To come back again on another day.

"He came again soon, with his good horse Bill,
To carry the trunk to the old saw mill.
The river was running so swiftly away,
That it stopped not one single minute to play,

"But ran on to the mill, where it turned the wheels
round,
And made the saws go, with a low, whirring sound.
The logs were rolled in at the wide-open doors;
The saws cut them through, and then they were
boards.

"Our old pine log was cut in this very way;
And then came the woodman and took it away.
'These boards,' said he, 'so smooth as you see,
Will make a house very snugly for me.'

"So the carpenter hammered and sawed away,
Till he finished the house one late Summer day;
Then the old pine was glad as a tree could be,
And the woodman's family were glad as she.

"But the best of the story of the old pine tree
I have not yet told; so listen to me:
Some pieces of wood were not put in the house,
But ran away, one day, as still as a mouse;

"And where do you think they next were found?
I am sure you can tell, if you look around.
Ah, yes! you have found them, in cube, cylinder,
sphere;
And that is the way we came, children dear."

CATHERINE BARNES.



SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Who can tell the story of Sleeping Beauty? Is not the butterfly in its cocoon also a sleeping beauty, to be kissed into life by the Summer sun?

THE BEAR AND THE COYOTE.

THE bear and the coyote together planted some potatoes. The coyote, who is a selfish fellow, said: "All that grows above the ground shall be mine, and all that grows below the ground shall be yours." The bear grunted an assent. The vines came up so green and flourishing, that the coyote was delighted with his choice. But days passed, and no potatoes appeared. Then the bear dug down to the roots, and there they were, bushels of them! They then planted some corn. The coyote said, "All that grows below the ground shall be mine, and all that grows above the ground shall be yours." The good-natured bear said "Very well."

They prepared the soil and dropped the kernels in,

And there they lay until awaked
By tapping rains that fell;
Then pushed their green plumes up to greet
The sun they loved so well.

First the silky nest which holds the ears appeared. Then they grew and grew, until filled with large ears of the sweet corn. So again the selfish coyote was disappointed through his ignorance and greed.

M. N. N.



THE DAISY.

DAISY, how did you come here,
Helping this bright world to cheer?

DAISY.

Homely, tender Mother Earth
Cared for me and gave me birth;
Springing upward toward the skies,
I come to greet the children's eyes.

Mother Earth seems dark and cold.
Where got she your heart of gold?

DAISY.

That's a gift from Father Sun;
Little rays came, one by one,
Of his brightness telling me,
Till I grew like him, you see.

But your petals smooth and white—
Who gave them, my Daisy bright?

DAISY.

Pure white thoughts are everywhere,
Dancing in the sunny air;
These the breezes brought to me,
That the children all might see
Pictured out their thoughts of light
In the daisy's petals white.

W. S.

MISS PIXLEY'S SCHOOL.

(Continued from May.)



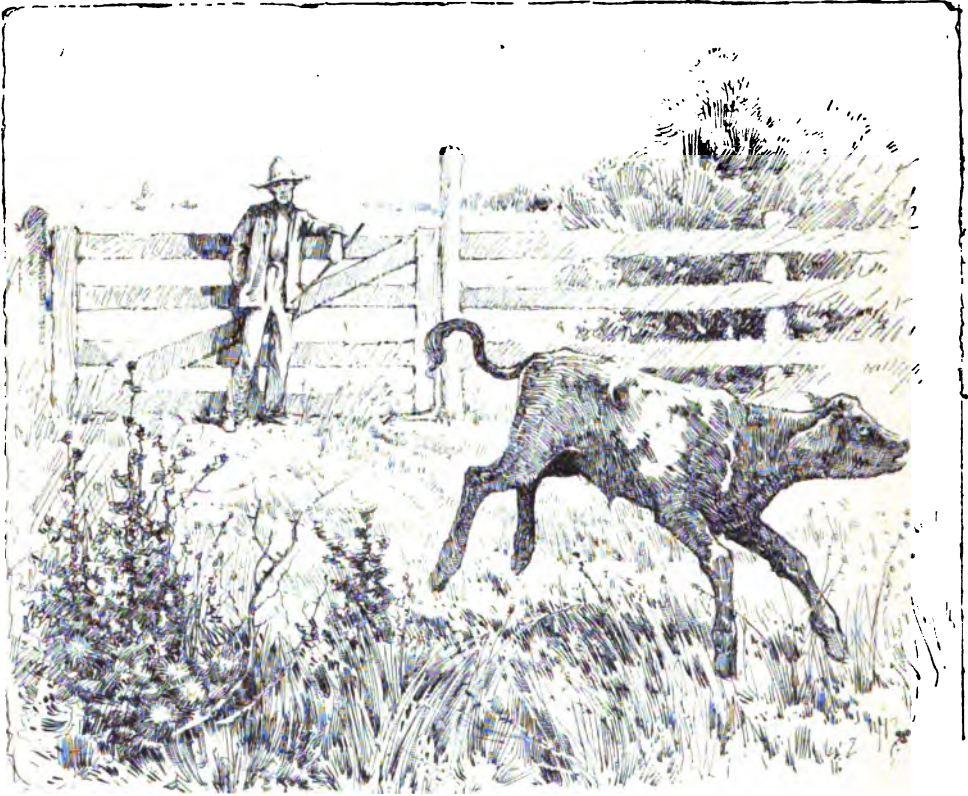
MISS PIXLEY told the boys they might do whatever they pleased for the rest of that day, to get acquainted with their new surroundings; but when they came in at night, she should expect them to tell her all about what they had seen and done, and then she would tell them her plans for school. So after dinner, Fred and Horace started off, with Reuben as guide, to see all they could.

And if boys didn't have nine lives, like cats, I am afraid Miss Pixley's school would never have been.

Reuben felt very wise, these boys knew so little. He never knew before that boys could know so little. They didn't even know where polliwogs hatched! so he was going to show them. Down in the south meadow was a pond "just full of them," Reuben said; and thither the boys trudged.

But on the way to the south meadow they crossed the little pasture lot back of the barn, where a pet spotted calf was kept. When the frisky little animal saw the boys crossing the lot he set out from a shady corner of the fence, where he had been, with a loud blat. Horace and Fred were not familiar with cattle, and all they knew was that this animal coming down upon them was of the cow family, that is said to hook people. They were pretty brave, but that blatting calf with its tail switching in the air was *too* dreadful! and with a scream, they started to run; but Fred stumbled in the long grass and fell flat, and Horace tumbled over him. There they lay kicking and screaming, while Reuben stood by the gate and shouted with laughter, and the calf stopped short, surprised at such strange actions.

Reuben laughed at Fred, who very much disliked to be made fun of; so he jumped up, and catching Horace by the hand, with a sidelong look of distrust at the calf, which Reuben was patting, started on again. Reuben explained that it was a very harmless calf and a great pet; but they were rather relieved when they were safe on the other side of the fence, in the south meadow.



"Oh!" screamed Horace, when they reached the edge of the pond, and in ka-chuck! went a big frog. "Oh, see them!" and splash! went another.

"Hush," growled Reuben; "don't you know you'll scare 'em? and there's only a few out this time of day. If you fellows will keep still, perhaps I can catch one. There, I see a huge big fellow; don't you move now;" and Reuben moved sidewise with a cat-like tread, and then sprang suddenly, with both hands down upon the "croaker." "Got him," said Reuben, coming up with

the wriggling frog in his hands. "Here, go in there;" and he stuffed Froggie head foremost into his pocket, and pinned the top down.

Horace watched Reuben intently. Oh, if he could only catch one! Just then he caught sight of a big fellow right on the edge of the pond, and imitating Reuben, he made a dive for the frog. But unlike Reuben he was not used to catching frogs, and did not know just how far he could jump; nor was he quick enough. And as Mr. Frog splashed safely into the water out of the dreadful boy's reach, in went Horace after him, arms outstretched, away up nearly to his shoulders. Fred screamed, and, clutching Horace by the legs, tried to fish him out; but he was not strong enough, and Horace was too much frightened to help himself, though going deeper into the soft mud every minute. But the combined efforts of Fred and Reuben, each tugging at a leg, succeeded in dragging Horace out of the mire. And such a looking little boy-frog you never saw, all plastered with mud and slimy water-plants.

So Miss Pixley saw her charges much sooner than she expected. And Reuben, despite his sorrow for the "little chap's" getting such a ducking, was secretly disgusted with boys who could not catch frogs and were afraid of pet calves.

After Horace had been washed and cleaned up, Miss Pixley told the boys her plans. She gave them each a little red covered notebook, with a small pencil attached, in which they were to note down little things that they saw, to find out about; for of course they would see so many more things than they could remember all at once without some help. Horace was too small to write very well, so Miss Pixley was going to keep his notebook for him, and put down in it whatever he told her.



REUBEN.

Then she asked them what they had seen on their trip with Reuben, and they told about the frogs and polliwogs they expected to find.

"Very well, we will go down there now, and see about the polliwogs before supper," said Miss Pixley.

So armed with some tin pails, they started for the pond again. And this time, by being careful and minding what Miss Pixley told them, they succeeded in capturing some big frogs and ever so many polliwogs, which they were going to keep where they could watch them drop their tails.

And they found something else, too. On the bank under some dead leaves and twigs, where they never would have thought of looking if Miss Pixley had not told them to, they found some funny little soft jelly masses.

"Why, it looks like tapioca pudding, only it's brown," said Fred.

"What are they, Miss Pixley?" asked Horace.

"Look carefully, and see if you can find out for yourselves," replied Miss Pixley.

Horace took a little stick, and began to turn over one of the little brown masses.

"Oh, oh!" he screamed, "what is it? what is it? Isn't it cunning? And how it wiggles!"

Fred rushed to the spot and picked up the squirming speck. "Oh, I know; it's a little crab; and these are crabs' eggs, aren't they, Miss Pixley?"

"Yes, Fred; a kind of fresh-water crab called crawfish. Yes, they are the eggs; and we must take some home and watch them grow. Be careful not to injure them when you take them up. Now we have a great deal to find out about. I guess we had better go back."

When they reached the house they begged some fruit jars of Reuben's mother, and carefully placed their polliwog eggs in the clean jars. How the polliwogs wriggled! And Miss Pixley put the eggs in, so they would have plenty to eat. The crawfish eggs they did not put in water, but on some sand in a box. Then they sat down on the porch to talk over the doings of the day, and Miss Pixley was surprised to find how many things the boys had noticed and how much they had learned.

MAY H. HORTON.

(To be continued.)

THE BEAN'S QUESTION.

“**I** WAS only a smooth white bean,
Put in the earth to grow.
Now I'm a vine with leaves quite green;
But this I want to know:

“Who made me grow from that hard bean
Into a pretty plant?

I hope you see what it can mean,
Annette; don't say you can't!”

Annette stood wishing she could tell
All she learned from the seed.
She loved it now, in truth, so well,
It seemed her friend, indeed.

“Dear white Bean, you've shown me so much
The dear God does each day,
I long to help, and hope to touch
Your heart, and show the way:

“God made us all, and changed you, dear;
He gives the sun and shade.
His way is plain; we need not fear;
His love will never fade.”

Detroit, Mich.

AMELIA MAY POTTER.

FREDDIE'S BOX.

HE was only a little boy; but small children have very big thoughts sometimes, and Freddie's eyes grew bright with hope as his got more real to him.

Yes, he would do it all himself; and how pleased Papa would be when he went into his bedroom that night. Freddie had been sitting on the veranda, but he sprang up now, and went quickly to the back garden, where he began to dig some nice fresh earth, which he put carefully into an oblong box.

When he had patted it down, and taken away all the little bits of stone and rubbish, he went to his own particular little flower bed, and pulled up by the root some deep blue pansies,

and planted them in such a way as to form the top part of the letter "P." Then he took three white daisies to make the stem, or straight part of the letter. "A" was rather troublesome, but Freddie managed to make it all of forget-me-nots, and felt quite pleased with this, because he said to himself, it would "remind Papa of his little boy." The small "p" was easy to make; he put some mignonette for the stem, and three dear little white daisies made the curved part. He thought it would be better to have the two "a's" alike, and when this was finished he put a small piece of forget-me-not for a full stop.

Now this had taken far longer than Freddie had supposed it would, and he had only just put it on the window sill, when he heard the door open and his father's step in the hall. Freddie ran and hid behind the door, and watched Papa go over, as he nearly always did, to draw up the window blind. To his great glee he saw his papa stand in speechless surprise over the box, and he stooped and kissed the "full stop." "I am not likely to do that," he said, with a very happy smile; and Freddie, quite satisfied, ran from his hiding place and put up his face to be kissed.

HELEN HARMER.

A FAIRY TOWER.

A HIGH green tower stood in the woods,
 With yellow flags hung out,
 Which waved and waved their sweetest perfume
 To all the elves about.

It was so high they never could reach
 The top without a stair;
 They cut a door at the foot of the tower,
 And rounded one with care.

They wound it round clear to the top,
 These wondering little elves;
 They always work so very hard
 To satisfy themselves.

One reached the top and took a sniff.
 What seemed so fine to all,
 And smelled so sweet to everyone,
 Was a dandelion tall.

A. H.



THE BIRDIES' HOME.

COME, baby dear, listen; I'll sing you a song
Of a beautiful home where there's joy all day long.
'Tis a beautiful bird's nest, built high on a limb
Just out of my reach, where the birds work and sing.
The mother, a coy little birdie in brown,
Peeps over the nest, looking shyly around;
Then glances at me with a satisfied air,
Which says very plainly, "You can't get up here."
"And I am so glad, for this is my home;
My nest and my eggs, all, all are my own."
She faithfully worked through the sweet Spring day,
That her nest might be solid and soft and gay—
Gay with its lining of silk and hair,
Caught as she fluttered here and there.
Now four eggs are hid in this downy nest,
Covered and warmed by her faithful breast;
And a grand old fellow, with green and black wings,
Perches aloft and frantically sings.
And if we listen with all our might
I think we can read the song aright:
"Home, sweet home, for my wife and me;
'Tis the dearest place for a bird to be."
"We'll raise our dear little birds with care;
We'll teach them to fly in the soft Summer air."
"And if Winter should come with its frost and snow,
Away to the warm, sunny South we'll go."
"So we'll joyously sing and frolic away.
We're happy—so happy—this bright Summer day."

ANNA GREGORY.



FEEDING THE LAMBS.



TEN LITTLE FEATHERED BABIES.

OF all the chickies the farmer's wife had, hen Brownie was the one that had always loved to play the most; the one that had to be called and called when the chickens were fed; the one that had to be coaxed and urged to enter the chicken house when all was fixed safe and snug for the night.

Her ways were changed now; she was so sober and quiet you would have thought, if you had not known her brown dress, that surely it was another chicky.

Ah! I'll tell you her secret; I'll tell you why she is sitting still, so quiet and patient. Underneath her, all covered up safe and warm, are five things very precious to her. Can you guess what they are? Yes; five beautiful white eggs! Certainly Brownie cannot run around now, because if she did, what would happen to the eggs? Yes indeed, they would soon be cold, and then—but here comes the farmer's wife carrying something in a basket. Let us see what it can be. Five eggs! They are larger than Brownie's, but what do you think the farmer's wife wants to do with them? Just this: put them under Brownie, and ask her to mother them, too. Brownie's kind heart is touched; she pities the five motherless eggs, and spreads out her wings to cover them, too.

Can you tell me how many eggs Brownie is keeping warm under her soft feathers? How many eggs did she have of her own? Yes, five. How many more were given her? Yes, five more; so now she has to spread her wings out to cover ten eggs.

She takes very good care of them, only leaving the nest long enough to find food. After awhile her care is rewarded; she hears a gentle tap, tap, tapping. Oh, how glad her mother heart is, for she knows a dear little baby chick is stirring in its egg house and knocking to open a way out into the beautiful world. Very soon a fluffy ball of yellow feathers, with tiny wings

and bill, is running all about, crying "Peep! peep! how glad I am to be a little chick."

Brownie is listening for another tap, and soon it sounds, a tiny noise, and another little chick joins its brother. Before long Brownie has five little yellow balls of chicks running about her, crying "Peep! peep! Mother, dear, how beautiful it all is!" How proud she is of her babies, to be sure.

Mother Brownie wants to walk about the barnyard with her five darlings, and scratch up some dainty things for them to eat; but she cannot leave the five eggs that are still in the nest, so she waits patiently. How long she has to wait! Sunday comes and goes; Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday pass; by Saturday she is growing very tired, but still she will not run away and leave the eggs. No, indeed! Saturday evening, when the stars are just beginning to twinkle up in the sky, Brownie hears what she has been longing to hear all week. A soft tapping, and one little baby creeps out; another tapping, and still another little feathered baby sees the light. Before the next night all the five babies Brownie had been waiting for were running around with the others, and Brownie could stretch her tired back and scratch up something nice for them to eat.

Brownie did not seem to see any difference in her babies; she loved them all, but the five little ones that had kept her waiting so long, had bills twice as long as the other children's, and their toes looked very odd.

It is such a nice day, she tells them, that if they will walk nicely and keep close in her tracks, she will take them a long walk, 'way down to the brook. They have never been there. They want to go very much, and promise to be very, very good; so off they start, Mother Brownie leading the way. When they draw near the water she stops to scratch up something nice for them; the long walk has made them hungry. When—what does she hear? Such peepings from the shore! Such splashings in the water! She turns in haste. There are her five babies with the long bills and queer feet, all, every one, in the water! Oh, what shall she do? She will surely drown if she goes in. What will become of her poor darlings? Must they drown? When she grows quieter and can see better, great is her relief to see the pretty yellow bodies swimming all about.

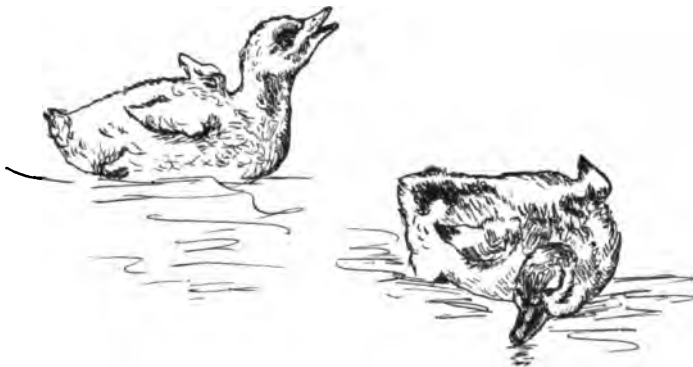
She calls, "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" as loud and as fast as she can, which means, "Come right out, you naughty children! How you have frightened me!" They come swimming up to the shore, and tell Brownie that they did not mean to be naughty, but the water did look so nice, and somehow they just knew they could swim.

Ah! Brownie had not looked at their webbed feet, that made such lovely paddles to swim with. She knew her five babies cried "Peep, peep," and these five little ones cried "Quack, quack!" but now she knows that there is still another difference. Her five babies would all have drowned if they had gone in the brook, for their feet were made for scratching, not swimming.

The next time Brownie took her ten children down to the brook, she told the five little ones that called "Quack, quack," that they might swim around in the water, while she and the five babies that called "Peep, peep," walked around on the shore, scratching for their dinner.

You see, she commenced to suspect that she had mothered five little ducks, as well as five little chicks.

MARY L. LADOR.





A little four-year-old boy's Menagerie, which he cut out of paper and pasted himself.

THE FLOWERS' TELEPHONE.

DOLLY and I went one morning
Down in the garden alone.
What do you think we found there?
Truly, a flowers' telephone!

Out from the home of the lily,
Down to the pansy bed,
Trimmed with the glistening dewdrops,
Hung the wee telephone thread.

Dolly and I hear a whisper
Down by the garden walk;
Maybe in early morning
Pansy and lily flowers talk.

SOPHA S. BIXBY.

A BUTTERFLY.

DID you ever notice a butterfly's tongue? Perhaps you never knew she had one. You can see it with the naked eye, but you would need a powerful microscope to examine it carefully. God has provided all his creatures with bodies suited to their special needs. Because the butterfly's food is honey and dewdrops, which she sips from the heart of the flowers, God has given her a tongue just suited to this purpose. It is made of two grooved threads, which are wound up like tiny watch springs, on either side of her head, when not in use.

When the butterfly wishes to sip a little honey she thrusts these two grooved threads down into the depth of the sweet blossom and puts them close together. This makes a little tube through which she can draw the sweetness, just as you can suck water through a straw. But the butterfly is very particular what kind of a plant she visits. All the butterflies of one kind visit flowers of the same family, and no other. The lovely swallow-tail butterfly visits the wild carrot, and plants belonging to that family, but no other. The butterflies never make a mistake, and wise men learn, by watching them, to classify the plants, and to know which belong to the same family.

Some moths look very much like butterflies; but there are two ways in which you can always tell the one from the other. Each have little slender feelers growing from the head, but the butterfly's feelers, or "antennæ," as they are called, have knobs on the ends. The antennæ of the moth sometimes have tiny feathers on them, and sometimes little spires; but they are never knobbed. Then, too, in alighting, the butterfly always holds her wings erect, while the moth's droop, or are nearly flat.

If you can catch a butterfly this Summer, and can look at it through a magnifying glass, you will see that its wings are covered with tiny plumes or feathers. Indeed, a butterfly is a very wonderful pet to have; and if you can find a caterpillar, and put it in a box with plenty of the leaves of the plant on which you found it feeding, you can have the pleasure of seeing it spin its cocoon, and can watch it when first it comes out—a poor, damp, weak little pet, to be sure, but one which will in a few hours be a most beautiful one.

HATTIE LOUISE JEROME.

THE STREAM.

LITTLE stream with waves of silver,
Flowing through the meadows green,
Making such a pleasant music
As you glide your banks between,
Lessons sweet you're surely teaching;
For you serve both man and beast,
King and beggar, child and father,
From the greatest to the least;
And you sing about your labor,
Laughing at your hardest task,
As if turning heavy mill wheels
Were the greatest thing you'd ask.
So let us, the little children,
Gladly give to all we meet,
Who may need it, cheerful service
Of our lips, or hands, or feet;
Knowing we can make hearts blossom,
As the stream gives life to flowers,
And can make the world grow brighter,
While we do the work that's ours.

GRACE BUTTERFIELD.



ON THE BEACH.

O VER and over the tossing waves say,
"Have you come, little children, with us to play?"
Then they toss their heads and laugh so gay,
As the children pass by their way.

Then the great waves laugh and frolic and roar,
As the children run so near their door;
And the baby waves creep up on the shore,
As the children laugh and are gay.

Then Grandpa waves, and Grandma waves, too,
Roll up on the beach without much ado,
And toss high their heads that are all so gray,
As the children run, and laugh, and play.

And now with a rush, and a rumble, and roar,
A giant wave dashes right up to the door
Of the houses the children have made in the sand!
And the children? They scamper away to dry land.

Boston, Mass.

EMMA LOUISE CLAPP.



AT WORK AND AT PLAY
In the Kindergarten



IN VENICE.

CHILD-GARDEN

OF STORY, SONG, AND PLAY.

Vol. II.

JULY, 1894.

No. 8.

FOURTH OF JULY FLOWER.

THERE'S a funny Summer flower
Of pale yellow, green, or red,
With a single brownish stamen
Pushing outward from its head.

This queer flower grows for children;
It is slender, straight, and strong,
Till its soul, just touched by fire,
Flashes outward and is gone.

Just a moment does it show us,
With a quick, sharp shout of glee,
All the pent-up life within it,
As the bright spark sets it free.

This quick, noisy Summer blossom,
With its flash and sudden cry,
Is the children's fire-cracker
Of the Fourth day of July.

W. S.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

IS it not true that every child in America loves the Fourth of July? Yes! It is to us the "glorious" day of the year. We all know how to celebrate it,—with booming of cannon in the early morning, a grand picnic with music, speeches, and songs the whole day through, and fireworks at night. Not one of us lives to be six years old without knowing how to have a good time on this great day, and just how it should be celebrated. But I wonder if we all know just *why* it is the greatest day of the whole year for us who live in the United States, even though the big speeches and the great noise boom in our ears. I will try to tell you what we read in the big history books about this day which has become so dear to us, and famous the world over as "Independence Day."

Our country once belonged to Great Britain (that little island across the water), and many of the Colonies, as the states were then called, were as English as England herself; and these good people loved her with all the devotion of loyal children and subjects, and wanted to obey her and do all they could for her. But there have been some very unwise kings on the throne of England, and some unwise ministers of state, too, who did not know what a fine large country this was, because it was far away from their own little island home, which is so beautiful that it is more than all the world to them. It is greater, too, although it is not as large as even some of our states. These unwise men and their stubborn old king thought they would make the child on this new continent feel the hand of the mother country, and they did some queer things which the English people now think were very "stupid," as I have often heard them say. But young England over here was a saucy young braggart, and refused to obey some of the "stupid" laws that were made for the colonies. Then the king sent over some soldiers to compel the English people who lived here to obey, and these soldiers were not always as polite as they might have been, and that made the people of the colonies very cross. They justly thought that they should help to make the laws they were to obey; that if they were to pay taxes (which is money collected

from all the people who own property, to pay the expenses of the government), they should have some say about the spending of it. Englishmen in America thought they ought to be represented in England, and, through their representative, say how they should be taxed and how the money should be spent. But the king, some of the ministers, some of the members of Parliament (Parliament is almost the same as our House of Representatives in Washington), and nearly the whole of the House of Lords got very grumpy, and seemed to think that the saucy child must have its ears boxed and be sent to bed without its bread and milk.

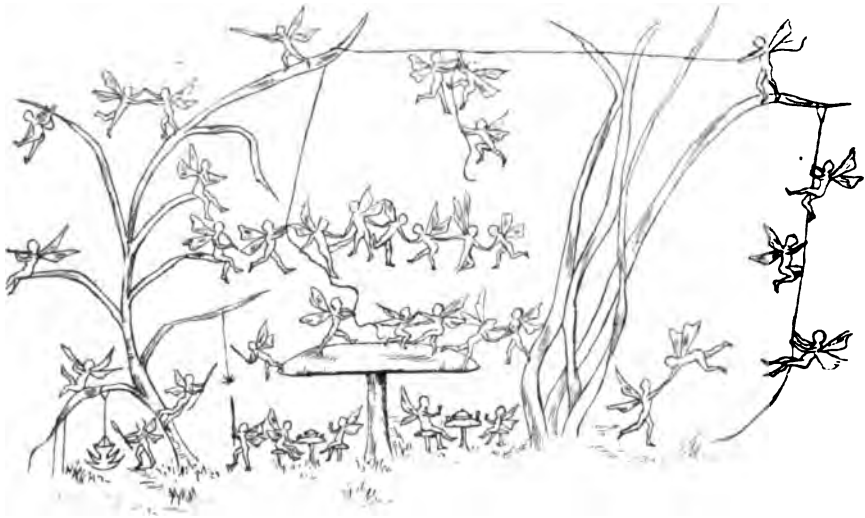
But the child was too big and too spunky to be treated like a slave or a servant, even, and it just got up and said "No!" and the way it said it is called the *Declaration of Independence*; and the day this "declaration" was sent out for all the world to hear was the Fourth of July, seventeen hundred and seventy-six. This is why we call it "Independence Day"; for from that day on, the big English child in America claimed the right to be an independent nation, in and of itself, separate and apart from the mother country, beautiful as she was, and dearly as it loved her.

A seven years' war followed, which was dreadful in every way, for some of the Americans helped the English soldiers, and some of the greatest men and women in England helped the Americans. We will tell you more about them all some of these days, for there were great and good men and women, in old England and in New England, who loved liberty and believed that all men should be free. Now we are so friendly with the mother country, England, that we are almost like one nation; and we honor and love her queen, the good Victoria, who is the granddaughter of the very king who could not understand his own people on this side of the ocean.

The two flags—our "stars and stripes," and their "Union Jack"—float peacefully together, and we sing "God save the Queen," and they sing "America"; and we say kind things of each other, and are the very best of friends.

Our country is the world, and our countrymen are all mankind!

A. N. K.



THE FAIRIES' BIRTHDAY PARTY.

THIS is the way it was: There is one bright, beautiful moonlight night in Summer which is called "Midsummer Night." It is the shortest night in the whole year, and it comes on the twenty-first of June—fair, lovely June, the month of roses.

Well, this Midsummer Night is when all the dainty, delicate little flower fairy folk have their birthday party.

You know these flower fairies are so very small and light, and they have such delicate gauzy wings, they can hop, skip, leap, and fly wherever they please, and it is the greatest fun!

What makes these flower fairies happiest of all is to be cared for with love and smiles and pretty words. They are so tender that it hurts their little feelings if anyone jerks a flower, talks loudly or crossly, or scowls or stamps.

Oh, they cannot bear it, so they all try to live in the flowers that belong to good children, real kind, pleasant children.

This is the reason that so many little folks lived in the Marshall garden, where the children took such good care of them. They watched the flowers, weeded them, and watered them; and they saved the little baby buds, and carefully picked the blossoms. They played all together, children and flower folk, and had such beautiful, happy times!

When it came time to have the Midsummer birthday party the fairies decided to have it right there in the happy place.

The bees, butterflies, and birds were the little messengers to carry the invitations. The frogs, crickets, and locusts furnished the music. The refreshments, which were served all about on little toadstool tables, were sweetest honey and nectar from the sweetest flowers, and cool dewdrops were the drink.

Now, if you will look and look at the picture, you will see in it just what the fairy folk did at their party,—all sorts of things to have a merry, merry time.

While you are looking at their pranks, you may remember that this same picture hung in the library of your own beautiful Children's Building at the World's Fair.

The elves wanted you each to have a copy of their party, so here it is in your own CHILD-GARDEN. And also, they want so much that you should take good care of them to make them happy in your own flower garden these lovely Summer days and nights.

Wouldn't it be splendid if they would only have a birthday party right among *your* flowers?

HAL OWEN.

BLUE BELLS.

TING-A-LING, ling!
The blue bells ring;
Do you not hear,
As we draw near,
Their ting-a-ling-a-ling?

From the deep shade
Of the wooded glade,
These have I found,
By the fairy sound,
Their ting-a-ling-a-ling.

M. N. NASH.

THE PANSIES' THREE GIFTS.

THE little Pansy children lived all together in a brown house in the garden, and were always bright and loving in spite of their plain little dresses, just as brown as the house in which they lived, and made very simply, with no bits of lace or bows of pretty ribbon. It happened one day that the kind sun saw them playing there together; and he smiled with gladness to see their happy faces, and sent down one of his own bright sunbeams to join them in their play.

After a time a little cloud, another friend of the pansies, looked down upon them; and as she stopped for a moment to watch them she thought of the children who lived in the big house near by, and who were often very unloving and selfish, although they had a great many beautiful things to play with; and as she thought of them, the tears gathered in her eyes and fell down in a gentle shower.

Each day the sun and cloud visited the pansies, and one bright morning the little cloud told the sun of a beautiful surprise she had planned for the children if he would help her. The good sun was very willing to help, so the cloud told him her secret. She wished to give each of the little pansies a *new dress*, for they were growing so fast that their old brown ones were wearing out and looked very shabby. The sun was delighted with the plan, and the next day what do you think happened?

Each of the Pansy children came out in a lovely new green dress—and oh, how happy they were! They nodded to their little neighbors the violets, and to the gay dandelions over the way, and danced and frolicked and smiled back their thanks to the sun and cloud.

A few days later the sun came smiling to the cloud and said that he had thought of another surprise for their little friends; for he would like to see them each in a beautiful new bonnet. Then the little cloud answered, "Dear Sun, as we both love them so much, let us make this present of something that will remind them of our love. As I am darker than you, and some-

times look very dark indeed to those who cannot see my silver lining, I will give them purple bonnets." "And I," said the sun, "will make my gift like the sunbeams, a beautiful yellow."

So each of the Pansy children had new hats as well as new dresses, and although some were purple, the gift of the cloud, and some were yellow like the sun's bright beams, the pansies loved them both so well that when they could not tell which hat to put on, they would wear the purple and trim it with yellow, or the yellow and trim it with purple, that the sun and cloud might see that they were thinking of them both.

When the little cloud first saw them dressed so fair and fresh, she whispered to the sun that she would like to give them a new name—"Heartsease"—that the children in the big house might know what comfort and happiness the little pansies gave by being ever so bright and loving. Perhaps the soft wind heard the whisper and carried it down to the flowers in the garden, for it is certain as he passed they all nodded and smiled as though they were saying, "You are right, gentle Wind; you are right"; and so it happened that the next day, when the pansies shook out their new dresses and tied on their bright hats, all the flowers called out together, "Good morning, sweet Heartsease!" How surprised the little pansies were to hear the beautiful new name; and when they found it was really intended for them, they smiled with gladness. When the children in the big house heard it they thought it a very lovely name, but wondered why it had been given to the pansies.

They visited the garden each day, and as they thought more and more of the new name, they, too, began to grow more bright and loving, so that after a time there were Heartsease in the big house as well as in the garden; for

All the little children
Who try with patient care
To grow each day more loving,
Are Heartsease everywhere.

CATHERINE R. WATKINS.



THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

THE queen of the fairies walked in the meadows in the early morning. The dew sparkled on the grasses and the birds sang gayly, but the queen of the fairies was weary.

At last she came to a spot so soft and green, by the meadow fence, that she threw herself down upon it to take a nap.

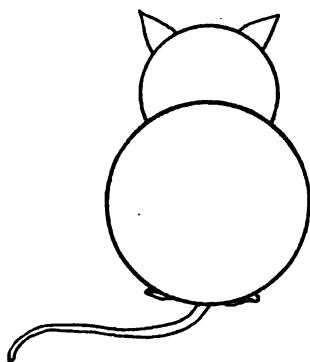
While she slept she dreamed; and in her dream she saw a beautiful meadow with dew sparkling on the grasses. In the midst of the meadow grew a beautiful plant, so tall that it cast its shadow over her and made a nice cool spot for her to rest in.

She looked at the plant and saw that it had dark green leaves, with downy white crescents on them, and that each stem bore four leaves. Then she remembered there were many plants in the meadow like it, but only three leaves crowned each stem.

And a beautiful thought came to her: this four-leaved clover should be the fairies' plant, and its shadow should mark the fairies' resting place.

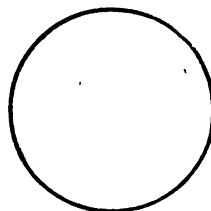
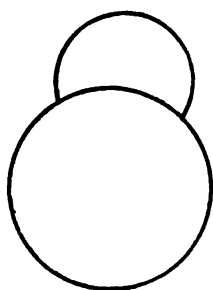
When she awoke and looked about her, she saw that the spot she had been lying upon was a clover bed; but the clovers were just everyday three-leaved plants that the cattle loved to bite. And she remembered her dream; and plucking a leaf, she pulled off one of its leaflets and placed it on another stem, making a four-leaf clover, and healed the new leaf fast with a kiss. Then she said: "Grow, my clover, and bear more four leaves; for your shadow marks the spot where a fairy has slept."

MAY H. HORTON.



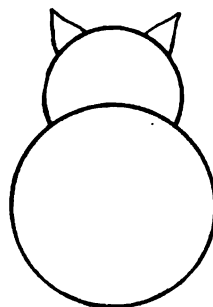
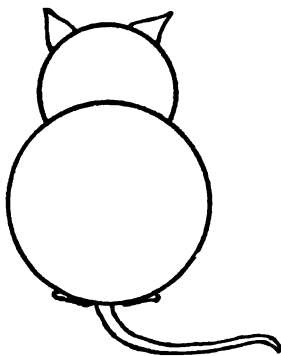
A DRAWING LESSON FOR WEE FINGERS.

You first mark round a button big,



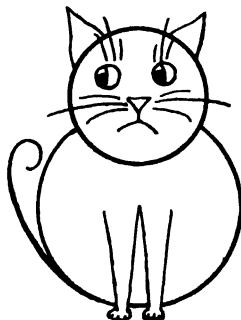
And part way round a button small

And then mark so each cunning ear



And now a quirky tail right here,
And then my children have it all,
A pussy rhyme for short and tall.
Mieouw!

Sir Pussy Pattykins.



Adapted by
M. HELEN JENNINGS.

BAM OUT AT GRANDPA'S.

DO you want to know who Bam is? In a great, big, noisy city close by Lake Michigan there lives this sweet little girl with yellow hair and blue eyes, and feet that go trotting around as fast as they can all day long. When she was a little baby she hadn't any name, so they called her "Bambino"; but that was too long a name for such a mite of a girl, and they shortened it, and just called her "*Bam*."

In the Winter she rides on her sled, and plays in the snow with the other children; but when Summer comes, and the days are hot and raspberries begin to get ripe, she goes off to the country to visit her grandpa.

It is a pretty long journey, too,—nearly five hundred miles. She gets in the cars and travels all day; at night she goes to bed in the sleeping car, and in the morning when she wakes up and gets out of the car, there is Grandpa's carriage waiting. There are two horses,—“Tilly” and “Gypsy.” Bam pats them both on the nose, then gets in the carriage, and away they go. Bam holds the reins, and makes the horses trot; for she is a big girl now, past three years old.

Pretty soon she gets to Grandpa's house; then everybody hugs her, and then she starts off to see if everything is just as she left it when she was there last time. It only takes her a day or two to get acquainted with all the animals. There are the cows—she knows all their names; she has a little bucket, and goes to help milk. There was a little spotted calf named “Daisy,” that followed her all around, and wanted to lick her with its long tongue, and chewed up her apron, so that Bam thought that Daisy wanted to eat her up.

Then there was Tilly's little colt—the cutest little colt, with a funny, short tail, and a white spot in the forehead. Sometimes Tilly and the colt came in the yard to eat grass, and the colt would gallop all around, as if it were wild. Auntie Beb would put Bam on its back and let her ride; no one but Bam could ride the little colt, because if big people got on it they

would break its small back; so it was her own horse, to ride all by herself, and it was great fun.

Then she went with Aunt Joe to see the little chickens. It was very funny about the chickens. Aunt Joe got a great lot of eggs, put them into a big box, shut them up tight, and kept them warm with a lamp; then after a good long while she opened the box, and there were lots and lots of the prettiest little chickens—black, and white, and speckled, and all colors. Bam did not understand the matter very well; but she had a little basket, and helped Aunt Joe hunt the eggs, and when the little chickens came out she carried some in her apron down under the porch, where they lived in a nice, warm house with glass windows, and dishes to eat out of. She helped feed them, and carried them water in her small bucket, and helped so much that Aunt Joe said she never could get along without Bam to help raise the chickens. There was another queer thing about the little chickens: when they went to bed at night they did not creep under the old hen's wings, as other little chickens do; they just went behind a kind of curtain, and cuddled all together under a blanket. Bam thought that was very funny. After the chickens had grown pretty big, and moved into a bigger house, where they could run about in the sun, the old *cat* came and lived in the chicken house. Her name was "Teresa"; but Bam's tongue was a little too short, and she lisped, so she called her "*Twethe*."

This old cat had five little kittens—such pretty ones! Some were gray and some yellow. Bam named one "Polly," and one "Jim"; but the rest had no names, and one had sore eyes. Bam would take her basket and go down and get the kittens, for she wanted to play with them on the porch; she would pile them all in, then Polly would slip out; and while she was gathering up Polly, Jim would slip out. Then she would try and catch Jim, and another would slip out, so that it often took her a long time to get the basket full. When she got them all in she would carry them up the steps, and Teresa following close alongside; for she wanted to see what was going to be done with her kittens. When she thought Bam had played with them long enough she would take them up, one by one, in her mouth, and carry them back to the chicken house, and give them dinner.

Then there was Aunt Ruth. It is a fine thing for a little girl to have a great many *aunts*, for then she is sure to have a very good time. Well, Aunt Ruth liked to keep cool, so she slept out on the porch at night, on a cot, and Bam kept all her playthings *under the pillow*. Sometimes when Aunt Ruth went to bed she would wonder what in the world was under the pillow, take it up, and there nould be two or three dollies, and a box of dominoes, and some apples. Once there seemed to be a big, round thing—and there was a dolly's *head*; the rest of the dolly was nowhere. And one night when Bam was fast asleep in bed, Aunt Ruth thought the pillow felt very curious, and she seemed to hear a queer little sound; so she lifted up the pillow, and—what do you think?—*there were Polly and Jim* curled up under the pillow! and pretty soon they might have been smothered! And Aunt Ruth had to take them down to the chicken house and tell old "Twethe" that she really must take care and count them every night when she put them to bed, to see if they were all there; because by the time night came, Bam was always too sleepy to count straight.

And this is the kind of fun a little girl has when she goes to the country to visit her grandpa.

R. B. CROWELL.

SLUMBER SONG.

LITTLE Birdies in the nest
 Quietly are sleeping.
 Through the long night they will rest;
 Never think of peeping.

Curled within a fragrant rose,
 Butterfly is resting.
 Sweet red flower must think it strange—
 Such a funny nestling.

Baby, too, must go to sleep,
 In her cradle swinging;
 Mother's softest lullaby
 In her ears is ringing.

WINIFRED MARSH.

THE BIRDS' LAWN PARTY.

THE birds of the woodland in soft Summer weather,
Once gave a lawn party, 'way down in the heather

Their neat invitations were written, you see,
On the prettiest leaves from the prettiest tree,

Then daintily tied with a fine silver thread,
And gracefully hung 'round a carrier dove's head,

Who sped on his mission with joyful glee,
And delivered each note with an "R. S. V. P."

To flowers and insects and plants, one and all,
Were sent invitations to attend the grand ball.

The night soon arrived, and the moon shone so bright
That the birds sang together in happy delight.

The Bullfrogs and Tree-toads who lived very near,
In new coats of green satin were first to appear;

Then followed musicians, a numerous band,
Who were led by Mosquitoes from Cedar Swamp Land.

The Beetle came in with Miss Grasshopper Green;
Then Crickets and Flies were the next to be seen.

That the Wasp and the Spider, both stylishly dressed,
Were the most graceful dancers, by all was confessed.

There were Robin Redbreast and dear Jennie Wren,
Causing all of the Magpies to chatter again.

And the Nightingale, too, in a loving refrain,
Was wooing the Dove, his old sweetheart, again;

While lingering near, in a blackberry bush,
Was the silver-tongued Linnet, and fair bride, the Thrush.

Now who do you think were the chaperones there?
Why, the three Mrs. Owls, from Dismal Swamp Square.

THE BIRDS' LAWN PARTY.

The flowers and plants, though the last to appear,
Wore the loveliest costumes of anyone there,

With just one exception,—the Butterflies gay,
Whose costumes are made by the fairies, they say.

The Daisies were peerless in robes of pure white,
And their proud, happy mothers looked on in delight.

The Buttercups followed, of riches untold,
For each was arrayed in a gown of pure gold;

And the Clovers looked sweet in pale pink and white,
As they merrily danced in the moon's silver light.

The Rosebud, the fairest and queen of them all,
Was acknowledged the belle of this beautiful ball.

The music was charming, the feast was quite grand;
There were sweetmeats enough for all guests in the land.

For each little flower who daintily sups,
The fairies served dewdrops in lily-bell cups.

The dancing continued, the merriment, too,
Till the moon became weary, and softly withdrew.

The Fireflies said they would serve in her place,
Since the moon had so selfishly hidden her face.

Then the three Mrs. Owls from guest to guest flew,
Said, "The moon has retired; I think we must, too."

The Fireflies came with their swift-flashing light,
And escorted the flowers and plants home that night.

All the guests bade adieu, and their homeward way
wended,
From the nicest affair they had ever attended.

LADY ANNIE.

THE BALLS' PARTY.

THE kindergarten balls were going to give a party. Not one little boy or girl knew it, though, for the party had been planned at night, when every one of the happy fun-loving children was home, safe in Dreamland.

Indeed, their sparkling eyes had long since been closed by the sandman, when out the bright balls rolled in a merry, laughing crowd to take possession of the kindergarten floor.

Red Ball seemed to be chief leader, and so quickly did he and the others work, that an hour only had passed before the invitations were all written, plans were fully made, and the balls were safely back in their basket, off to Bylow-land.

On the next night, promptly at seven o'clock they rolled out, this time very slowly indeed; for it was an important occasion to them. Red Ball led the way, and a pretty half circle they formed,—Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue, and Violet,—waiting to receive their friends and give them a hearty welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Marble, in their bright plaid suits, were the first to arrive. The little Marbles came too, and were very happy over their first party. Quickly they spied the circle on the bright, smooth floor, and arranging themselves on it, were soon deep in their favorite game.

How fast the merry crowd gathered!

Next to arrive was Mr. Foot Ball all in black, and so large that he looked like a giant among the others. And now came Mr. Sphere, Miss Rubber Ball, Mr. Base Ball daintily dressed in white leather, and lastly, rolling in as quietly as wooden Balls could, were Mr. and Mrs. Croquet Ball and their whole family, with their brightest colored bands around them.

The merry crowd was all excitement when Orange Ball said, "Let's play the water wheel!" "Agreed! agreed!" they cried, then quickly rolled into line and formed a circle.

"Now, Foot Ball, roll to the center and make a good strong hub for our wheel," said Orange Ball. "Yes, that will just suit me," answered Foot Ball, and in he rolled. "Please let *us* go outside and be the stream," the little marbles said. "Certainly," replied Orange Ball in gentlest tone; "we *never* refuse polite little balls."

And now the game began. Round and round the balls flew, singing in their happiest style:

"See the water wheel how it goes,
While the water so freely flows,
Always going round and round;
Never idle is it found."

Other games quickly followed, the balls growing merrier all the while.

Suddenly several of them spied a plate. "Hurrah!" they cried; "now we'll have Mr. Sphere spin for us!" So in Mr. Sphere jumped, and began to twirl around and around, singing,

"No matter how fast I spin or race,
I always show the same round face."

That was fun for the balls, and they tossed and tumbled and rolled over and over for very joy.

The kindergarten clock struck nine, and just as they were preparing to sing a good-night song, suddenly a beautiful fairy ball floated into their midst. "Who can it be?" they cried. "How lovely her pure white dress is!" But as the gaslight fell upon her, one exclaimed, "There is red in her dress!" "Yes, and orange, too!" said another.

"Oh," cried a third, "yellow, green, blue, and violet are as plain as can be!" while one little one remarked, "She must be related to the sunbeam fairies, who dress in these bright colors." "Well, she is a really, truly fairy, at least," several were heard to whisper.

Foot Ball spoke right out,—“Miss Fairy Ball, won't you come down and speak to us?” The balls were delighted, for each hoped now to have a few words with the beautiful fairy.

Down she floated into their midst, but as soon as the floor was reached, like a flash she was gone from sight, and never was seen again.

Such a surprised party of balls! Indeed, the parting song was forgotten, and not until Foot Ball announced, "It is long past nine o'clock, dear friends," were the "good nights" said.

Then home they went, never once dreaming that the fairy visitor was Miss Soapbubble.

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.



THE DAUGHTERS OF SILVER-MIST.

(ON THE FIRST GIFT.)

THEY were three fairies, called the Gray Sisters, and they lived with their father, Silver-mist, and their mother, Rain, in a rocky glen. Now though these little maids were fairies, and you would have supposed they had all they could desire, they wished for one thing more. They were very anxious to go and live in Rainbow House, which was in the clouds.

"But, my dears, you cannot go and live in Rainbow House until you have done some good in the world," said Mother Rain.

"Well, show us what to do, mother darling, so that we may begin at once," they cried eagerly.

"You *shall* do something at once, my children. I will send you to the good Water Nymph, to be taught of her!" exclaimed Silver-mist. So saying, he called his page, Rivulet, and putting the happy maids in his care, started them up the glen.

In a cool, moss-lined cave, before whose door hung the great waterfall, like a curtain of silver with a fringe of sparkling spray, lived the Water Nymph. Being dearly loved by the fairies, they were wont to bring their children to make long visits with her, that they might learn to be as gentle and useful as herself.

The Nymph was directing some of her pupils how to train

the sea lemons and cucumbers at the bottom of the pool, and of which the mermaids were very fond, when Page Minnow brought word that the Gray Sisters wished to see her. Calling her white sea horse to her side, who was nibbling seaweed near by, she sprang upon his back and rose to the surface of the water.

"Oh, dear Nymph, we are the daughters of Silver-mist. Father and mother sent their best love, and said we might visit you for awhile to learn to be useful and good, if you would allow us," said the Gray Sisters.

"Allow you, my darlings! Yes, gladly," answered the Nymph, as she kissed them.

"Please, Nymph, make us like yourself, that we may be worthy to live in Rainbow House. We long to go there so very much!" cried these impetuous sisters.

The Nymph smiled quietly. "Come with me, little ones, and I will first show you my fishery." Lifting the smallest fairy upon her horse in front of her, the two older ones clung to her gown, and they floated up through the silver curtain to the upper end of the cave, which was lighted from above. There in a smooth, dark pool were silver and gold fish, while on the sandy beach sat a fairy boy, with a pink shell on his head and a staff with three prongs lying at his side.

"Good morning, Merlin! These are the Gray Sisters. They have come to make us a visit, and I hope you will be great friends presently."

Merlin was practicing on a silver horn, as it was nearly time to open the school and drill the fishes in exercising their scales. He rose to his feet when he saw the Nymph, and, bowing gravely, removed his pretty pink cap.

"Ah, Merlin, do you happen to know where my dogfish Echo is?"

"He was here but a moment since. I will call him," answered Merlin, and blew three sweet, clear notes. Suddenly the smooth surface of the pool became ruffled, and the whole school of fishes, headed by the dogfish, gathered about their mistress' feet.

"I have a special mission for thee today, dear Echo," said the Nymph, as she stooped and stroked his head. "Yellow Spot the turtle, who lives almost a mile away, came yesterday to tell

me of a family of young trout, whose father had been taken away from them. Yellow Spot said they needed some one to care for them; so, Echo, go at once and bring them back with you to make a visit, and perhaps they will be so happy here, they may stay. You, Merlin, take them right into the school; you will not find them behind the others, for they have been carefully trained in all fishy matters." The dogfish kissed his mistress' hand, and left at once; for everyone loved the dear Nymph so much they were always ready and glad to do her bidding.

MAUD E. UPJOHN.

(*To be continued.*)

BUBBLE SONG.

(ADAPTED.)

COME join me in this merry sport
 Of bubble-blowing game;
 And as we laugh so cheerily,
 Our hearts with joy do flame.
 Of all the sports there's none, you'll find,
 With this one can compare.
 So here we go: it's blow, blow, blow
 Our castles in the air.

CHORUS—Blow, blow, gently blow;
 Blow them up good and high.
 Blow, blow, gently blow;
 Sail them as they fly.
 Blow, blow, gently blow;
 Watch them with eager eye.
 Like a diamond they glisten,
 A castle up in the sky.
 Like downy birds on high they sail,
 As if in fairyland,
 In rainbow tints so prettily,
 A crystal form so grand.
 Against a tide of heavy winds
 They very easily strand;
 So here we go: it's blow, blow, blow;
 Up goes your fairyland.

MISS PIXLEY'S SCHOOL.

(Continued from June.)



WHEN Fridays came and the boys went home for their weekly visits, they had so many things to tell their father and mother that their tongues almost ached with talking; and many, many things they had learned at Miss Pixley's school.

But Papa Brown said just one thing: Miss Pixley must teach his boys arithmetic. He had a hobby for mathematics, and was afraid the boys would not study it, because it was not as interesting as botany and zoology.

So Miss Pixley agreed to give the boys arithmetic out in their country school. This made Fred and Horace look rather solemn, for they hated their multiplication tables, and they had been having such a delightful time that this looked like a big shadow on their Summer. But Miss Pixley assured them that she could make it just as interesting as the polliwogs and jacks-in-the-pulpit. And though they could not believe that possible, they forgot all about it until one day at the dinner table, when Fred was feeling especially happy over Boston brown bread, steamed as only Mrs. Miller could do it, Miss Pixley said: "Boys, we will study arithmetic this afternoon."

Fred's taste for Boston brown bread suddenly vanished, and he looked so solemn that Reuben laughed right out.

"Well, Reuben Miller," exclaimed Fred, flushing as usual when Reuben laughed at him, "I guess you wouldn't feel so funny if you were going to have a horrid old arithmetic lesson when there are a thousand jolly things you want to do and see!"

"Mr. Miller," said Miss Pixley, "have you a surveyor's tape?"

"Yes, and I am going to fence that south orchard lot, suppose the boys find out how much fencing it will take."

"Good," said Miss Pixley; "that will be a beautiful arithmetic lesson."

Fred looked more dismayed than ever; not only was he going to have an arithmetic lesson, but a dreadfully hard one,—the kind that the old arithmetic gave to muddle the boys. However, his trouble was short lived, for directly after dinner they started for the south orchard, which was all in bloom, and so pretty that it was a delight to be near it. Farmer Miller went along with his scythe, to mow the long grass under the trees. Then began the "dreadful" arithmetic lesson. But in the fun of measuring with the long tape line and counting fence posts, they lost sight of the "dreadful multipliers" and the worry of what multiplied which. In fact, the boys enjoyed it so much that when they were all through and could tell Farmer Miller just how many feet of fence boards and how many posts and how many nails he would need to fence that orchard, they looked very much surprised to hear Miss Pixley say, "That was a very good lesson, boys. I think your father will be pleased with your arithmetic if you do as well every day as you have today."



"Do you call *that* an arithmetic lesson, Miss Pixley?" exclaimed Fred. "This is only fun; why, we didn't make any great long multiplications and divisions, and say if one costs so much, ever so many will cost ever so many times that much. That's arithmetic, and that's what I hate; I like this."

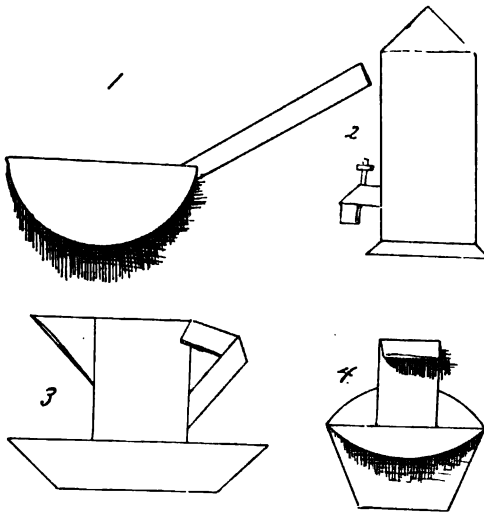
"Freddy," said Miss Pixley, laughing, as she took his face between her hands and kissed him, "didn't I tell you we should find country arithmetic just as easy and interesting as any of the other things we have studied?"

"But I didn't suppose there was anything about arithmetic that could be interesting," persisted Fred. "I didn't suppose it was of any use."

"Oh, yes, my boy," said Miss Pixley; "we use arithmetic every day; and this is some of the farmers' arithmetic we have been studying today."

"I knew Miss Pixley would make it nice," said Horace, slipping his hand into hers.

So the arithmetic lessons progressed. They even found out how many bushels of Winter wheat Farmer Miller had raised to the acre, and they found out how much an acre of ground was, and ever so many things that sounded so dry in an arithmetic text-book, yet were very interesting in reality. But every day was not sunshiny, so that out-of-door studying could be done;



when the rain was falling outside they would learn all they could about water and its uses. Miss Pixley taught them how to make a rain gauge out of a little tub, so they could tell how much water fell each time it rained; and they actually enjoyed watching it rain into that tub, and got good and wet running out to see how high the water was getting on their gauge; and they kept a little record of

how many inches of rain fell during each shower. Some days they folded papers to represent all sorts of different things for holding water, and they made some pretty good-looking pitchers and dippers.

Papa Brown was so pleased with the results of Miss Pixley's experiment that he told the boys he would give them something more to help them enjoy their country school. And one week out came a beautiful tent. My, how delighted the boys were! To live out of doors is the dearest ideal of a boy's life, and to sleep in a tent the highest joy. So Horace, Fred, and Reuben planned to play they were Indians and live in that tent. The first night they started in about dark with a buffalo robe, two sheepskins, and a bearskin rug. Everything looked nice, and

quite enough like savages to satisfy the boys. Everyone went to bed, and the house was very quiet. When about half past ten Miss Pixley heard some one calling, she went to the window, and there on the doorstep stood Fred and Horace. When she opened the door, Horace just tumbled in. He was sleepy and tired, but too scared to sleep out there among the



possible beasts and burglars. Miss Pixley asked Fred if he didn't want to come in also; but he looked very scornful and said, Of course not; Reuben and he were going to live in that tent. But Miss Pixley quite understood the restless manner in which Fred looked all about him while he was talking to her, so leaving Horace curled up on the stairs, she accompanied Fred back to the tent and saw him safely inside with Reuben, who by this time was snoring. She knew the plucky little fellow well, and she knew he would stick it out until morning; so she kindly put one of the sheepskins over him, kissed him good night, and went back to the house.

MAY H. HORTON.

(To be continued.)



FEEDING THE PONY.



A STORY TO GUESS.

ONE morning I was strolling and feeling so happy, and as I went along I came to an open door. "I think I'll just peep in," I said.

Did I peep in? Yes indeed! and when my nose was fairly in, along went my body, arms, and legs, too! for what did I see?

A large roomful of the jolliest little folks, with their feet curled under them and sitting on the floor!

They were talking together, and went right on without noticing me. Some seemed to be asking questions and others answering them. There was a beautiful lady sitting on the floor, too, and she looked so interested in every word, and when the children did not know she often would answer the questions.

I thought it must be a circle of fairies, for they talked of bees and flowers and kitties as though they had been acquainted with them. I was puzzled, for surely fairies would fly away if I came so close. And very soon they did begin to fly away, and they were just like so many birds and butterflies sipping honey and dew and singing while on the wing. Again and again they would make a fairy chain by taking hold of hands and circling round, and the mother fairy would play, too.

Soon there was music, very clear and sweet, and all the feet broke into a march, weaving in and out without a mistake, just

like fairy soldiers. Then suddenly it all stopped, and before I could wink, right in the very same room there appeared tables and chairs, and in each chair sat one of my fairy soldiers, and so softly that you could hear a pin drop, they began to open boxes and pass about the balls.



I can't tell you one-half that I heard and saw, but these pixie workmen built houses and bridges and many, many wonderful things, and told stories of it all.

I wonder which among all the readers of the CHILD-GARDEN has ever seen such a fairy circle, and if they can tell what it all means, for I came away without asking a single question, for fear they would notice me and all disappear.

ANDREA HOFER.

JULY.

I 'M little July!
 Sing ho! sing hi!
 America's Birthday I bring.
 Wave the flags!
 Fire the guns!
 March with fifes
 And with drums!
 And let all your loudest bells ring!

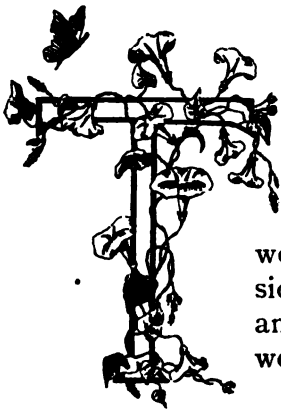
EMMA G. SAULSBURY.

SUMMER SISTER.

I AM going to the garden
Where the Summer roses grow;
I'll make me a little sister
Of all the flowers that blow.
I'll make her body of lilies,
Because they're soft and white;
I'll make her eyes of violets,
Like dewdrops, shining bright.
I'll make her lips of rosebuds,
Her cheeks of rose leaves red,
Her hair of silky corn tops
All braided round her head.
Of apple-tree and pear leaves
I'll make her a lovely gown,
With rows of golden buttercups
For buttons up and down.
I'll dance with my little sister
'Way to the river strand,
'Way across the water,
'Way into a far land.

—*Selected.*

THE MORNING-GLORIES, AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM.



HERE was once such a beautiful garden that lay securely sheltered in the midst of a great city. All around it was a high wall upon which the morning-glories and nasturtiums were wont to climb and look out at the passers-by. Inside the wall were roses, lilies, sweet-faced pansies, and gay honeysuckles, while the graveled walks were bordered by fragrant pinks.

From their lofty position in life, the morning-glories had a way of looking down on their friends blooming in the garden below, and of wondering how the lilies and roses could be so content. Often in the cool of the morning, as the flowers stood fresh and dewy in the sun's bright rays, they

told each other their hopes and wishes, and more than one of their number longed to know more of the great world outside, which, they had been told, stretched vast and wide in every direction.

The wind told them that after a time the Summer would end, and that although their flowers might fade and fall to the earth, they would go on living, but in a different way. So the morning-glories did not mind when their dainty petals drooped and died, but each little seed cup drank in the food the roots sent it, and breathed in the dew and airy sunshine, and grew, and grew, in cheerful obedience.

But toward the close of Summer a few of the seeds became impatient, and thought that the new life was a long time in coming. Then the more hopeful ones, to cheer them, would talk of the future, and tell what grand things were going to happen to them by and by. Some expected to travel away to lands where the frost never comes; others hoped to bloom in a king's garden, while others wanted to see the world before they settled down.

One big, fat fellow who swayed from the very tiptop of the wall, was especially fond of boasting. He meant to see all the curious things they had heard so much about, and he didn't care, so he said, how far he was carried from that quiet spot. His smaller brothers and sisters were rather timid, and hoped that they might nestle cozily down among the leaves and grasses at the foot of the wall which bounded their home.

At last, one dark, rainy evening, the wind paid the garden a special visit. He came, however, with a fury quite unlike his usual gentle presence, and before the seeds could think what had happened, they were whirled away, this way and that, on their journey through life. The smallest seeds were borne away, away, till they were far out of sight of home. But the plump braggart was so heavy that, as the wind paused to catch his breath, he dropped him with several others, and then sped swiftly onward.

And where do you think the poor seeds landed? Not in a king's garden, nor in a grand park, but upon a box of earth just outside the window of a little low, dingy-looking house. Not a pleasant place at all, the morning-glories thought, as the early dawn revealed to them their new home.

For a time they were very sad and disappointed; but at length the sun had so cheered them with his visits, that they began to think that theirs was not so bad a fate, after all. Then they fell asleep, and the snowflakes drifting slowly down, covered them up snug and warm. All Winter long their nap lasted, till one day their good friend, the sun, roused them from their slumber. His warm rays found their way through the black soil, and the Spring rains pattered gently down on their resting place, till the seeds responded to the call to wake and go to work.

As the first green leaves peeped above the earth, three curly heads appeared at the window to which the box was attached, and Tom, Ellen, and Patsy all cried out at once, "Oh, look! there's something growing in the window-box!"

Their mother stopped her work a moment to glance at the tiny leaves; but imagine the feelings of the morning-glories, as she said, "Oh, it's nothing but weeds, most likely."

"Nothing but weeds!" echoed the big, fat fellow. "Well, we'll show her, that's all!"

So the plants determined to do their best, and let the people of that locality know just what morning-glories should be like. Through all the bright days of Spring the sun gave them as much of his light as ever he could. The wind fanned them gently through the hot Summer hours, and the frequent showers kept the vines from drooping. And how those morning-glories did flourish!

The three children watched eagerly as the first buds appeared, and the mother, quite sure now that they were not weeds, helped Tom and Ellen to fasten long cords from the box to the very top of the window, so that the vines might be held firmly in place. Morning after morning the children found the fresh blossoms awaiting their inspection, looking so cool and lovely in their delicate pink and white gowns that the little ones quite forgot the heat and weariness of the midsummer days and nights. The vines so filled the window that the low, narrow room where the family ate their oftentimes scanty meals, was delightfully cool and pleasant; and the picture which the foliage and the dainty flowers made, was one whose loveliness none of earth's artists could equal.

To little Patsy the blossoms were as angels of light. Never in all his life had he seen anything so beautiful. As he lovingly touched the leaves with his baby fingers, and murmured his admiration to the "pretty posies," the morning-glories were content, even though they had not traveled the world over, nor bloomed in a king's garden.



THE MEADOW WORLD.

I LOVE the quiet meadow world
That always shows me something new;
It's full of little people, curled
Safe out of sight and rain and dew.

The haycocks are their cities fine;
Their cunning houses—not like ours—
Are little holes that twist and twine
Among the meadow's grass and flowers.

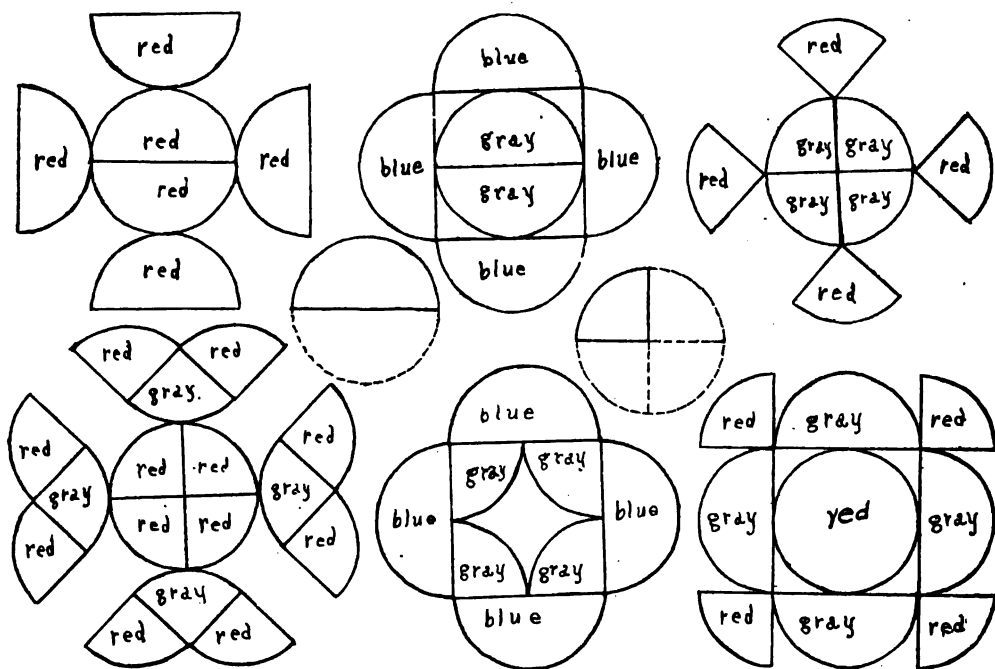
And then, beside the little mice,
Are nests of yellow humblebees
Stored full of honey, sweet and nice,
From clover blooms and flowers and trees.

But when the cover of the snow
Is tucked about the meadow bed,
The little people down below
Are just asleep, not really dead.

FORREST CRISSEY.

INDOOR FLOWER GARDEN.

ONE rainy day, our beloved Saturday, when each one of us expected to transplant and water our flower beds, Mamma showed us how to make them with our scissors and paper, and all day long we sat in the garret and pasted flower bed patterns on large sheets of brown paper.



Tommy said the brown paper looked like the dirt, and with bright colors we had beds of pansies and verbenas just as pretty as could be. After the rain we went out, and found it so much better to weed and care for our flowers.



LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS ON TUESDAY MORNING.



SATURDAY MORNING.
(See page 265.)

CHILD-GARDEN

OF STORY, SONG, AND PLAY.

Vol. II.

AUGUST, 1894.

No. 9.

FLOWER GIVERS.

I LOVE my pansies
And my sweet peas, too,
With their velvet cheeks
And deep rich hue;
For most of all
The Summer through
They work and weave,
And catch the dew,
To give themselves
To me and you.
And the more they give
The more they can do;
The more will bloom
If we pick the few;
Each face a fresh friend,
Each scent so new,—
That's why I love them;
And do you, too?

A. H.

SUMMER AT GRANDPA'S.

WHEN little Bam was packing up her dolls to go to Grandpa's the next time, she kept out *two* that she liked better than all the rest. One was named "Jack-be-nimble," a very fine-looking fellow with spangles on his clothes and a tassel on his cap. The other was "Samantha"; she was a stuffed rag dolly, with a painted face and a yellow dress. Bam liked Samantha even better than Jack, she was such a useful, handy doll. Sometimes when Bam started out on a trip she would drag Samantha all the way by a string tied to her foot, and the dolly seemed to like it, and never complained that it bumped her head. Sometimes she would make a cushion of her, and sit right down on her, or put her head on her as if she was a pillow; and good, patient Samantha never said a word. No wonder Bam liked her! So when she went to bed in the sleeping car she took them both with her. When she got up the next morning she was playing with Jack, throwing him up and down, when he flew out of the car window! When Bam saw him go she set up such a scream that all the people in the car jumped up to see what in the world had happened. She danced up and down, and screamed, "Oh, Mamma! Jack-be-nimble has jumped out at the window." She made a dreadful noise, and her mamma could not make her hush; but just then the train came to a stop, and a very nice gentleman—who must have had a little girl of his own at home—got the boy who sold papers on the train to run back and look for Jack; he soon found him, and brought him into the car. He was not a bit hurt, only his fine coat was a little muddy; but Bam did not care for that. She wiped her tears and hugged him, and took better care of him the rest of the way.

But Jack was always getting into trouble. When they got to Grandpa's, Bam put him up in a cherry tree to let him eat cherries, and forgot all about him, and he stayed there all night. It was a wonder that some owl did not carry him off; but there he was the next morning, hanging by his foot, with his head down, his spangled clothes all wet with the dew; and two blue-birds, who had gotten up early to eat a few cherries, were mak-

ing the greatest fuss because they did not know what Jack was, and wondered what kind of a queer thing had got into the cherry tree. Well, then the robin who had his last year's nest in the honeysuckle found that it was too far gone to fix up again; it had a big hole in it, and the wind had blown it about, so he was hunting a place to build a new one. At last he found a spot that he thought would just suit him,—right on top of the garden fence. You see, he was a very cute fellow, and he had noticed that the raspberry bushes grew close along the fence, and the strawberry bed was there too; and he knew the berries would help him out when he had a family of hungry young robins to feed, and he would not have to wear himself out so hunting worms and bugs for them. So he went to work and built a beautiful nest, and pretty soon Mrs. Robin was sitting on four blue eggs.

One day, when Bam went out with her little bucket to pick some strawberries, she bobbed her yellow head up so close to the nest that Mrs. Robin was scared, and hopped off. Bam climbed up on the fence to see what was there, and there were four little birds, all with their mouths wide open. She *was* tickled to think she had found Mr. Robin's nest. Aunt Beb dug up some worms for her, and she dropped one into each little open mouth. So they were called "Bam's family." She fed them every day, and they grew so big that the nest would hardly hold them; and Mr. and Mrs. Robin had a great deal of spare time to loaf around and sing, because they had so much help raising their family. And I am afraid they stayed away from home too much, for one evening "Theresa," the old cat, was strolling around to see what she could find. She walked along the top of the garden fence and found the nest, and both the old birds away; so she counted the young robins, and said: "Aha! four! just one apiece for my kittens;" and she walked off with every one of them.

The next day, when Bam came with some strawberries to feed them, there was nothing in the nest but a few feathers! Bam thought they had flown away; but old Theresa could have told her better than that. But the sly old cat kept quiet, and never said a word.

Bam had a little garden of her own. She had pansies in it,

and she planted some beautiful red beans; pretty soon they came up—the little, new, green leaves, with the red bean on the top; for that is the way beans do. Bam thought that was very fine; and one day she took it into her little yellow head that she would plant Samantha, and see if *she* would come up. So she got her small spade, and dug, and dug, until she made a hole large enough; then she put Samantha in and covered her up with earth, just as she had the beans. Every d'ay she went out to see if she had come up; but no sign of Samantha. One night it rained very hard, and the rain washed the earth aside; and when Bam went out to the garden in the morning, there was Samantha peeping up, just as the red beans did; and Bam was the most delighted little girl in Pennsylvania, because Samantha had “come up.”

R. B. C.

R. B. C.

WHAT THE WINDS SAY.

WHAT does the South wind say On a holiday?

It says: "Come out with me;
I'll chase you 'round the tree,
And toss your pretty curl;
Come out, my little girl!"

List what the West wind says Can't you hear the North wind say
On the holiday. On a holiday—

It says: "My little man,
Just catch me if you can;
I'll hide behind the tree,
As still as still can be!"

“See the tall oak as I come,
Toss its arms in jolly fun;
And the brown leaves whisk in glee,
Scat’ring off right merrily”?

Often doth an East wind say
On a holiday,
“Stay indoors, my child, and play,
For I send the rain today;
Storm or sunshine, all is well.
Everything God’s love doth tell.”

G. M. HOWARD.

HOW RANNLIED FOUND HIS TREASURE.*

A FAIRY STORY.

HIGH on a lonely mountain, in a lonely little cabin there lived a little boy, and his name was Rannlied.

He was a strange boy, with a strange name, and he lived in a strange country where many strange things happened, *ever* so long ago.

He used to wander through the woods, and gather pretty flowers, and listen to the songs of the birds, which he seemed to understand.

One morning he sat playing under a large tree near the cabin, while his papa had gone far away over the mountain to tend his flocks of sheep, and his mamma was busy spinning the white wool into long threads of yarn.

Rannlied was very busy thinking, thinking on that bright morning, of all his little playmates,—and they were not little children either, for he had never seen any; nor were they toys, for away on that high mountain toys were unknown; so all he had to play with were his flowers and bits of moss, and stones; but he was very fond of these, and all would have been well, had not something very queer happened to these little playmates every time Rannlied went to sleep. For often when he awoke in the morning, he found his flowers had changed to butterflies and were flying away, or his stones had changed to birds and were singing far up in the tree tops.

And so he sat sighing and feeling so lonesome, when—what should appear before him but a dainty little fairy all in silver and white, with large gauzy wings, a silver star shining on her head, and a slender wand in her hand. “Why do you sigh, O my Rannlied?” asked the fairy, in a voice like the murmuring of water.

“Oh, Fairy, I sigh for some playmate who will always stay with me, and not change into anything else.”

The fairy laughed a sweet, rippling laugh as she said, “That wish I gladly will grant. I have watched you from day to day,

* Story on the transformation of Second Gift.

and know how strong you've been growing, and good and kind too; and now I will give you my wand, and will tell you how you may find such a playmate. Far away from here there lies an enchanted grove. To this place you must go; the way will be hard, and you will need to be strong and brave, or you will not find your treasure. You will see many things there you might like; but touch them with my wand, and if they change into anything else they are not what you seek. And now good-by; be true and strong, and you will succeed."

The fairy was gone. But Rannlied felt light and happy at the thought of his journey to be taken early on the morrow. So after a good night's sleep he made ready to start. His mother gave him meat to eat on the way, and with a good-by kiss she watched him as he ran gayly down the mountain path.

On and on he went, only stopping to rest and eat, when the great round sun was highest in the sky and sent straight beams to earth. And then the hours flew on and soon it grew dark, and Rannlied lay down by a great tree to sleep. And he was not afraid, although the wood had many bears, for one of them came and lay down by Rannlied, and with his great fur coat kept him warm all through the cold night. In the morning he said good-by to the kind old bear, and sped on his way.

Soon the trees, he noticed, looked greener and lovelier, and all of a sudden he found himself in the enchanted grove, and there in his path was a box. "Ah, this must be my playmate," he thought, as he picked it up. "But I must try it with my wand. No, it changes! but see, what is it now?—*this* must be it—a top! No, *two* tops such as I've seen in picture books; only this one I can spin on either end." He touched it, and lo! it fell back into the box again. So that wouldn't do. He went on farther and found another box, and this one he touched, and behold! that changed too, and into a top—a single one; and he sat down and played and played with it, but suddenly *that* went back into a box.

"Well, I'll try again," he said cheerfully; and when he found another box he was still patient, and touching it with his wand, it turned into a little *barrel*. And he thought how nice it would be to have a barrel to catch the raindrops in; but when the wand touched it, it changed back into a box again.

Rannlied was now getting almost tired of finding boxes, so he thought, "I will now look for a barrel,—one that has never been a box." And just then he saw one and hurried to try his wand on it; but alas! that turned into a ball, and when he touched the ball, that turned right back into the barrel again.

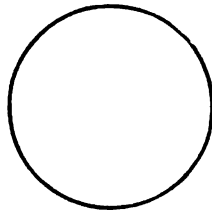
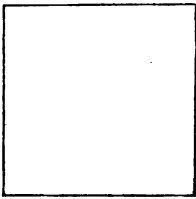
Now, I should think poor Rannlied would have been almost discouraged of ever finding his treasure. But he wasn't! He was just as patient and strong, and thought now that he'd look for a ball that had never been a barrel before.

So he went on and on till nearly the end of the grove, and there he saw such a lovely golden ball on the tallest tree. He almost held his breath as his wand touched it, but—oh, joy!—it was still a ball; and he touched it again and again, but it stayed always the same.

"Dear ball, you are mine," laughed Rannlied joyfully, as he held it tight, and ran faster and faster, till, after a long time, he was home again.

And how glad his mamma was to see him back, and how happy Rannlied was with his new treasure. And every day, in the bright sunshine or under the trees, he played with his ball, and always it was the same dear ball.

MEREDYTH WOODWARD.



SWEET SUMMER TIME.

ON a misty morning
 In sweet Summer time—
 Low, high; high, low!
 Do you heed my rhyme?
 On a misty morning,
 Look, dear, as you pass,

You will see lace hammocks
 Swinging in the grass,
 Keeping time to singing—
 High, low; low, high!
 Airy little fairy folk
 Gayly in them swinging.



HAVING A WORD LESSON.

(The older pupils of the McCowen Oral School for Young Deaf Children, 6550 Yale Ave., Chicago.)

A SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.*

DO you see the happy children in the picture? Their sweet faces all turn toward the teacher, and brown eyes and blue are watching, oh, so closely, every word she says!

I am sure they must be very, very good children in school, but today I am going to tell you about what I saw them doing, after their lessons were over, one bright afternoon last June.

I was taking a walk down a quiet street in Englewood when I heard a great clapping of hands, and children's voices laughing and shouting, and I knew somebody must be having a good time.

I always like to see happy children, so I walked on and on, and at last, away back in one of the large yards on a grassy lawn, I saw ever so many merry children.

Besides the ones in this picture, there were wee little tots, and I remembered right off where I had seen them last September.

I wonder if you did not see them at the World's Fair, having lessons in the Children's Building.

Their teachers were with them when I saw them on the lawn, and some of the older children were helping teach the younger ones a new game.

We could hear different voices shout "Good!" "Hurry up!" "That's right!" "There, go that way!" "Run fast!" and when one of the wee ones would play well there was a great shout and clapping of hands, and when something very, *very* funny happened, all would join in a hearty laugh.

One little round-faced fellow got caught every time because he was too fat to run fast, but he didn't seem to mind it a bit.

Only a part of the children were in this game. Some of them were at work, and they seemed just as happy as the ones at play.

Waite was pulling weeds in the garden, but stopped often to chase a butterfly or look at a bug.

* The McCowen Oral School for Young Deaf Children. A private home boarding school, with nursery-kindergarten department for children between two and five years of age. MARY MCCOWEN, Principal, 6550 Yale Ave., Chicago.

Edna sat in a swing talking with Elfi and Marjory, who had just finished hemming some towels.

Rea had put away her mending and was coming down the walk with a storybook for the girls to read.

One of the large boys was painting a porch at the side of the house, and when a little one would come too near the paint he would call, "Look out there, John!" "Be careful, Edna!" and away John and Edna would scamper.

Dean was cutting grass with the lawn mower, but after a while he turned it over to another boy and took his turn at play.

George and Fred sat near the barn door very busily at work making something with string, sticks, and paper, when a great bell rang.

The teacher waved her handkerchief to call the children who were in the other part of the yard, and away they all ran.

I wanted very much to know what had become of them, so I went into the house, as I had often been invited to do.

The children, with clean hands and faces, were just coming into the dining room. They took their places at the small tables just as you see them in the picture, and very quietly one from each table went to the blackboard nearest his own table and led in a few words of grace, which they read softly together with the teacher.

But I had almost forgotten to tell you that these dear children are *deaf*, and before they came to school could not speak a single word.

They did not even know their own names, and at first it seemed very strange to me that they had not learned that at home; but of course it was because they had *never heard a word*.

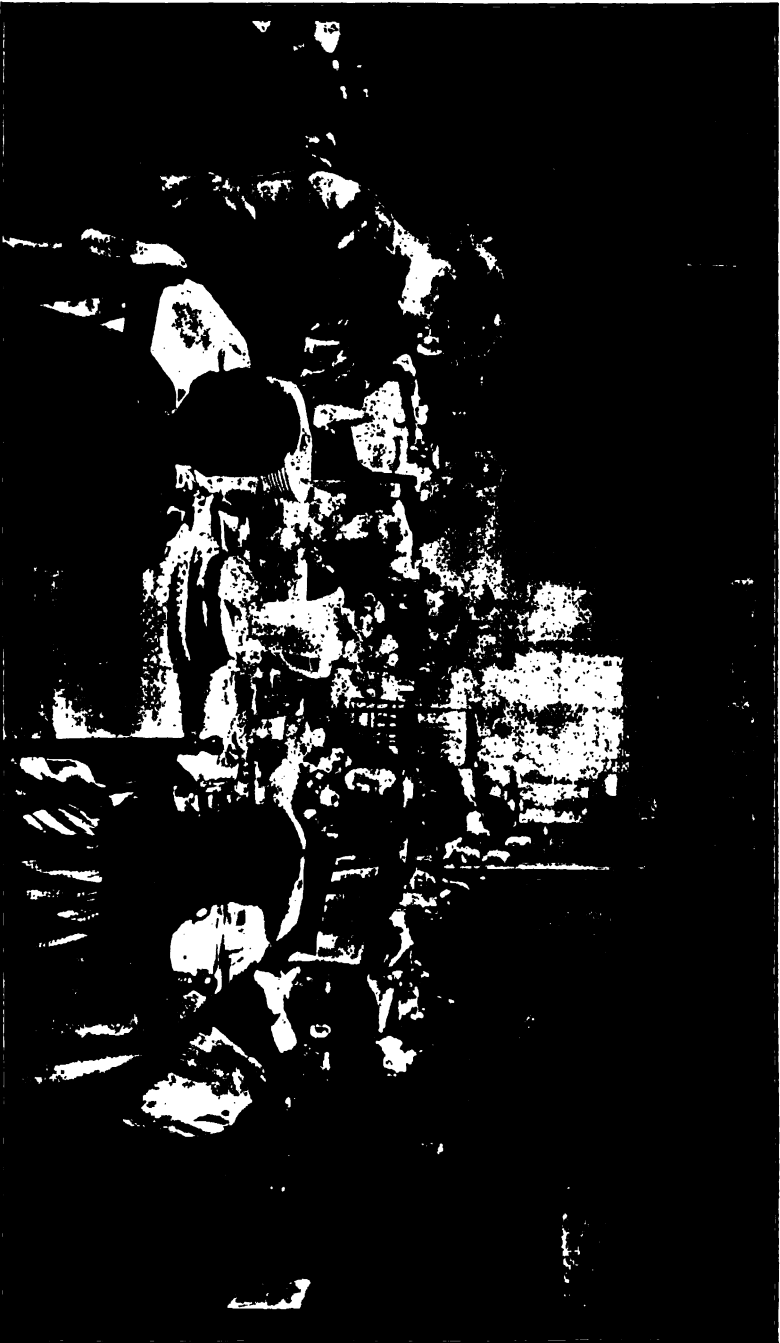
But I am so glad they can be taught to talk, as they are here and in many other schools now.

And isn't it lovely that they can learn to *hear with their eyes*?

That is what deaf people do when they tell what we say by just looking at our faces.

I wish you had been with me as I went about the dining room that pleasant evening, listening to these deaf children talk.

The older ones talked away just as they had done on the playground, asking and answering all sorts of questions without



IN THE DINING ROOM.

any trouble, and understanding everything I said to them so well that I could hardly believe they were deaf.

But their voices are not just like yours or mine, and you might have to listen a little more carefully in order to understand what some of them say.

They can all give single sounds very well and say single words plainly, but it is much harder for them to speak perfectly when they are telling a long story, and even the best of them have not bird-like voices. Of course not. Could you or I, if we never heard our own voices?

But they *do* talk well, and they *do* understand well, and one beautiful thing about it is, that this teacher thinks all are perfect and that each mother thinks her child has the best speech and the sweetest voice!

Isn't that just like your mother?

Soon after listening awhile to the older children, I went to the tables where the younger children were, to see what they were doing, and at last—and this was the best of all—I saw how the babies make a beginning; and wouldn't you like to know how they did it?

When one of them wanted some milk, he pointed to the milk pitcher, of course, just as he had always done at home.

The teacher filled a cup and said "milk," "milk," but did not give it to him yet.

She held it out, moving it slowly toward him, still saying "milk," "milk," "milk."

And when the little fellow puckered up his mouth and tried to say the word himself, as he was sure to do after a little coaxing every time, there was great rejoicing at the table and he got the milk pretty quick, you may be sure.

Of course he did not say the word exactly right the first time; but he is beginning to know what words are for, and if he keeps on trying he will learn to say it better and better, which is just the way all babies do when they are learning to talk.

And one of the kind teachers is always near, ready to help them do their very best whenever they try to talk.

One of these teachers (you can see her in the Saturday morning picture) told me all about what they do in school and what a good time they have on Saturdays, and how they learn to

sew and to make things in clay and wood, and how beautifully they draw and write letters home, and how they love and help each other, and how the little children make pretty things in their kindergarten, just as you do.

And I made up my mind I *must* go again; and some day I will tell you about my next visit.

I know when you come to Chicago you will want to see them too, and you must ask your mamma to take you there.

I was going to show you a picture of the house, so that you would know the place when you got there, but I have left it at home!

When you get to Yale Avenue, your mamma can find number 6550.

It is a large red house with a deep porch, and if you should ring the bell perhaps one of the very children you have been reading about would open the door and invite you in, and talk with you!

A. H.

THE FIREFLIES.

OVER the quiet meadows,
Where the flowers have gone to bed,
The fireflies dance with their lanterns,
Guarding each drowsy head.

"They are fairies with lamps," said Louie,

"Telling the daisies good night."

"They are sparks from the skies," said Mary;

"I can see them burning bright."

But baby Helen looked solemn;

"I know," she said, "what I think;

I guess it is only the mammas,

And the baby flowers wanted a drink."

GUSSIE PACKARD DU BOIS.

AUGUST PLAY.

THE August days, long and full of warm sunshine, have come to the children at home and abroad. Out under the maple trees at the end of the garden walk, Mamma has placed a large dish of unshelled peas. "See," she says, as the children gather about her, "the doors of these little green houses have spring locks, and open with a snap. And here, sitting in a row, are the peas, waiting to be called out into the world to begin their work. What can we do with them?"



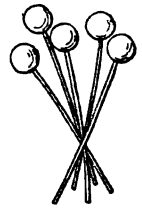
"Let's have a game," said Dick, "and tell all the things that we can do with the peas. I'll begin. First, you can shoot them through pea blowers."



"Don't you remember the Hans Andersen story, *Pea Blossom*?" said Mamma.

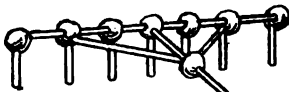
"You might make a garden and plant them," says Ethel.

"Supposing we use the pointed sticks and make a set of little garden tools for the dollies," suggests Mamma. "I have brought a bundle of toothpicks." And she proceeded to put a pea on each end of one.



"That looks like a dumb-bell," exclaimed the children.

"If you use different length sticks you can make



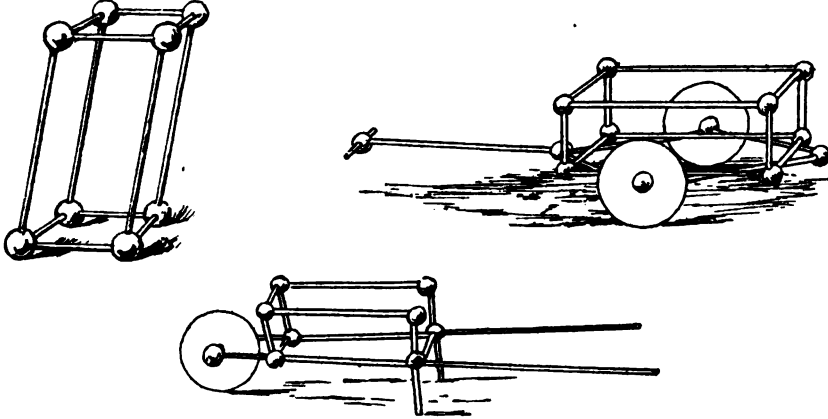
a fine rake," said Dick, who, having worked busily for some time, now held one up for the others to admire.

"If you press the stick into the round cheek of the pea it will hold much better," Mamma said.

"Yes, and the juice of the pea is just like glue; it holds the sticks so fast that they do not fall out," replied Edith.

So through the bright afternoon hours the nimble fingers

were busy and hearts were made happy, and when the children gathered their work up and returned to the house they decided that the dish of peas and the bundle of sticks were very pleasant companions for Summer days.



FANNY CHAPIN.

SUNBEAMS.

SEE the merry sunbeams
 Dancing on the grass,
 Kissing shrub and flower
 As they quickly pass;
 Lighting up dark corners,
 Making them so bright,
 Going hither, thither,
 Bringing warmth and light;

Dancing for the baby,
 On the nursery wall,
 How he often wonders
 Why they never fall;
 Then through field and meadow
 See them speed away,
 Spreading life and gladness,
 Making bright the day.

Happy little sunbeams,
 May I be like thee,
 Bringing joy and pleasure
 Where I chance to be!
 Doing deeds of kindness,
 Loving, gentle, free,—
 Pray, dear little sunbeams,
 Help me be like thee.

ALICE LOTHERINGTON.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.



WONDER how many of the children who read the CHILD-GARDEN have ever seen or heard of the beautiful shell called the "Chambered Nautilus."

Well, let me tell those who have not heard of Mr. Nautilus, his wonderful history, and I hope the children who do know him, will listen patiently; for it is such a strange and interesting story.

The shape of the Nautilus is much like that of the little brown snail we see crawling in our gardens; but the shell of the Nautilus is a lovely white, and much larger than that of the snail. Down among the bright sea mosses and dark kelp of the Pacific Ocean the Nautilus lives, right on the bed of the ocean.

When the funny little animal which lives in the shell is first hatched from the egg, he has a roof of lime over his back; but when, like all babies, he begins to grow older and larger, he makes his house larger, adding more and more rooms, until, after he is several years old, his house is divided into several rooms, just as our homes are.

The Nautilus is a busy little fellow, and works all the time. Little by little he builds all around and over him a roof and walls of lime, except in front, where he leaves an open place for a front door.

After awhile his room is too large to be warm and cozy, so he builds a partition or wall across the shell, shutting off a part of the house, and in this partition he leaves a tiny little window. He keeps on building more and more of the wall and roof in his outside room, making it larger to suit his growing body, until it is again too large to please him, and he is ready for another partition. But now we shall see what a wise little fellow our Nautilus is. Before he builds his new partition, he plays he is a little plumber, and lays a pipe or tube from the little window in the first partition, to the place where the window is to be in the new one, making it run from room to room, just as the hot water

pipes run from the water tank in your mamma's kitchen, through the walls and into the bathroom. Thus he goes on making room after room, with the water pipes running through each, and all the while the shell is growing larger and larger.

As he builds each little room it is filled with water, and this makes the shell so heavy that it stays on the bed of the ocean; but when Nautilus grows hungry or tired of the ocean bed, he does the funniest thing. He pumps all the water out of his house, through the little pipes, and when this is done the shell is so light that it rises right up to the surface of the water, and Mr. Nautilus looks out of his front door, which is always open, and sees the warm sunbeams dancing on the water, and the happy sea gulls flying over the waves, dipping their wings in the spray.

When Nautilus has eaten his breakfast and taken a good long breath of fresh air, all he has to do is to draw the salt water back into his shell, and it is made so heavy again that it sinks straight down to the bottom of the ocean.

If you were to cut the shell of the Nautilus through vertically, you would see all the different rooms where he used to live; but it seems a pity to break into the rooms after the doors were closed and so securely locked long ago.

Don't you think the Nautilus is a wonderful little fellow to know just how to build his house and do all he does do?

There are many beautiful and wonderful shells, and nature has painted them in lovely colors; but to me, the most wonderful of them all is the Chambered Nautilus.

SEASHORE SONG.*

DOWN on the beach from morn till night,
We sit and play in the sand so white;
With our buckets and shovels and shells,
We build high hills and we dig deep wells.

Sometimes we look up into the sky,
To watch the sea gulls flying by,
While far away in the bright sunlight,
The sails of the boats are gleaming white.

VIRGINIA B. JACOBS.

* The above is to be sung to the tune of "Hush! Miss Lucy," and accompanied with appropriate gestures.

MISS PIXLEY'S SCHOOL.

(Continued from July.)



THE house door closed, and Fred knew that he was alone. He listened to Reuben's snoring, and wondered if *he* was ever afraid of anything. Then he began to wish he could go to sleep, and he fell to counting the stars that he could see through the opening in the tent front, and tried to trace the figures of the constellations that Miss Pixley had told them about in their little astronomy talks on the piazza just before bedtime. He could clearly see the big dipper, and he tried to imagine the bear behind it. Then he remembered that Miss Pixley had said that every star was a world, some of them a great deal bigger than ours, and it was only because they were so very far away that they looked like little twinkling stars. And he began to wonder if little boys lived in those worlds, and, if the worlds were bigger, if the boys were bigger too.

Everything was still except the chirping of the crickets, tree toads, katydids, and Reuben's snoring; but soon these sounds began to get fainter and fainter, and the stars seemed nearer—and there were boys on them, only they were pretty big boys, and he felt rather tiny and queer when they looked at him and laughed and called him a "cute little bug," and picked him up in their fingers to look at him. He didn't like it, but he remembered that they didn't know how he felt about it, and he tried to be polite, so he said: "Our world isn't as big as yours, and that's why I'm so little. I'm afraid you would find it rather small and uncomfortable down there, but I'd like to have you come down to our world and see all our pretty things, if you'd like to."

"What a polite bug," said the big boys. "We should like to go there if the people in your world are all as polite and kind as you are. Have you ever been here before? We'll show you how nice our world is."

And just as Fred thought he was going to see some of the wonderful things on this great, strange planet, he felt something cold on his face and put up his hand to see what it was. He heard Reuben snoring again, and the katydids and tree toads

and crickets chirping; and the stars were shining, little twinkling lights through the tent door; and something soft and warm that went purr-rr, he knew must be the pet kitten Metellma, beside him with her little cold nose on his face.

Next morning, Reuben declared that they would go hunting for breakfast, just as the Indians did.

"But we haven't any guns to shoot bears and deer with," said Fred, sorrowfully.

"Well, there ain't any bears and deer to hunt anyway," replied Reuben. "We'll have to take what we can find. Frogs will do."

"*To eat?*" screamed Fred.

"Sure; didn't you ever roast frogs' legs?" asked Reuben, who had long ago gotten over being surprised at Fred's exclamations or questions. "Come ahead and we'll have a jolly breakfast in fifteen minutes; you be the squaw and gather the sticks for a camp fire, and I'll be the chief and go hunting for the frogs."

Miss Pixley and Mr. and Mrs. Miller watched from the window the camp breakfast. Horace went out and joined in the daylight part of the Indian camp, and Fred told him he could be the papoose. The three boys sat crosslegged around a little blazing fire of sticks and brush, in the ashes of which their breakfast was roasting. Reuben knew just how long to leave the frogs' legs in the ashes to have them well roasted and tender, so when they were raked out, skinned, and the boys had picked the dainty little bones clean, Fred declared that it was the *very* best breakfast he had ever eaten, and if that was the way the Indians lived, he was going to begin right away to be a real, live Indian.

"I am going to the south meadow to cut the grass and weeds in the fence corners," called Farmer Miller from the porch. "Who wants to go with me?"

Visions of Indian wigwams vanished. "I do! I do!" shouted Fred. "Ask Miss Pixley if we can go botanizing."

So Fred sat on the top rail of the fence, while Farmer Miller sharpened his scythe and told why he had to be so careful to cut down the thistles before the pretty purple blossoms burst into downy-winged seeds that flew all over the farm and made

thistles grow among the wheat. And when Fred came back to where Miss Pixley and Horace were digging little plants to press for their collection, he had a pretty little green snake in his pocket, that Farmer Miller had caught for him and told him



that if he was careful of it and kind to it, it would become tame and be a very pretty pet.

They found four or five new plants for their collection that

must be examined very carefully and put under the microscope to see if there were any little features like any of the plants they had examined before, so that they could tell which families they belonged to.

"I know what this is," said Horace, holding up a pretty little purple flower; "it belongs to the pulse family."

"Let's see," said Fred; "has it a butterfly blossom? Why do we always look at the blossoms, Miss Pixley, when we want to tell what kind of a plant it is?"

"How do you recognize people, Fred?" asked Miss Pixley, instead of answering his question.

"Why, by looking at them; and if I've ever seen them before, I can tell who they are," said Fred.

"Yes, but *what* do you look at, their faces or their hands and feet?"

"Why, their faces, of course;" and Fred laughed to think of looking at people's feet to tell who they were.

"Well, so we look at the plants' faces—" began Miss Pixley.

"Oh, I know!" shouted Fred; "the blossoms are their faces, and the leaves their hands, and the roots their feet; aren't they, Miss Pixley?"

"Yes, I think that is a very good comparison; and if we can't see their faces we can sometimes tell by their queer-shaped hands or feet. And we can go farther. What do people have on their faces?"

"Oh, I know," chimed in Horace; "eyes, noses, and mouths."

"And what would be the eyes in the flowers?" asked Miss Pixley.

Fred and Horace looked into the flowers they held in their hands. "I guess the little anthers would be the eyes, Miss Pixley," said Fred thoughtfully.

"And the pistil the nose; and what would be the mouth, Miss Pixley?" asked Horace.

"Suppose we call the style and stigma the nose, and the ovary the mouth. How will that do?"

"How jolly, Miss Pixley; and we know the mustards by their eyes, and the mints by their mouths. I think that is great fun, Miss Pixley. Horace, the next time I find a flower, you ask me

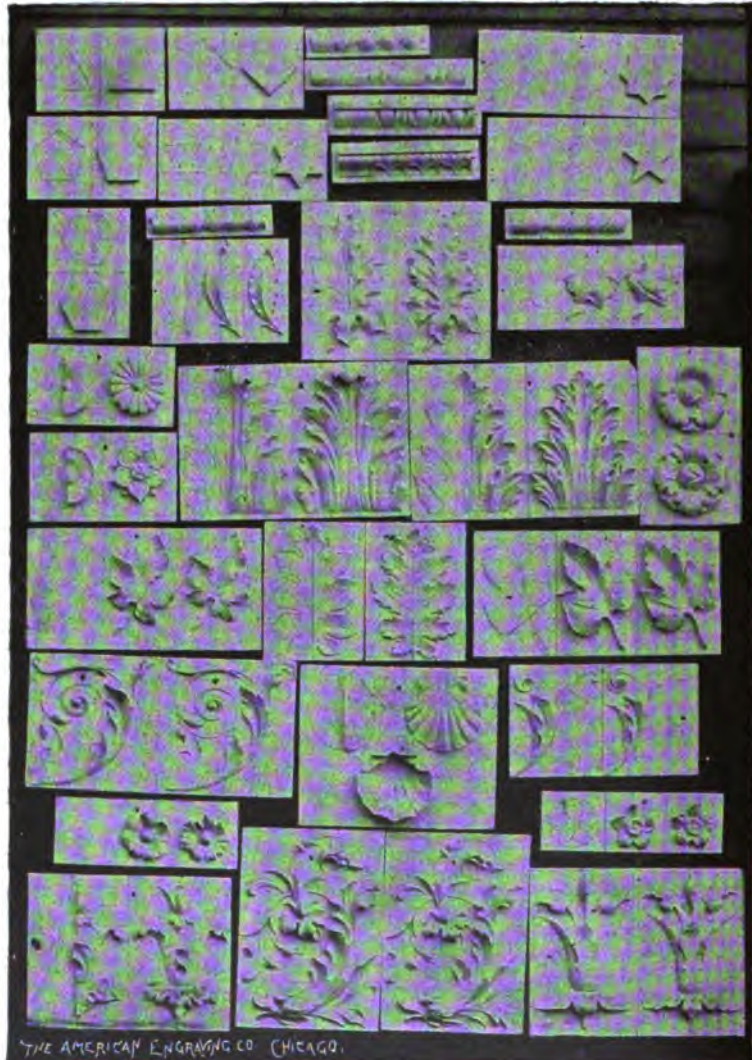
what kind of eyes it has, or mouth. Miss Pixley, you're always telling us nice little stories and showing us pretty things."

"I didn't tell you this, Fred; you found it out yourself. I only helped a little."

"I love you, Miss Pixley," said Horace, leaning his head up against her arm.

MAY H. HORTON.

(To be continued.)



SOME BEAUTY FORMS IN CLAY.

How many living stories are told by them?

A DAY IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

SUMMER has come and nearly gone, and the kindergarten is closed; but all the little ones can remember the bright, sunny rooms, the dear teachers, and the pretty work.

Why do you suppose you don't go to kindergarten every morning in Summer time just the same as in Winter? Do you suppose it is because there is a great big kindergarten out of doors, with Mother Nature for a teacher, and all the wonderful things she keeps in her earth cupboards for work?

Just suppose you think of the things you did each day in the kindergarten. First you sat around the circle and listened to the morning story, didn't you?



Can't you remember how you all sat with your legs crossed Turkish fashion, and heard *such* a nice story, and tried to keep the feet tucked under?

Well, don't you think you could go out and sit just so, Turkish fashion, in the grass and listen to the story Mother Nature tells the children? Do you wonder what it is? Well, you try it and listen very quietly and I think you will find that the leaves whisper pretty tales to the breezes, and the robins and catbirds and wrens all have stories to tell. And perhaps Mother Nature will drop a little black bug or green worm into your lap that

could tell you a story. Don't you think you might hear a beautiful morning story in Mother Nature's kindergarten?

Then you sang some songs and marched, didn't you? You surely can do *that* in Mother Nature's kindergarten. In fact, I think you do it every day. And after the circle you went quietly to your places at the tables and had a gift to work with. Perhaps you think Mother Nature hasn't provided any kindergarten work for you; but look carefully and see. Aren't there nice smooth stones, and pretty shells and twigs? Indeed, I think you can make as many things as you could with the blocks. You had some beautiful pictures, didn't you, in the kindergar-



ten? But Mother Nature has many more beautiful pictures than any your teacher could find to hang on the wall of her kindergarten room. Look up in the branches of some tree and find the bird's nest with the mother bird feeding her downy young ones; or down in the brook, and see the mother fish teaching her young ones to swim. Pretty pictures everywhere in Mother Nature's kindergarten.

And the little lunch time you had in kindergarten, all sitting around the tables and trying to be polite and quiet, can be enjoyed just as much at the lunch table at home.

Then the occupation work, sewing cards, painting, weaving mats, and folding papers, you won't think can be done in Mother Nature's kindergarten. But they can, or things very much like them. Can't you sew leaves into all sorts of things, using the

stems for pins and needles? And can't you weave the long, beautiful grasses into mats, and paint with the juices of the flowers? Try it and see.

And I think when you have tried a day in Mother Nature's kindergarten, you will remember the empty kindergarten room you have left, and think perhaps Mother Nature's kindergarten is the real one after all, and the bright sunny rooms and the kind teachers are only the very best kind of *make-believes*.



MAY H. HORTON.

BABY'S NAP.

IN the hammock swinging, swinging,
 Underneath the apple tree,
 Baby-blue-eyes, laughing, singing,
 Merrily in childish glee.
 Swiftly darning, mending, sewing,
 Sits dear Mamma just near by,
 Weaving loving thoughts of Baby,
 In and out, as needles fly.
 Gently rocking, swinging, swaying,
 Soon dear Baby falls asleep.
 Sweetly sleep, dear one, for Mamma,
 Sewing there, kind watch will keep.

HATTIE LOUISE JEROME.

THE DAUGHTERS OF SILVER-MIST.

ON THE FIRST GIFT.

(Continued from July.)

NOW, my loves, we will go to the garden," said the Nymph, springing on her sea horse once more, while Merlin helped the smallest sister to mount.

"Oh, how beautiful it all is!" cried the three sisters together. "We should like to stay in this garden always."

"Would you?" said the Nymph, smiling kindly.

The garden was a star-shaped pool at the foot of the water-fall. In the center was a pillar of glistening white quartz, which looked like a piece of Rainbow House in the sunshine. The beds were filled with sea anemones, periwinkles, and sea violets, which were carefully trained and kept free from seaweed.

"Where are you, Star?" called the Nymph. "I want you to meet the Gray Sisters." From one of the highest points of the white pillar there floated toward them a lovely fairy, in a robe of sea green, with a diamond star upon her brow.

"I think I shall leave my little friends with you, Star; and you are to show them in what they may be helpful. Then, children, if you are faithful and true, there may come a messenger from Father Rainbow. Still, pause not to look for him, but do what is before you bravely, and you will the sooner win your reward." The Nymph then kissed the little maids and left them.

"Oh, lovely Star, you are so beautiful, it will be a pleasure to serve you!" cried the oldest sister.

"Dear child," answered Star, sadly, "if you were willing to serve only those who are beautiful, think how much good would be left undone. I trust you will be ready to serve the ugly and unpleasant as well, or you will fail to become strong and noble."

"I will do whatever you wish, sweet Star. I am ready now," said the same sister.

"Then, dear, take this water cup," said Star, handing her a silver cup shaped like the leaf of the pitcher plant, "and go to the wood above the fall. There you will find the roots of the plants need much attention; see that there are no harmful worms or insects eating them. Wash and keep them well

moistened. Take also this silver spear. Do not slay the worms; we never do that; but drive them forth, for they may not be permitted to live on others."

The Gray Sister was much disappointed. She did not wish to look for worms, or care for the roots of the plants. But the wise Star knew what was best for her, so fastened on the girdle, to which the cup was attached by a little chain.

To the second sister Star gave the charge of all the leaves. She was to chase those mischievous red spiders away, besides other troublesome things. The third sister was to see that the flower petals were free from dust; was to start some of the tiny seeds upon the back of Fairy Breeze when the right time came, and send others down to Mother Earth at once, or wrap them up carefully in dried pods for next year. To each of these sisters Star gave a cup and spear, with the same caution, that nothing was to be killed on any account. Then she said farewell to them, and they floated to the top of the fall.

Very earnestly did the maidens work for a long time. Sometimes Merlin would pass, sitting astride of his watchful Echo, at the head of his school, as he took the fishes for a watery frolic. He would nod gayly to the sisters ere he glided over the fall, playing a merry tune on his horn the while. Or Star would come to see if the garden in the woods was as lovely as her own; and once the dear Nymph herself came, and, after inspecting their work with kindly eyes, had said it could not be better.

She then took them with her to spend the day; but when they returned they found the spiders and worms had taken possession of the flowers again in their absence, so they were forced to work harder than before.

It chanced one day there came up a heavy shower, and the sisters were obliged to take refuge in the buds of the elder blossom to avoid being blown away. After the storm, when all was wet and glistening, a most wonderful thing happened. The Gray Sisters saw a bridge of rainbow springing from the clouds and resting on the tree tops. While they were gazing at this, there came three lovely maidens across it. One was dressed in red, one in blue, one in yellow. Going to the Water Nymph and Star, who had come to the surface of the pool, they greeted

them, then spoke in low tones. Presently the Nymph called the Gray Sisters, and Red Ray spoke thus: "We come from Father Rainbow, in search of three little sisters, because we each want another. We did not know where to find really earnest maids, so came to the Water Nymph, who knows all things. She tells us that you have been faithful, loving workers, so we wish to take you with us to Rainbow House. Will you come and live with us?"

"We shall be sorry to leave thee, dearest Nymph and our wise Star; but we have long wished to live in that beautiful house," answered the Gray Sisters.

"Come, then, dear fairies," cried Red Ray. "Only first you must have bright gowns; for it would never do to go in these plain gray ones. Come with me, Blue Ray; we must make them charming enough to please my father." So saying, they went to a flower cup filled with raindrops. Red Ray flirted the edge of her gown in the water; Blue Ray did the same. Then they dipped one of the gray dresses into the flower cup, and it came out a deep purple. Red Ray and Yellow Ray then went to another cup, and dipped their skirts, and the next gray gown came up a rich orange; then Blue Ray and Yellow Ray went to still another cup, and did as their sisters had done, and the third dress came out a bright green. The Gray Sisters now put on the pretty gowns, and the Rainbow sisters named them with a kiss, Purple, Orange, and Green Ray.

At this moment came from every bush and tree, pool and fall, soft music like a chime of bells, while sweet voices sang:

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits."

As the song died away, the little sisters found themselves floating slowly over the bridge, the Nymph and Star waving a smiling farewell. Thus these dear maidens had gained the reward of living forever in Rainbow House, with their kind foster sisters.

MAUD E. UPJOHN.

[THE END.]

WATER FAIRIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

WHILE Julia's mamma was cooking dinner the other day, she heard the queerest noise! and looking around, saw that it came from the fire and the teakettle. She knew then that the water and fire fairies were chattering together; so she tiptoed round very softly about her work, that she might listen to what they were saying.

The fire fairies called to the little fairies in the teakettle, "Work away; work away; work away to see which can fly the fastest to join the little friends outside! The sun fairies are calling them from ponds, rivers, streams; from damp roads, pavements, and everywhere, to tell that there is work for them to do at their home in the skies."

Then the water fairies whispered and puffed and buzzed, saying: "Here we go; here we go;" hurrying and scrambling till the water fairly bubbled.

Some of them flew through the spout of the kettle; some were so impatient that they pushed up the lid and crept through the crack, till the very last little fairy was gone. Through the windows and doors they went, and Mamma could see them no longer; nor could she even hear them, for the little wings flew so softly and the sweet voices were so gentle, that not a sound came to anyone.

How glad they were to be out doors again! Their friends were filling the air everywhere around, and so pleased to see them! The great sun fairy smiled down upon them and called, "Come on; don't stop to play. There is work for all up here." The little fairies laughed, and hurried fast as they could go, to see whom they could help next.

Higher and higher they went, till after awhile it began to grow a little cold; so they crept closer together. Up, up they flew, more and more of them; colder and colder the air grew. Then they huddled so close together, that a great dark cloud was formed. The cloud sailed across the sky, more water fairies joining all the time, and all wondering what their next work would be.

They sailed for a great many miles, till the cloud had grown so large that there was not room for even one fairy more. Then they knew 't was time to go to work again. They had had a very happy time together, and now were ready to give help wherever it was needed.

They looked down from their cloud home, and saw a great, dusty country. "Dear me," they said, "I'm sure that they have had no rain there for many days, and know this must be the very place we are needed."

So down one fairy started, then another and another followed, till "millions of bright raindrops were dancing all around." Some covered the dusty roads, to make it cool and pleasant for those who traveled over them; some rolled down the house tops, through the pipes and into the cisterns, which were almost empty; others filled the ponds and streams, refreshed thirsty trees, flowers, and grass, till at last their work was done and the great sun fairy came back again, looking so pleased and glad to have had such kind, loving little helpers!

MAMIE GREEN.

A WHEAT STORY.

IT was told to John.

John is a little boy whose home is in the wheat lands of the great West.

It wasn't his mamma who told it to him, nor his papa; it was the wheat.

There was only one way in which the wheat *could* tell a story, and that was to live it. It couldn't even do this of itself.

The story was all folded away with the dear little baby plant, cradled in its own tiny seed. But it never would have been told, and the baby would have slept to this day, if the raindrops and sunbeams had not been sent to waken it.

But first the bed had to be made. It was a great, wide bed, — acres and acres of land that had to be broken up, and made soft and loose and fine with plow and harrow.

Then the little seed were put to bed and covered over with soft earth. There were more seed than we could count; but it happened to all just as it did to the one I am going to tell you about.

The rains softened it, the sun warmed it, and soon the little plant awoke. Mother Nature knew that this baby would be hungry when it awakened, and so she had packed food all around it, enough to last till it would be able to get it for itself.

The cradle was no longer large enough to hold it. The little white feet stretched out and down into the soft earth, and with its slender arms it began to reach up toward the sunlight.

One happy day John came running in to tell his mamma that the wheat was up. That was the time that the story began for him. How the wheat laughed to hear him, after all the wonderful things that had happened. John's mamma knew, and she told him of the real beginning. This was one of the hard words in the story that John could not spell out for himself, and whose meaning he did not know.

The rains fell and the sun shone, and the wheat grew night and day. John's papa said that he could almost see it grow.

When the wheat was tall enough to be blown by the wind, John came in with shining eyes.

"Mamma, you said that it would be a story told to my eyes; but it is for my ears too. The wheat sings to me."

Day by day the song grew stronger and sweeter.

The wheat began to joint and then to head. Its color faded to a pale yellow and brightened to gold. Then John's papa said it was ready to cut.

Those were busy days. John thought the story had never been so interesting. It was wonderful to watch the machines as they went through the field, cutting, binding in bundles, and shocking the grain.

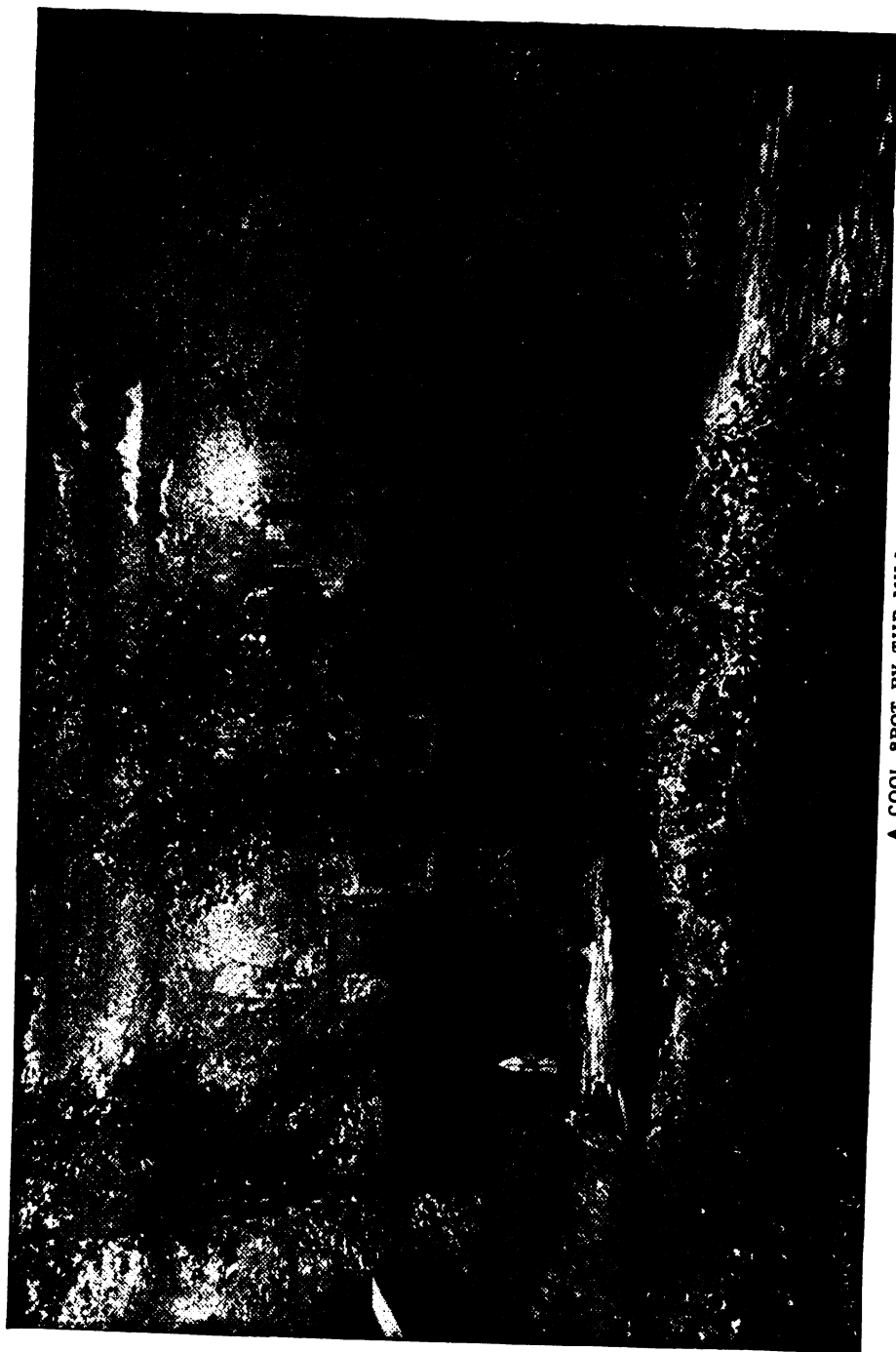
A few days in the hot sun, and then the wheat was ready for its next helper.

All day long, for days and days, the loaded wagons were driven up to the great thrasher, out of which poured a steady stream of just such tiny seeds as John's papa had sown in the ground in the Spring.

When it was all over, and the men had gone away, John looked over the great bare field and said, with a little quiver in his voice: "Is this the end, Mamma? Is the story *all* told?"

"Oh, no, my darling; this is only the beginning."

HELEN MAR DOUGLASS.



A COOL SPOT BY THE MILL.



THE GYPSY QUEEN'S DAUGHTER.

CHILD-GARDEN

OF STORY, SONG, AND PLAY.

Vol. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1894.

No. 10.

THE NATIONAL FLOWER.



HERE tossing my plumes at the top of my stem,
I gather the sun rays to give them again.
High over the grasses I wave and I nod
And bend, and they call me the Golden-rod.

When the fairies are out in the clear moonlight
I stand as sentinel all the long night,
To guard the meadow and hill and lane,
And warn them when daybreak is coming again.

The two tallest elves of the gay fairy band
Climb to the top of my stem, where they stand
To look toward the east for the first sign of day;
Then they call to the dancers, and all haste away.

Their light, gentle weight just arches my stem
At the very tiptop, and that's why I bend;
That, and whispering down to the grasses,
To tell them of every bright thing that passes.

I can only tell them of things that are bright,
For they're all I know: the sun and his light,
The beautiful rainbow, the moon soft and mellow,
And the glittering stars of golden yellow.

W. S.

A PEOPLE WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

THINK how strange it would be not to have a country! no homes or gardens or farms to own or live in! no Washington's Birthday or Fourth of July to celebrate! no Thanksgiving day; no Christmas; no grandfather's farm to visit! You all think it would be a dreadful way to live, I am sure.

But there is a people that lives without all these things, and they are perfectly happy and contented, and their children have the best of times and more fun than you would think. They are the gypsies.

As homeless wanderers they drift from town to town and from state to state, traveling by night with their covered wagons and ponies, pitching their tents beside a small stream at the edge of the woods if possible. In the evening they light their camp fires and cook over the coals, and then dance and sing and play their games about the fire.

They travel about in small tribes as our Indians used to do, but they have a beautiful queen instead of a chief, whom they love and obey as the mother of the tribe. They dress in bright rich colors, and are fine riders.

Not long ago I heard a dear grandfather telling some little folks of his visit to a gypsy camp when he was a little boy, and of a queer lunch he ate with them. It was in July, when the elder bushes were in bloom, with their broad, snowy blossoms.

One of the gypsy mothers went round the bush with a dish of thin batter, and bending down the branches, dipped the beautiful flowers in it, while another woman came after her with a pan of hot grease and held the flower in it till the batter was baked, and then let the branch fly back. When all the blossoms were baked, the children danced round the bush, singing and shouting, and then sat down on the grass and ate these wonderful pancakes. The next day he and some of the other village boys went back, but the gypsies had gone in the night, and the elder bush was bare.

E. H. S.

THE MUSLIN DRESS.

HELEN was delighted, one morning, when her mother said she might wear her white muslin dress to the kindergarten. Although she had several others just as pretty, this one was her favorite, because, she would say, one day it told her such a wonderful story.

She had not yet learned to cut with scissors, and as she sat making a doll's dress out of a piece of the muslin, she tried with all her might to tear it. She tried and tried, but could not succeed, for she was only a little girl, and had not much strength in her hands. "Try to tear it lengthwise, my little friend, and you will see how easily it will tear," said a soft voice.

Helen looked around to see who it was that spoke to her, but she saw no one. She knew her mother was very busy in the garden, and the voice seemed so near, yet she could see no one. Then she thought she was mistaken, and had not heard anyone speak, and began again to tear the piece of muslin.

This time she heard some one laugh, such a musical, mischievous laugh!

"Who can it be?" said Helen.

Again she heard the laugh, and the voice said, "I'm your little muslin dress, and the piece you are making your doll's dress with is my little sister. I am glad you have taken her out of that closet, for we do not like to be hidden from all that makes the world so beautiful. We love the sunlight, the gentle rain, and the soft, sweet breath of the south wind more than all, for they were the good friends who helped to make us grow."

"Grow!" exclaimed Helen; "why, I never in all my life heard of cloth growing."

"Ah, but we were not always cloth."

"What were you, then, and how did you grow? Didn't you always live in the store until mamma bought you to make me this dress?"

"No, no, my little friend, the store was not always my home; and very glad I am that it was not, for my relatives and I were not always handled very gently there. When not being tossed

about, we were tucked under shelves where we could scarcely breathe."

"Where were you, then, before you went to the store?" exclaimed Helen with great surprise, for she thought the store was the beginning of everything.

"In a great building called a factory," said the muslin dress; "and I shall never forget the day I arrived there. Oh, the noise, confusion, and the changes I underwent in such a rapid manner were more puzzling to me than is the knowledge, to you, that we were not always cloth, but once grew and enjoyed being with our friends as much as you.

"I will not try to tell you of all the processes I went through in that dreadful place; but when I came out I was greatly changed, for you must know that we can be changed into a greater variety of forms than any other textile material; and in some parts of the world all the clothes worn are made from us. You see how very useful we are to mankind. Now I shall tell you of my home, the place I love best of all. It is in a far sunny land, where the birds sing all Winter, and the flowers bloom all the year, and the sunbeams are ever playing with the gentle south wind; for Jack Frost seldom comes to my sunny home, and when he does come, the sunbeams and south wind soon chase him away. You ask how we grow? The good farmers put us to sleep in Mother Earth's warm bed in the Spring. It is not long after that, before we are awakened by the bursting of our little black jackets; then we hurry up as fast as we can to see our friends, the sunbeams, birds, and flowers who have been waiting for us. Yes, we have a pretty yellow flower, from which the humming bird, bee, and butterfly delight to sip the nectar.

"Then appears a little pod-like ball, which is very important; for it is in this snug little house with its four little rooms that my sisters and I live packed just as tight as Mother Nature knows how to store away her children,—and no one seems to know better than she. But as all things grow, so did we; and very soon our snug little houses became too small to hold us, and out we popped, dressed in such a soft, fleecy white robe,—as white and beautiful as the snow! We were very happy then, dressed so beautifully, and everyone watched and cared for us so tenderly; for they did not want a storm to come and spoil our lovely white robes.

"After Summer had gone and it was time to leave our play field, we were all gathered and put in a house made purposely for us. There were so many of us, that it took many days to get us all together.

"Everyone far and near helped,—the old men and women, the young boys and girls, and even the little 'tots.' What fun it did seem to them, for they talked, laughed, and sang all the time! But these people were not always so light-hearted and free, for I sometimes heard the old men and women tell sad stories of the long ago, when the very roots of my ancestors were given their secrets and their tears; for they had a deep sorrow.

"Some day I should like to tell you more of these people, for I have always lived among them, and know a great deal about them."

Just then the footsteps of Helen's mother caused her to open her blue eyes, and she exclaimed: "Oh, Mamma, my muslin dress has told me such a wonderful story!" So real did it seem to Helen, that she could scarcely realize that it was only a dream.

After her mother had heard the story, she said: "I am sure, Helen, if your muslin dress *could* talk, it would tell you just such a true story."

IRENE SMALLWOOD.



GOLDEN-ROD.

BY the dusty roadside,
In the meadow green,
Golden-rod so yellow
Everywhere is seen.

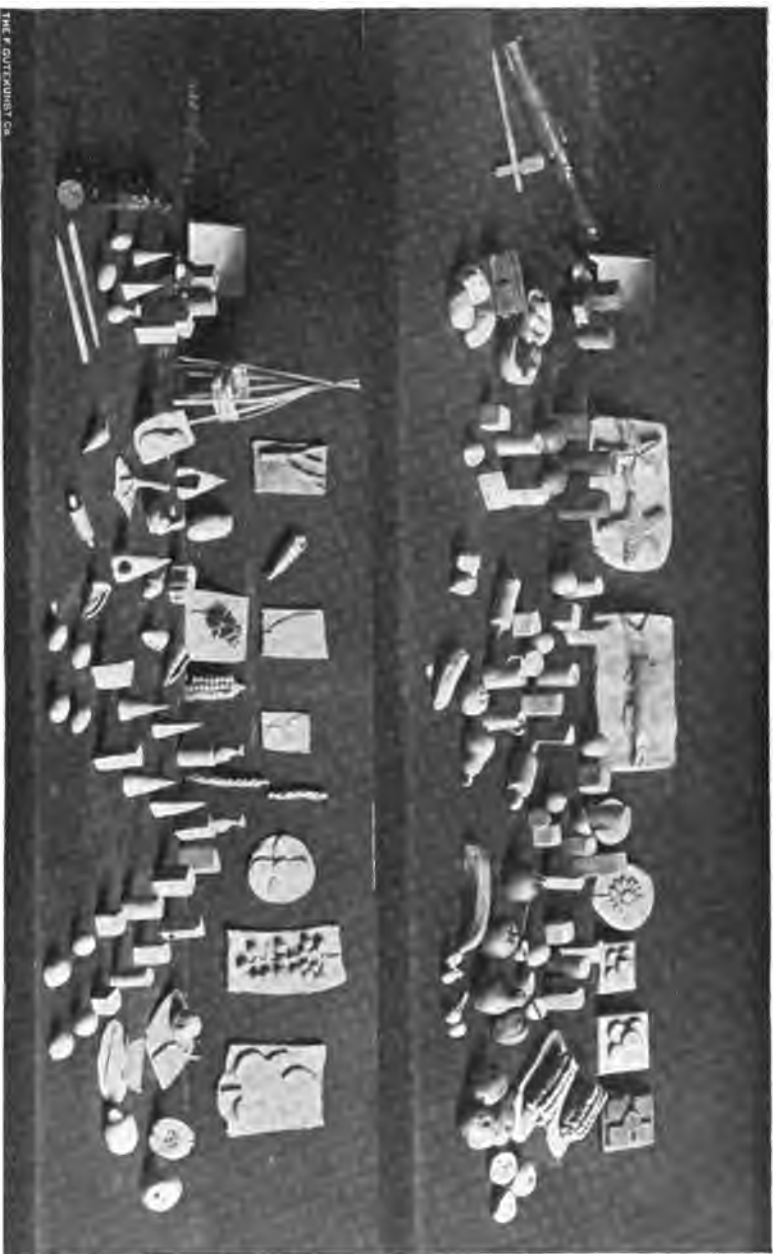
Is the good-by message
Of sweet Summer hours
Trusted to the keeping
Of your tiny flowers?

For when you are blooming,
Yellow rod so dear,
We know your golden scepter
Proclaims King Autumn near.

Still you tint the meadows
With a golden light
Borrowed from the sunbeams
Of the Summer bright.

May we learn your lesson,
Little rod of gold,
So to catch the sunshine
And its brightness hold!

CATHARINE R. WATKINS.



CLAY MODELING

By boys who could not see, in the primary department of Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind.
 Upper portion, first year; lower portion, second year work, including nature work. Hiawatha's wigwam illustrates splint work.

THE CLOSED GATE.

(A Story of the Children in the Pennsylvania Institution
for the Blind.)



NICE old storybook says that every little boy and girl lives in a walled city with five gates,—ear-gate, eye-gate, nose-gate, mouth-gate, and feel-gate. But sometimes some of the gates get out of order and can't be used, and then the little boy or girl has to go oftener through one of the other gates; but if he is careful and patient, he can find his way just as well through one gate as another.

Shut your eyes, and see where you can go through feel-gate and ear-gate, and nose-gate; or hold your hands over your ears, and see how far you can get through the other gates.

The CHILD-GARDEN has told you about some little boys and girls who can't use ear-gate, and what long journeys they go through the other gates. There are other little children, who can't use eye-gate, and I want to tell you about them. Down in Philadelphia there is a school for these little children, and they have a kindergarten just like yours. They sing songs and play games, and use the gifts and clay and cards; and when they start out of their little walled city to a clay cube, they go through feel-gate, instead of through eye-gate as you do; and look at the picture and see whether they do not reach the clay cube just as well as you do. Perhaps it takes them a little longer to go around that way, for these were not kindergarten children who made all the things in this picture, but little boys and girls who had gone from the kindergarten into the primary school. But could you, with your eye-gate open, make any nicer banana than the one in the picture? Why, it looks good enough to eat! And they learn to read and write, and play on the piano and violin. And they get so that by and by they can go out of feel gate and around the corners just as quickly as you can go right out by eye-gate. Some of the little boys and girls, when they first come to this school, think they will have to stay inside their little city walls because the front gate is closed; but their teachers coax

them out the back gates and show them the way, and they find that feel-gate is a beautiful gate although it is a back gate.

And they find their way through geography, and arithmetic, and sewing, and carpenter work, and sometimes they find so many things outside of feel-gate that they keep on and go through college. And all because these kind teachers at the Philadelphia school coaxed them first out of feel-gate and showed them the way.

One little boy five years old, coming out of his city, found a wagon; but he had come out through feel-gate, and he asked his teacher how many legs a wagon had; and when she told him that wagons didn't have legs, he said, "But it goes; it must have legs!"

Then his teacher told him all about wheels, and took him around the corner to wheels, and he sewed them on his card and made them in clay until he knew wheels just as well as though he had found them through eye-gate. Wouldn't you like to know these little children? Wouldn't you enjoy showing them the way sometimes, when you had found it quickly through eye-gate? And perhaps they could show you some things that they found more quickly through feel-gate.

They are very happy little boys and girls and have a beautiful kindergarten, and I know you would love them and enjoy being with them.

M. H. H.

SEPTEMBER.

THIRTY days, let all remember,
 Hath the glorious month September.
 First to come in Autumn's train,
 It hath brought to hill and plain
 Brightest tints of glowing red,
 Spread at feet and hung o'er head.
 It hath brought the fruit trees laden
 For each lad and little maiden;
 It hath brought the Autumn flowers
 For our joy in golden hours,—
 Hours so bright that, as they fly,
 We would hold, not bid good-by.

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.

THE STAR AND THE FIREFLY.

LITTLE star, I see thee,
And thou tell'st to me
That the eventime is here,
When I rock my baby dear.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Little lamp, I see thee
Flying ever near me
When the eventime is here,
And I rock my baby dear.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Little lights shine for thee;
Star so far above me,
Little firefly hov'ring near,
When I rock thee, baby dear.
Sleep, baby, sleep.

EVA A. MADDEN.

BEYOND THE DUNES.*

LIKE a huge, placid beast, the ocean was lapping the rocks at the foot of a great bluff. In the hollows of the worn rocks were pools of water that the tide had left. The moon shone full upon them and revealed in every pool a water fairy. The last wave had left them there, locked in and sorry.

"Oh," sighed one, as she seated herself mournfully on a shell at the edge of her pool, "it is too bad for the great, rough fellow to leave us here!" and she dropped a tear on her green robe.

"Don't grieve, Emerald, don't!" said a fairy that looked like blue mist. "He will come back after us, I'm sure."

"If he doesn't, Azure, I'll never dance on his billows again," said another, that made one think of dewdrops in the moonlight. "He may be brown and ugly for all me. Don't you say so too,

* Dunes are mounds, ridges, or hills of loose sand heaped up by the wind on the seacoast.

Foam? I'll dance on this old rock first." And the little sprite began at once, and danced until the old rock shone so you would have thought a sunbeam had touched it.

"I want to do more than dance, Pearl. Sometimes I'm almost tired of dancing," replied Azure.

"Tired of dancing!" and the sprites all stood poised in amazement.

"You might scour the sands," said Pearl, laughing pertly.

"No, the waves do that."

"Or grind the stones."

"No, no! the waves do all of that."

"You might go down deep in the ocean and wash the corals free," said the youngest fairy soberly.

"Oh, Pink, you don't know what you say! It is not all corals down there," the fairies cried, and fluttered closer together.

"No, I want to go up higher," said Azure, looking up. "I'd like to visit the fairies of the mist. There are some of them in that little cloud by the moon; maybe they could tell me what to do."

"Oh, what pretty robes they wore this evening when the sun set!" hummed Pearl, still fluttering over her pool.

"I would like to wear one of those saffron gowns that they wore tonight, instead of this old white;" and Foam looked down at her gown with a dissatisfied air.

"It must be lovely up there; but it is so high," said Emerald, timidly, "I'd be afraid to go."

"But maybe they could tell us something more to do, Emerald," said Azure; "something more than dancing all the time."

"And we could sail far up in the sky, and wear those lovely robes," added Foam.

"And dance on the moonbeams and sunbeams too," cried Pearl, whirling over her pool like a water bug.

"Oh! and then we can see what there is beyond the sand dunes, Emerald," urged Azure; "maybe there is something we can do there."

"We don't want to do more than to sail or dance," laughed Pearl and Foam. But Emerald whispered, "Dear Azure, I would like to help you do something more, but how can we go? I'm afraid."

"Let us ask the ocean," said Azure; and just then a big wave washed over and set them free. They danced down a long silver path that the moon had made, and asked the ocean how to reach the fairies of the mist.

"Who are you?" said the ocean, in such a grave voice that Emerald trembled. But Pearl answered pertly, "The fairies of the water."

"The sun will take you," he answered, so harshly that they asked no more questions.

"The sun is coming," said Azure, pointing to the faint flush in the sky. "Let us go to the beach and dance on the opal path. When he comes we can ask him."

While the other fairies of the water danced on the pearl-tinted surface of old ocean, these four danced on the beach, and at last asked the sun to take them to the fairies of the mist.

"Very well," said the sun; "stay where you are on the sand, and at noon I will take you."

They were very happy, and danced like thistle-down over the wet sand. The first waves rolled around them and laughed; the next waves just touched them. "Good-by," they said, and laughed and kissed the fairies' feet.

"Stay just where you are on the sand," said the sun kindly, "else I cannot take you."

The waves were rolling farther and farther away. They still laughed, but some called for the fairies to come back.

"It is no longer nice here," pouted Foam, as she looked at her pretty robe all dusk colored; "I'm going back to the ocean." But the others still danced on the sands. Now all the waves are calling.

"I can't dance any more, I'm so weak," panted Pearl. "The sun is so hot! I'm sure he will kill us;" and she fluttered weakly to the nearest wave that was calling them.

And now the two little water fairies could no longer dance, the sands were so hot. They gasped, and wondered if the sun would forget to take them; they would surely die if he did. The sands were drying around them. Were they dying?

Just then a big wave broke on the beach furiously. Then it rolled over and over the sand to bring back the water fairies.

Emerald trembled with fear, and the wave drew her back,

but Azure crawled just out of the wave's reach, onto the dry sand. The sun's rays were fierce and hot, but she whispered faintly, "I want to see over the dunes—something more to do." And then a little white mist wreath floated off over the sands where Azure had been, up higher and higher, until it met a small white cloud. Azure had left the ocean.

"Are you the fairies of the mist?" she asked, as she met the white cloud.

"Yes; and we are glad to see you, cousin. You are one of us now," they answered, and received her eagerly.

"Where are you going?" said Azure; and she noticed that their robes were of a dull color, but very delicate.

"We are hurrying to a great gathering of the fairies of the mist."

"Are you going to dance?"

"No; we have too much work to do."

"And may I help?" cried Azure eagerly.

"We were going to ask you to help us. It is beautiful work."

"What is it?" and Azure looked wonderingly at rank upon rank of the mist fairies, in such multitudes that they darkened the sky.

"This is our place," said her companions, as they stopped at the outer edge. "Do you see that country down there, where the leaves hang like rags on the trees; where the rivers are dry and the dogs loll in the street for thirst?"

"Why!" cried Azure, "that is beyond the dunes." She had forgotten, until now, to look back to the world she had left.

"See how the leaves are choking with the dirt, and the people and the cattle are panting with the heat. We fairies will meet a cold wind, and together we will go down and cool the parched earth, and wash it clean and make it sparkle. It is hard meeting the wind, for he is rough and cold; but then we make the world so happy."

"Oh, let us hurry!" said Azure eagerly.

A dark cloud covered the sky and hid the sun. A cool wind moved the leaves, and then the rain fell. It washed the air and the trees and the houses, the flowers and the grass, until they sparkled and the leaves were fresh and green again. The cattle and dogs drank, and shook their clean sides in happiness. The

people came out and enjoyed the fresh air, looked at the clean, bright earth, and thanked God for the rain.

The raindrops laughed and gurgled in little rivulets down the hillside. They sang over the good work they had done, and more and more of them met, racing down the hill. At last their happy laughing and singing made quite a noise. Azure was with them. She saw that her robe was soiled and mud colored, but she was too happy to care. She had washed all the dirt from a little rosebud that was almost dead with dust. Oh, how glorious it was to do such work! And she sang with the rest on down the hill until they reached the sea.

Then the water fairies crowded around her. Was it pleasant with their cousins? and Why didn't she stay longer? they asked. Azure told about the fairies of the mist, about the land beyond the dunes, and of the lovely work they had done.

"How beautiful were all your robes last night!" said Foam, with a sigh. "Such gorgeous flame tints!" cried Pearl; "we watched you from the dance."

"And you were the loveliest of all, Azure," said Emerald.

"I don't remember. I thought we were all in dull colors. But I soiled my robe when I washed the flower bud."

"I wish I had gone with you," sighed Emerald.

"Come with me now. I'm going back. It is grand to do something in this world."

"To spoil your robe?" cried Foam.

"To choke and gasp on the sands?" said Pearl.

"No," said Azure; "to look beyond the dunes and keep the rosebuds clean." And she and Emerald danced down the opal path to meet the sun.

ADA A. BAKER.

A SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.*

I MADE the promised visit the other day, to Miss McCowen's little school for the deaf, and I know you will want me to tell you all about it.

I brought the picture of the home with me this time, and you can see it on the next page. The large house in the front of the picture is "6550," where I saw the children in the dining room, as I told you in the August CHILD-GARDEN.

The house at the right is "6544," and it is only used as sleeping rooms for the girls and their teachers. But I did not stop at either of these today, for I wanted to see the children in their classes. So I went under the carriage porch and down a broad stone walk between the other two houses, to the schoolhouse, which stands between the two and just behind them.

As I walked up on the schoolhouse porch—you cannot see it in the picture—George happened to be passing the door. He saw me, and with a pleasant smile he opened the door and said very plainly: "Will you walk in? Which class would you like to visit?"

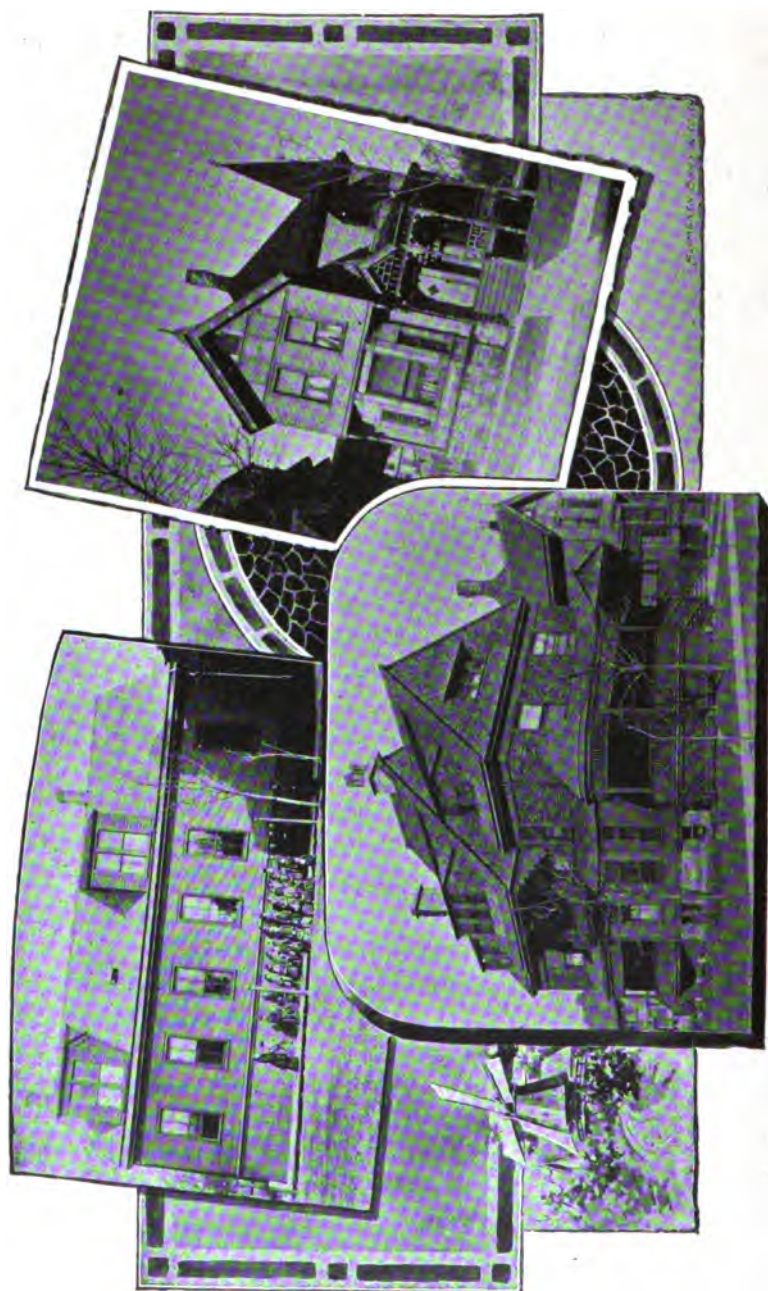
I told him I wanted to see the youngest class first.

"Oh, the babies," he said; "come this way, please;" and I followed him up stairs and into a long hall which he told me the children called "Midway." Looking out of a window, he showed me the "fresh-air" porch, where the little folks exercise when the grass is too wet to play out of doors.

Going into another hall we passed a blackboard covered with pictures of beautiful hills with tents, and many children in swings and hammocks; and some were running up and down hill, while some were in boats out on a lake, and seemed to be fishing.

I thought the pictures were very fine for children, and ventured to ask George if he drew them. But the way he said "Oh, no; that is some of Ward's work," made me know that Ward must be one of the small boys.

* The McCowen Oral School for Young Deaf Children. A private home boarding school, with nursery-kindergarten department for children between two and five years of age. MARY MCCOWEN, Principal, 6550 Yale Ave., Chicago.



THE BUILDINGS.

But he went on to tell me how some friends had invited the children to spend the month of August at Bluff Lake, and how much they all enjoyed it; and he showed me on Ward's pictures where the stove was, and the ice box, and the dining table. He pointed out the spring where the boys got drinking water, and the place on the lake near the shore where the children gathered water lilies, and another place where the horses and cows used to come at just four o'clock every afternoon for a drink.

Then he surprised me by saying, "Frank and Dean told me all about it. I wasn't there, but I should like to have been."

It didn't take half so long to talk all this as it has to write it, and we were soon at the door of the kindergarten nursery, a beautiful homelike room with large windows, and bright with sunshine and happy children.

I knew you would want to see the children, so I have brought you a picture of them all standing in a row.



Theodore, the "good boy" of the class, is the largest, and stands behind. Then come Lance, Elmer, Duke, Eric, and in front wee baby Esther, who has a very winsome face although she does not look pretty in the picture.

Another lady besides myself was visiting the school that

morning, and as we talked *together* about the children she said it made her very sad *to see* a two-year-old baby at school away from its *mother*. I asked her if she knew when babies usually learned to talk.

"Oh, yes," she said; "I have two of the sweetest children you ever saw. My little girl began to talk when she was eleven months old, and both of them talked beautifully before they were three years."

Then we looked at each other with tears in our eyes, as we thought of these dear children.

Even baby Esther was two years old, and the others in this class were three and four and five and six years old, before anyone had tried to teach them to talk!

Of course they could not learn without help, because they *did not hear*; and their *mammas did not know how* to help them. And when we thought of this, we were both so glad they had come to this school where kind teachers know how to teach them to talk; only we wished they had come when they were younger still, don't you?

But Miss McCowen says that the *mammas* are going to learn how to teach their own deaf babies, and after awhile all the deaf children will be taught to talk and to know what is said to them, *while they are babies*, just as other children are. I wish they would hurry up and do it right away, don't you?

But I mustn't forget to tell you about the lessons. The children were so busy that they hardly looked up as we went in the room. They were working with a sweet-faced teacher at the low table, and as we drew near we saw they each had a bird made of paper folding, just as you do it in your kindergarten.

One was making a tree of colored sticks, and as he worked away was saying to himself, "Bird, bird," which showed he was making the tree for the bird.

Another was trying to make a nest, but couldn't get it to suit him; so he went to the window and pointed to the ground below, and said, "I want some —" very plainly, but stood still and looked troubled because he did not know the other word. The teacher did not tell him the word, although she thought she knew what he wanted, but smilingly gave him his hat and told him to go down stairs and get "some"; and off he ran.



THE OLDER KINDERGARTEN CLASS.

Presently he came back with a handful of grass, and in a twinkling had made a cunning little nest which the children admired greatly. And when they saw he had some grass left they all wanted it, and began to ask for it; but they only got as far as "I want some ——" for none of them knew the word *grass*.

While the teacher helped one after another speak the word, Eric kept saying over and over, "I want some," "I want some," a little impatient because she had not helped him first, but very happy when at last his turn did come.

You see they really *wanted* the grass very, very much, and so they watched the teacher and tried very hard to do what she said, and watched each other while they were talking; and when each one had asked for, and had been given, some of the fresh, clean grass, they had every one learned to know the word "grass" when they saw it spoken, and to know how to try to speak it; and that is the way they learn new words. And all the time little Esther cooed and prattled and worked in her own baby way, trying to say everything the others said and to do everything she saw them do.

And after every recess time, which seemed to come very often, she would run to the kindergarten table to see what was going to be done next, and clap her little hands if it was something she liked.

Yesterday they had clay, and modeled nests with little eggs in them. Today the paint boxes were open, and while they were talking about what color they should make their birds, a dear little brown bird flew right down to the window sill and looked in at them.

The children all kept very still. At last Elmer put his finger on his card, and then looked toward the bird at the window, and said: "Brown, brown." Theodore said, "Oh, brown bird!" and so the birds were painted brown.

Lance put his in a cherry tree, and Theodore painted his right down in the grass. And then they had a great deal of fun playing a word game with the teacher, using their new words.

There were other little lessons, and rests and games that you would like to know about; but I will just take time to show you one more picture,—the older kindergarten class, which is on the preceding page.

A. H.

PLEASANT HOMES.

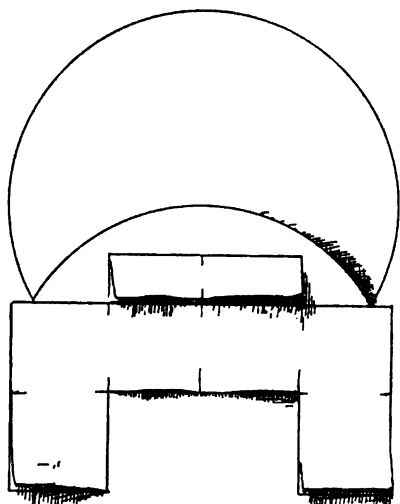
PUT on your "thinking caps," for here are some pleasant homes you must tell about.

Who live in them?

Have you ever visited such homes?

What did you see there?

Who wants to find pictures of as many homes as possible, and put them in a scrapbook?



I know a little boy who has such a scrapbook made of manilla paper, and it is full of pleasant homes,—those of little boys and girls in many different countries, and those of birds, bees, spiders, and cows and horses.


Come, let us all join in this happy work.

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.



MISS PIXLEY'S SCHOOL.

(Continued from August.)

EPTEMBER had almost come, but the boys scarcely realized that they had spent their long vacation, and three months besides, on the Miller farm. And when their father suggested a return to school they both exclaimed: "Oh no; please, Papa, let us stay at Miss Pixley's school. We learn a great deal, and it's so much nicer."

"But perhaps Miss Pixley would like to come back," suggested mamma, smiling.

"Would you, Miss Pixley?" asked Fred. "Don't you like it as much as we do?"

"Just as much, Fred," replied Miss Pixley heartily. "How could I help enjoying it, with two such dear, good boys?"

So it ended by Miss Pixley's school going on just the same. But Mr. and Mrs. Miller were so fond of the boys that they thought they would like to know their father and mother; so Mrs. Miller told Miss Pixley one Friday afternoon, when they started for the city, to tell Mr. and Mrs. Brown that she would be glad to have them come out and visit the school.

"Just the thing," said Papa Brown, when Miss Pixley gave Mrs. Miller's message. "I'll take a week's vacation and visit Miss Pixley's school. I think I should like a week on a farm."

"But Ellen and the children are coming next week," said Mrs. Brown.

"Well, we'll take them out there, too. Miss Pixley will ask Mrs. Miller if she can take care of us all."

So one morning in early September, Miss Pixley and the boys had company when they went back to the farm,—Mamma and Papa Brown, and Aunt Ellen Slade and Carrie and Josie. Reuben met them with a hayrack half covered with straw, for he said he hadn't any wagon big enough for so many, except the lumber wagon, and this was much more fun; so they had a regular straw ride over to the farm, and the grown people enjoyed it just as much as the children did.

Then you would think that Mrs. Miller would have some

trouble taking care of so many; but not a bit of it; she just liked that kind of thing.

Reuben and Fred, of course, lived in their tent, and Josie and Carrie teased to sleep out there too; and if the girls did, Horace would too. So all the children slept in the tent, so that Mrs. Miller had no trouble providing beds for her guests.

That week was one of the jolliest of Miss Pixley's school, and Carrie and Josie could hardly believe it was a school.



CARRIE AND JOSIE.

Papa Brown said Miss Pixley's school ought to have a vacation like any well-regulated school, and Miss Pixley laughed and said her school just *couldn't* have a vacation, except to put Fred and Horace to sleep, because they couldn't stop looking and thinking. Then Papa Brown laughed too. "Yes, of course they will look and think; but we may spoil your lessons while we are here, for the boys will probably want to go with us and show us things."

"Why, certainly, I expect them to," said Miss Pixley. "They have a great many things to tell you and show you; but whatever you do or wherever you take them, my school will go on just the same; watch and see." So when Mr. Brown thought next day that he would like to go hunting, and take the boys along, he said to Miss Pixley, "You are sure this won't interfere with lessons?"

"No, indeed," said Miss Pixley, putting an arm around each of the boys. "My boys will take their five senses along, and their little red notebooks, and I shall be surprised at how much game the five senses and the notebooks will catch. Your papa doesn't know what sharp eyes you have, Horace."

And so the whole week was spent in hunting, fishing, boating, and swimming with their papa, and a beautiful time they had of it; but they never forgot the little red notebooks, and once Papa Brown laughed very heartily when they were in bathing and Fred asked him why the bottom of the lake didn't leak and let the water all out, and he said he didn't know. Fred immediately rushed out to where his clothes were, and wrote in his little red notebook.

Josie and Carrie enjoyed it as much as the boys did; but when they came back from their expeditions, which were sometimes with their mamma and auntie and Miss Pixley, or with their uncle and the boys, or sometimes when they all went together, they could not remember nearly as many interesting things to tell about as Horace and Fred could.

Mrs. Slade was so pleased with what she saw of Miss Pixley's school, that she thought she would like to have Josie and Carrie come too; and when she asked them if they would like to, they jumped up and down, and clapped their hands, they were so pleased; and Fred said, "Oh, Aunt Ellen, won't that be jolly! and Horace and I can tell them all that we learned before they came."

When the end of the week came, and they got ready to go back to the city, Mr. Brown said: "Well, Miss Pixley, I think your school is a success, and I guess we will have to buy some land of Mr. Miller and build a nice big building for you, and send all the city children we can find out here to school; and soon Miss Pixley's school will be famous."

"No, indeed, Mr. Brown," said Miss Pixley, gravely. "I could not have that; you would spoil Miss Pixley's school that way. I could take care of a dozen, perhaps, if Mrs. Miller were willing to give us all a home; but for any more you should find other Miss Pixleys and other Miller farms."

Lake Forest, Ill.

MAY H. HORTON.

(To be continued.)

THE PEAR TREE.



IN the garden stood a pear tree,
Straight and tall and green;
Oft the sunlight smiled upon it,
Through the branches seen;
And the merry raindrops pattered
In their happy glee,
While the birdies sang and nestled
In the tall pear tree.

Soon among the waving branches
Rip'ning pears were seen,
Big and little, soft and juicy,
With their coats of green.
Then the children with their baskets
Picked them from the ground,
Where the wind had gently strewn them,
Scattered all around.

Then to mamma, home they carried
Baskets filled so neat;
And they said, "We thank you, pear tree,
For your gifts so sweet."
But the pear tree whispered softly,
"Not to me 'tis due;
But we'll thank our heavenly Father,
Who cares for me and you."

D. H.

PAPER FROM RAGS.



TWO little girls ran into the sitting room
where their mother sat mending stockings one day, and each began to talk just
as fast as she could; and this is what I
heard them say:

"Oh, Mother, such a kind lady came
to the kindergarten this morning! and
she talked to Miss Louise and she talked
to us, and she told us about some little
children in a hospital who were sick and lame, and everything,

and we're all going to save our pennies to help them have a kindergarten! and oh, Mother! how can we earn some money? We want to *so* much, and Miss Louise said the pennies meant more if we earned them ourselves. Mother, *how can we?*"

Then the mother asked them about the little children; and then she laid her mending in her lap and said she would "screw on her thinkers" and try to think of some way for little hands to earn money. Then everyone was quiet while mother thought, and thought, and thought; the big, round-faced clock in the corner was the only one that made any noise, and even he seemed to try to tick gently; and then far down the street mother heard another noise—faintly at first, and then it came nearer and louder.

"Cling, clang, clinkety, clang, clang, clinkety, clang, cling, clang!" And the mother smiled and said, "The ragman will help us, I think;" and she went up to the attic and brought down a big bag all stuffed full of something. Then she asked Helen and Mary to spread three newspapers on the floor in a row from left to right; and they did so, wondering how a ragman could help them earn pennies for the kindergarten.

Then mother opened the fat bag and drew out—what do you think? Rags! yes, rags of all kinds, big rags and little rags; pieces of the children's gingham dresses and woolen dresses, and little scraps of muslin such as their underclothes were made of, and little bits of mother's dresses, and a great many old, torn, worn-out rags.

And mother said, "Now, girlyes, if you will pick out all the white rags and put them in a pile on a paper, and put all the colored rags in another pile, then you can sell them to a ragman, and use the pennies which he gives you for the kindergarten children. And shall I tell you the story of the rags, and what is done with them, while you work and while I finish the mending? I think we will have time to do a great many rags and the story and the stockings before father comes home to supper.

"I wonder whether you ever thought about the paper that your mats and pasting papers and folding papers are made of, and of the brown paper that the butcher wraps the meat in, and the white paper the newspapers and books are printed on, and the firm, thick note paper in the writing desk. And you know

they do not look alike nor feel alike; for some are made of wood, some of straw, and some of rags. This afternoon I tell you about the kind made of rags, because you are working with the rags; and then you can try to get different kinds of paper, and I will tell you about *them* while you work at your rags tomorrow and next day.

"You know what the rags are made of, don't you? Can you pick out a woolen rag? now a silk one? and now can you find a cotton rag? and this old piece of a table cloth is a linen one; and you remember how Miss Louise told you of the woolen cloth and worsted made from 'the wool on a sheep's back,' and the silk that the little worm spun, and the fluffy white cotton pods she showed you; and this linen is made of the stems of a plant which has a little blue flower and is called 'flax.'

"The ragmen go about the city and the country and buy all the old rags which the people have saved, and they pay a little more for the white rags than for the colored ones. For every pound of white rags they give two pennies, and for the colored rags they give one penny; and that is why it is better to have them all sorted and ready for the ragman.

"He takes them all to a factory called a paper mill, and sells them to the man who owns the mill. Then the men put the rags in a great big iron tub of hot water and they are washed, and boiled, and boiled for ten hours—just as many hours as you have thumbs and fingers; and instead of putting salt in the water, as I do when I boil potatoes, they put in some soda; and when the rags have boiled long enough they look all soft and white, like mashed potatoes. If they are going to make folding papers, they put the red or blue or whatever color they want in the rags now; but if they want only one side colored, like your pasting papers, then they wait until later. The rags, which are now called pulp, are spread out on a wire cloth, and a hot roller rolls over the pulp just as I roll pie crust, and makes the pulp smooth and dry and glossy and firm; and then it is wound on a big cylinder, and in front of it are sharp knives which cut the paper into little sheets and squares and triangles and circles. If the pulp has been left white, then it is cut into bigger sheets for writing or printing. Then the different kinds are packed in boxes and taken to the stores to be sold.

"Now the clock says it is time to get supper ready, and you can put all your white rags in this basket and the colored ones in that one, and tie up the bag again. I think you can finish them tomorrow; then next day you and I will watch for a ragman and listen for his bells; and you won't forget to find different kinds of paper to talk about tomorrow, will you? When the table is set and you get all the little threads and scraps picked up, then you can tell father all about the story and your plans."

The children said, "Oh, wouldn't it be funny if our rags made the very paper that the children use in their kindergarten!"

ELEANOR CRANE.

AUTUMNAL STORMS.

DO you love storms, little children? I hope you do love them, as they are jolly fellows, whether they are little or big; and if you make friends with them while you are young, they cannot frighten you the least bit when you grow to be men and women. What can be jollier than a rain storm, with the wind blowing so that you can scarcely stand on your feet, and the rain pelting down until you are wet through and through? Then there is the snowstorm, the delight of every boy, and every girl, too, if her mother is wise and lets her play out of doors with her brothers. Then comes the wind storm, that whirls things around and tosses them about as if he did not care for anybody; a "whirlwind" he is called when *very* big and strong. When Mr. Wind is awfully strong and pushes over everything before him, he is called a "hurricane."

Sometimes Mr. Wind just tries to see how much he can do, how many things he can toss into heaps and then scatter them, as he does the falling leaves in November. Well, then we call him a "cyclone." Mr. Wind does very queer things when he comes as a cyclone. He tumbles houses into heaps, pulls trees up by the roots, picks up great stones that weigh tons, and tosses them about as boys do balls. I admire Mr. Wind's power very much, but I wish he would put it to better use than spoiling pretty homes and pulling up beautiful trees. In some very hot, dry countries Mr. Wind is called the "simoon" and the "sirocco," when he blows hard for several days together. He is then very

hot, and burns the face almost like a blaze of fire; and he withers the leaves, the grass, and the corn, until they look as if the flames had kissed them.

The hardest storm is the "blizzard." It is a Winter storm, and usually it starts in the far north of our country, east of the Rocky Mountains, and spreads out over six or eight states. In the blizzard, Mr. Wind is terrible in his fury, and the cold is intense. But if you are wise you can protect yourselves even against this storm.

There are some ocean storms that are very curious. Mr. Wind can lift up the water in the form of a column, which is a very large cylinder. This column is often as beautifully formed as were the marble columns of a Greek temple. He seems to be holding it up by one hand; then he will quickly let go, and down will come the water, making a great splashing and foaming for miles around.

The storms that come about the 22d of September are called the "equinoctial storms." The equinox is that time in the Spring and the Autumn when the days and nights are the same length all over the world. In the Summer the days are longer and the nights shorter; in the Winter the days are shorter and the nights longer. "Equinox" means day and night the same length.

Now do not be afraid of Mr. Wind, but think of his power and study his motions, and perhaps you can discover how to stop his naughty tricks and make him do good work. When he is very, very nice he turns windmills which pump water up into troughs and tanks for horses and cattle to drink. And he can be made to grind corn into meal for the colts and calves to eat. If you little children will look closely into all his queer "ways," you may find out a thousand things for him to do to keep him out of mischief.

Some time I will tell you about the storm god who used to live on Mount Olympus.

THE HARVEST HOME FESTIVAL.

THE harvest in Germany closes with the gathering of all the grains, vegetables, and fruits into the barns, granaries, and cellars, where they are stored for Winter use. The Harvest Home is the great festival of the year, lasting two or three days, and is a thanksgiving time for all the beautiful things Mother Nature has given her children for food. Each village and country place has its own special festival, just as here in the United States each family has its Thanksgiving dinner to which all the relatives are invited.

There are many ways of celebrating the Harvest Home. Sometimes the grains, vegetables, and fruits are gathered together in the largest barn in the neighborhood, which is swept as clean as any house, and then it is all decorated with the grains in the sheaf, the fruits and the flowers, while the finest of the vegetables are heaped about on the floor so that all the people can see them.

Sometimes in the middle of the floor a column of vegetables is built up, and the children dance about it as they do about the Maypole in the Spring. The column is sometimes of grapes and other fruits, and sometimes of the sheaves of corn. (In Europe, oats, wheat, barley, and rye are all called "corn," and our Indian corn is called "maize.")

This large, smoothly tiled floor of the barn is the thrashing floor, where the sheaves of corn are laid and the grain beaten or thrashed out with flails; so it has to be very smooth and very clean.

Well, on this floor the young people dance. The girls all stand on one side and the boys on the other, and they meet in the middle of the large floor, and merrily dance for an hour or two in the early evening. Then comes the supper of sugared cakes—*Zucker-kuchen* as they are called in the German—and a very little of the sweet wine just from the press. Then they go home in rows, the young women in front, and they go to each house to leave each young girl at her home, singing as they march in two or four rows, which cross the street from side to side just as soldiers march.

Often the finest of the harvest is carried to the church, where a special thanksgiving service of song and praise is held, and then it is blessed and distributed among the poor.

There is another pretty custom which would look very strange in this country, where we expect and accept so much. It is the closing exercise of the Harvest Home. The priest, with a band of boys all gayly dressed and singing loudly, goes from farm to farm blessing the fields. There the farms and fields are much smaller than here. Perhaps that is why the people seem so much more thankful for the harvest.

The Harvest Home festival is always held at the time of the Harvest Moon, which rises very early each evening for several nights in succession, as you can see for yourselves this September.

MRS. A. F. H.

HARVEST HOME MARCH.

CHILDREN, gather in the furrows;
 Form a line, form a line.
 Where the corn is waving yellow,
 Form a line, form a line.

Let us sing the song of Harvest
 As we go, as we go;
 And see all the loaded wagons,
 In a row, in a row.

Let us thank the loving farmer
 With our praise, with our praise;
 Faithfully and hard he labored
 Many days, many days.

And his plows and scythes and horses
 Helped along, helped along;
 Don't forget the rain and sunshine,
 In our song, in our song.

As we march among the furrows
 Let us sing, let us sing,
 For the golden fruits of Harvest
 Home we bring, home we bring.

A. H.



"HARVEST HOME."



THREE OF THEM.—H. Salentin.

CHILD-GARDEN

OF STORY, SONG, AND PLAY.

Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1894.

No. II.

OCTOBER.

THE early twilight of the year,
Misty, cool, and calm October,
Dressed in grays and browns so sober,
Is come with Autumn's fruits and cheer.

The wind-curved leaves are falling down,
Downward to the earth in showers,
Hiding in the grass and flowers—
Rustling leaves of green and brown.

The wind, uncertain in its play,
Tender, soft, then quickly rushing
Onward, all the leaves is brushing,
Filling hollows by the way.

A stray winged seed floats through the air;
Gently moving, light and airy,
Some belated thistle fairy,
Wind-dried, sails by without a care.

Like bright gems in a setting green,
Gentian and asters, white and purple,
Varied chrysanthemums, each a circle—
October's jewels—now are seen.

W. S.

AUNT BELLE'S RIDDLE.

NELLIE, darling, go tell Frank and Gretta that I have something for you children," said Mrs. Blair, as she went into the house carrying a covered basket she had just brought in the phaeton. Nellie dropped her doll and hurried away, calling: "Frank! Getta!"

Mrs. Blair placed the basket in the bedroom, and, removing the cover, went out, closing the door. When the children came running around the house, they found her sitting on the piazza.

"What is it, mamma?" cried Frank.

"You must guess what it is," said Mrs. Blair.

"Nellie said you had a covered basket. Where is it, mamma?"

"I will first tell you a riddle that may help you guess what is in it," said Mrs. Blair.

"It is white as the snow, with two blue spots,
A long white streamer, and four little trots;
With two pink tents and four pink doors,
Two rows of guards fast to the floors.
A great red fellow going flipity-flop,
Taking up the white, drop by drop."

"It's—it's—oh, the girls may guess first!" said Frank, not able to think of anything definite.

"Mary's little lamb was white as the snow," said Gretta, the riddle reminding her of that old poem; "but lambs don't have blue spots, nor tents."

"I guess it's a sailboat!" exclaimed Frank. "That's where the white comes in. And the sides are painted blue; and there's a streamer from the top of the mainsail."

"No, it isn't!" said Nellie; "sailboats don't have great red fellows taking up the white!"

"I guess the man out in the sun tending to the sails would have a red face; and when he took them up they would go flipity-flop in the wind," said Frank.

"But, Frank," said Mrs. Blair, "it was the red fellow that went flipity-flop, as he took up the white, drop by drop."

Then Nellie, who caught sight of a caterpillar on the walk, cried out:

"Oh, I know! It's a little white kittypillow!"

"Kittypillow? how, darling? Has our kitty's pillow little trots or tents?"

"No, no! not a kitty's pillow! a *kittypillow*! There's a black and red one," said Nellie, pointing to the caterpillar. Aren't there white ones, too?"

"A kittypillow! oh, oh, oh!" screamed Frank. "A kittypillow! Oh, my! That's a good one!"

"Frank! Frank! You must be polite if you want to guess with the girls," said Mrs. Blair; for Nellie's lip began to quiver.

"But, mamma, it is so funny! A kittypillow! ha, ha, ha!" laughed Frank.

"Hush, Frank. Little sister is not so far from guessing as you are. She is what you would call 'warm.'"

"Warm? How is she warm?" asked Frank.

"Let us look at the caterpillar and see," said Mrs. Blair; "for there are white ones. We will see if it has any little trots."

"Do you mean little feet, mamma? You call mine little trotters," said Nellie.

"Yes, dear. Now, how many feet has this caterpillar?" asked Mrs. Blair, as she took it up on a leaf.

"They all have sixteen, Aunt Belle," said Gretta; "for I have counted them ever so many times."

"I warrant you have!" said Frank, who admired Gretta's knowledge of such things.

"Have you, dear? Then Frank and Nellie better count this one's feet," said Mrs. Blair. So they counted the caterpillar's feet, as she pointed to them with a blade of grass, and found sixteen.

"It can't be a kittypillow, Nellie, for it has too many trots," said Frank. "But, mamma, I don't see how she is warm."

"You will know after a while," said Mrs. Blair.

"It is an animal; for it has four feet. We've found out that much," said Frank.

"And it is white," said Gretta. "There are white rabbits; but they don't have blue spots nor a streamer."

"Oh. it's a white dog! Carlo's tail is a regular streamer!"

But no — dogs don't have tents nor guards either! Oh, pshaw! Mamma, it's too hard! I give it up," said Frank.

"Yes, mamma, it is too hard," said Nellie.

"Gretta, can you guess again?" asked Mrs. Blair.

"I would think it was a white kitten, if it wasn't for all those tents and guards and doors," said Gretta.

"Well, children, we will go and see," said Mrs. Blair, leading the way to the bedroom; and opening the door, out ran a little, white —

"Oh! oh! oh!" rang out a chorus of voices. "Oh, what a cunning, little —!" "What a pretty —!" "Oh, isn't it sweet!" And Frank and Nellie made a rush for it; but it ran around the room, under chairs and tables, too quickly for them.

SARAH WHITFORD.

(To be continued.)



WAS IT A KITTEN?

THE CHILD AND THE BROOK.

O LITTLE brook, little brook, tell me, I pray,
Where are you going this bright Autumn day?
And tell me, oh tell me the sweet little song
You ever are singing while running along!

I come from the springs far, far up on the hills;
I sing of the forests and dear little rills;
I'm hurrying down to my mother, the sea,
Whose dear arms forever are waiting for me.

CAROLINE L. DINZEY.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

O H, dainty "living sunbeam,"
With gorgeous colors bright,
Show me your ruby necklace
And gauzy wings so light;
Just pause one little moment
Before the open door,
And whisper low the secret
You found within that flower.

Oh, happy, loving children,
I'll tell you while I fly:
Those cups are full of nectar;
You'll find it if you try.
The world's all light and sweetness,
And gladness everywhere;
So I go humming, humming
My praises for God's care.

Amherst, Mass.

ELLEN M. MUNSELL.

MISS PIXLEY'S SCHOOL.

(Continued from September.)



ARRIE and Josie didn't expect to stay at Miss Pixley's school all the time, but just while their mamma was visiting at Mr. Brown's,—a month or six weeks; then by the last of October their papa would expect to see them in their Eastern home. So they wanted to find out all about these delightful things that Horace and Fred said they had been studying, all at once. They didn't know how to compare the different plants they found, nor how to examine the stones; but Miss Pixley taught them to use the little red note-books, and they all found that it was very jolly to be able to see everything with five pairs of eyes; for when they talked about things, they found that Horace's eyes often saw some things that the others' didn't, and Miss Pixley was nearly always sure to see things that no one else did.

Fred danced about when he thought of the schoolboys at home. "Just think, Miss Pixley, all the other children are studying imitation things, and we can study the *real* things. I wish they were all out here having as good a time as we are."

"I don't want to go back to New York," said Josie. "I wish my papa and mamma would come here to live."

In the bright October days, the children discovered a new mine of treasures in nature's cupboard. One day out in the woods they were examining some golden-rod, and had just discovered that the golden blossoms were not all alike, when suddenly Fred pressed apart the bushy clump and exclaimed: "Look, Miss Pixley! What is that?"



"A golden-rod gall, surely," said Miss Pixley. "I had almost forgotten about *this* treasure box. Hunt around and find some more, children."

And soon the yellow plumes were nearly lost sight of, and the golden-rod was being scanned only for those strange growths.

"Here's one!" "Here's another!" "And here are two!" shouted the children.

"What shall we do with them, Miss Pixley?" asked Carrie; "they are such queer things."

"Well, see if you can't see something behind their queer-ness. Perhaps they are trying to look like something, and you can help them out." Miss Pixley picked up one and held it in her hand. "What does this look like, Carrie?"

Carrie looked very thoughtful. The other children came up with their hands full.

"Where's that fellow's head?" asked Fred.

"Sure enough!" exclaimed Carrie; "it does look like a long-necked bird without any head."

"And where can we find a head that will complete him?" asked Miss Pixley.

"I can whittle one," said Fred.

"No, Grandmother Nature's got a head for him somewhere," said Horace. "Let me think. I guess it must be a seed."

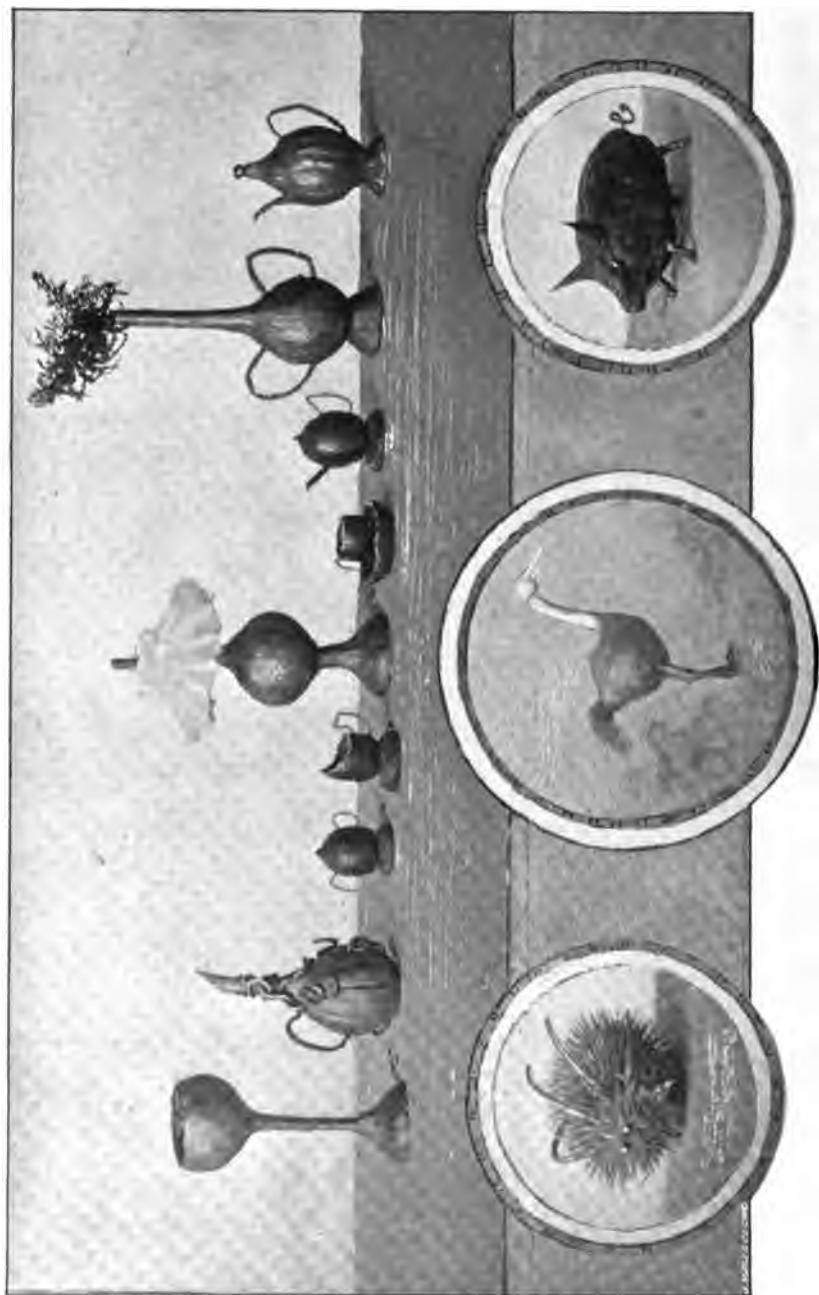
"Wouldn't a maple seed do, Miss Pixley?" asked Fred. "You could strip the wing, and the rib of it would make a good bill. I'll go over to that maple tree and see if I can find any seeds left around in the corners."

Then of course their bird had to have legs and a tail; but they were not difficult to supply, and soon a very respectable-looking ostrich greeted the delighted children, with a golden-rod-gall body and neck, a maple-seed head, a feather-grass tail, and twig legs, with very respectable feet of triple-branching wild grape stems. Then the children became very much excited, finding and making forms for themselves out of their collection; and many pretty things were fashioned which very much astonished the folks at home, who could scarcely believe that such things could be made out of just what they picked up in the woods.

But Miss Pixley was most pleased, when Horace found a butternut and said "Miss Pixley, that isn't just a plain butternut; I think it's a pig, too." And with a little help from Miss Pixley a fine pig it proved to be, with locust-thorn ears, a grape-tendrill tail, and little twig legs.

The children were so delighted with their success that they tried to make nature transformations out of nearly everything they saw. Everything was found to have some hidden possibilities.

All these weeks the children had been so happy, that they



WHAT MISS PIXLEY'S ARTISTS MADE.



MR. BROWN APPEARED.

did not plan ahead for the holidays or a vacation time; but somebody else was planning. And one warm, hazy October Saturday morning, when Miss Pixley and her pupils were in the city, Mr. and Mrs. Miller stood in the back yard watching the chickens eating the corn thrown them, when suddenly a rustle in the bushes startled the hens and sent them flying in all directions, as a tall man jumped over the fence into their midst.

"Why, Mr. Brown!" exclaimed Mrs. Miller, "has anything happened to the children?"

"Nothing unusual," laughed Mr. Brown. "I didn't mean to startle you, but I chose this time to come because I didn't want the children to know anything about it. I have a scheme, Mrs. Miller; come and sit down while I tell you."

And this was his scheme: Mrs. Slade had been persuaded to stay until after Thanksgiving, and Mr. Slade would come on from New York. That would be a great surprise to Josie and Carrie, who were not to be told about it; and then Mr. Brown

wanted Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Reuben to come into the city and spend Thanksgiving day at the Browns', as a surprise for Horace and Fred.

"I came out a whole month ahead to tell you, so that you wouldn't make any other plans for Thanksgiving; for we mean to have a fine time, and want you to be sure to come. And we want some of the pumpkins and apples and turkeys from the Miller farm, too," concluded Mr. Brown.

"We'll go, and take our best Thanksgiving offering," said Mr. Miller heartily.

Lake Forest, Ill.

MAY H. HORTON.

(*To be continued.*)

STORY FOR SECOND GIFT.

THERE was once a great wide forest where the trees stood up so high,

It seemed as if their slender tops were right against the sky.

One of them was a pine tree, a fine big fellow he;
But the pine tree, it is sad to say, would always grum-
bling be:

There were so many trees in the forest, he said, that he
was never seen;

And he always said so sadly, "If I only might have been
Anything but a pine tree, I would have been some good;
But a tree is of use to nobody, for it's only made of wood."

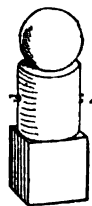
One day some men came to the tree with axes sharp and bright,
And ropes they fastened round its trunk in knots so hard and
tight;

They with their axes chopped the tree till to the ground it fell;
Then to a kind, good carpenter the pine tree they did sell.

Then sawyers came, and into planks, with saws, the pine tree
made,

Which one upon the other then in order neat was laid.

And then the carpenter the planks made into many things;
The roofs and floors of houses, and even into swings.



Of some he made round, wooden spheres, that roll and make a
noise;

And, when he'd made them, sold them to little girls and boys.

Of some he made square blocks of wood just like the cube I
hold;

They were not like the balls he made, and so could not be rolled.

And when the wooden balls and cubes the happy children find,

They are so pleased they'd like to thank the carpenter so kind.

And so, you see, the pine tree, though only made of wood,

If he had only known it, did quite a deal of good;

And he was wrong to grumble, for God had put him there;

And we should always happy be, for we're always in God's care.

MAUD LIMA BETTS.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE KINDERGARTEN.

SHE certainly is queen among rag dolls. This is what Katharine thinks, and Katharine ought to know, because she is Queen Victoria's little mother.

Almost as tall as Katharine herself, and dressed as though she were another little girl,—in the daintiest of under-clothing, cunning bronze boots, and a dress of light blue French gingham and white *guimpe*,—her eyes are blue as Katharine's own; her cheeks as round and delicately tinted; her lips rosy red. If she were bisque, or wax, or china, you could understand it. But a *rag* doll! You laugh outright.

One little word—let me whisper it—and you will understand: *paint*.

Isn't Katharine's mamma a thoughtful woman? But the crowning glory is dolly's hair, which is soft and brown, and stands out all over her head in curls, like a baby's. Did Dame Nature curl it? This is a bit of a secret which I will tell *you*.

It was Katharine's birthday, and she was four years old. There was a tiny silver thimble, for Katharine dearly loves to have a needle and thread and scrap of cloth of her own, when mamma sits down to sew; there was the gold ring she had been wanting for six months at least, two pretty picture books, a baby carriage with canopy top, and—Queen Victoria. But it didn't

take two minutes to put Queen Victoria in Katharine's own little chair, with the picture books in her lap and Katharine standing by to turn the leaves and tell her "all about it." She was sorry that the state of Queen Victoria's fingers—not being divided—did not make room for rings and a thimble.

The baby carriage was just the thing, because—"Oh, *now*, mamma dear, I can take Queen Victoria to the kindergarten."

As it was Katharine's birthday, and Queen Victoria a birthday doll, mamma could not refuse.

Katharine thought Queen Victoria the most wonderful doll she had ever seen. The children at the kindergarten thought so too, as they gathered around Katharine and Queen Victoria, with "ohs!" and "ahs!" and gay little laughs of pure delight. Queen Victoria took part in it all. She sat between Katharine and her best friend, Elizabeth. She was in such exquisite order that the children could but follow her example; and in five minutes from the time they were seated at the little tables, forming three sides of a hollow square, they were ready to begin.

It was cubes that day. Now Queen Victoria had never seen a cube before, and so Miss Lovejoy said that Katharine might tell her about it. "See, Queen Victoria," said Katharine, "it is made of wood, and it looks like a square house with a flat roof. Now I will take it apart: eight *little* cubes—blocks, you know; and these we build with."

Queen Victoria looked as though she would like to say "Thank you." Katharine put the eight little cubes together again, to form a large cube. After they had counted the faces, corners, and edges of their cubes, and the faces, corners, and edges of a great many other things, Miss Lovejoy said they might each build something for Queen Victoria.

Katharine made a bureau; Elizabeth, a baby carriage; and Queen Victoria, with the aid of her little mother, a bed. There were many tables and chairs, a wardrobe, trunk, and a sofa. Queen Victoria was well provided for.

At luncheon Katharine passed a plate of little round cakes, covered with white icing. There was one for each, including Miss Lovejoy. Katharine's mamma thought birthdays were *giving* as well as receiving times. Katharine had often wondered when it would be her turn to be greeted with—

"A happy New Year to our little friend,
Our little friend so dear," etc.

And now it *was* her turn.

It was a delightful day to all, and who do you think gave most to the enjoyment of it—Katharine, or Katharine's mamma, Queen Victoria, or Miss Lovejoy? I'm sure *I* can't tell.

HELEN MAY DOUGLASS.

A TRUE STORY.

COME here, dear, and sit on these cushions by my side, while I tell you a story. It is about—about—what do you think? Bears? No, indeed; it's something a great deal nicer. You'll never guess, so listen. Last Summer I paid a visit to a farm, where I saw more lovely things than I can think of to tell you. There were horses and cows, and sheep and lambs. There were good mother hens with fluffy little chicks, and a great Mamma Cat who had three beautiful little kittens. These little cats did nothing but eat and sleep and play all day long. It kept their mamma pretty busy to find enough mice for them to eat.

One day the lady whom I was visiting went out to the barn to hunt for eggs. She was going to make a cake, and you know that no cake is good without eggs. So she went to hunt for them, and pretty soon she heard a voice say "Kut, kut, kut! ka-dah-kut!" Who was that? Why, that was good Mother Hen, of course; and in a moment she ran off from her nest in the manger.

Then the lady knew where to look for eggs. When she came near, she heard the eggs say, "Peep, peep, peep!" No, of course it wasn't the eggs, for when she reached out her hand to take them, there were six pretty little chickens just out of the shell. The lady put them into her apron and brought them in for me to see. They were so pretty! Three were yellow and three were brown. But they were cold, poor things! and kept crying "Peep, peep, peep, peep!" So we put them into a basket and set it in a warm place. But still they cried. Perhaps they wanted their mother.

Pretty soon one of the little kittens came along, and looked into the basket. The kitten said "Mew!" and the chicks said "Peep!" Then the kitten reached out slowly and touched a chicken softly with his paw. The paw was warm, and all the chickens crowded up against it. So the kitten gave them all a few playful little love-pats, and then jumped right in among them. The chickens crowded up close, while kitty lay down and took them all under his care.

Pretty soon another kitty came and jumped into the basket. Then the two kitties curled up close together, with the little chicks between them, almost hidden in the fur.

There they slept almost all day. The two kittens seemed to think it their duty to care for the little chicks, and we could not coax them away; for when they heard the chicks crying "Peep, peep!" they would go straight back to the basket every time.

Detroit, Mich.

S. ALICE WELTON.

AUTUMN.

THE Summer has flown from our sight,
 The roses are withered and gone;
 The delicate butterfly takes its flight,
 And the bird chirps its farewell song.
 The wind deeply sighs in the wood,
 The leaves are all yellow and sear;
 The sky is of deep azure hue,
 And the glorious Autumn is here.

ESTHER S. JACOBSON.



GERALD'S HAPPY DAY

WHEN Gerald came home from the kindergarten, he brought a pretty mat which he had just finished. "See, mamma," he said, "it was only half done, and I finished it all this morning. I was a good boy today in school."

"I thought you were always a good boy," said mamma.

"I am—*pretty* good." So you see the day began right.

In the afternoon, Gerald went down street with papa, to bring home some stout muslin to mamma; for papa needed some little bags made. So mamma sewed as fast as ever she could, while Gerald put them on the machine for her and cut them apart, or turned those that were already done.



GERALD'S MAT.

"I shall surely have to tell papa how nicely you have helped me today, Gerald."

"Won't papa be glad to know he has such a nice little boy?"

"Yes, indeed he will!"

"I guess God loves me today."

"He always loves you, dear. You have been a happy boy today, haven't you, darling? And it was all because you did whatever you had to do so nicely, and helped mamma."

"Oh, mamma, I've been *so* happy today! just as happy as if I were traveling all around the world with *sixteen* people!"

PHYLLIS MERTON TEALL.



THREE PLAYMATES.

GOLDEN-ROD'S DREAM.

FAST asleep lay little Golden-rod in the big meadow, with the sunbeams dancing all about her; for it was Summer time and very drowsy kind of weather. If you had passed close to her you may not have known her, for her bright yellow dress was packed away carefully for the cool Autumn days, and she looked very strange indeed in her plain Summer dress of green—a queer shade of gown for Golden-rod to wear, was it not?

The bees and insects were humming so loudly, close beside her, that after a time she dreamed that the noise which they made was the sound of the great ocean breaking on the sand, and that she was being carried out to sea on the top of one of the high waves. She was not a bit afraid, however, for she had often longed to see a little more of the big world in which she lived, and the great wave proved to be a very safe kind of boat. After carrying her far out where she could see nothing for a long time but water, the wave ship landed her safely one bright day in a strange country on the other side of the ocean.

“Now,” said Golden-rod to herself, “I can see the world;” and she started off on her travels. After visiting a number of places and seeing a great many strange things, she found herself one morning in a large room hung with beautiful banners of silk and satin—blue, red, yellow, and other lovely colors. Each was embroidered with a different kind of flower, so daintily worked that Golden-rod thought the midsummer fairies must have picked the blossoms and placed them there with their own tiny fingers; for they looked so very real she was tempted to touch them. As she watched them in wonder she suddenly heard a great rustling of the silk, and then all of the flowers stepped out of their places on the banners and arranged themselves in a large bouquet on the table!

Golden-rod was so astonished that she entirely forgot her manners, and failed to return the friendly bows and smiles of the flowers.

One of them, a beautiful Rose, was the first to speak: “I,”

she said, introducing herself, "am the Rose of England. We are all flowers of great nations, and people paint our pictures on beautiful banners because they love us so dearly. When a new flower visits us from a strange country we are allowed to step out to bid her welcome." Here all the flowers bowed again to Golden-rod, and this time she remembered her manners, and bowed and smiled in return.

"Kings and queens have loved me for hundreds of years," continued the beautiful Rose, drawing herself up proudly; "and once, very long ago, when there was a great war in England, the people called it the 'Wars of the Roses,' because the prince who wore a white rose was angry with the prince who wore a red rose."

"How nice, to be loved by so many great people," thought Golden-rod. Then, as she looked at the next speaker, she wondered why anyone should love such a plain little green leaf, which looked very much like the common clover growing wild in the meadow at home; but she was such a kind, polite little flower that she did not speak her thought aloud.

Perhaps the little leaf knew how very plain she looked beside the beautiful Rose, for she introduced herself by saying: "I am the Shamrock of Ireland—only a simple green leaf with three little leaflets, as you see; but all the people, even the little children, love me so well that I would not change places even with the Rose. They say that a great saint first showed me to the people of Ireland, and so they have loved me ever since." When Golden-rod heard the sweet voice, so full of brightness, she no longer wondered why people loved her.

"My name is Thistle," said a tall, prickly flower on the other side of Shamrock. "If you touch me you will feel my long needles, which many, many years ago helped the people of Scotland to win a great battle. This is one reason they love me, and like to see me growing all over their dear land."

"I," said a beautiful flower very unlike the Thistle, "am the Fleur de Lis of fair France. Great kings have worn me on their robes and painted me on their banners for hundreds of years. They say that the good King Louis loved me so well that the people called me by his name, 'Flower of Louis.'"

"How brave and great these flowers must be," thought

Golden-rod, as the beautiful Fleur de Lis stepped back into its place; then she looked at the sweet blue blossom which seemed about to speak, and wondered what its name might be.

"My name is the Corn flower of the dear land of Germany," said the simple blue flower, as if in answer to her thought. "I grow all over the fields and meadows, and even the great Emperor likes to wear me in his buttonhole. But I think I am happiest when the little children make me into wreaths to crown their bright heads. I hold the color of the skies, and you of the sunshine; so we need not wonder if the children love us. Perhaps some day you too may be given a place on a beautiful banner. *Love all, bloom for all*, and you will be loved by all."

When the sweet blossom had finished speaking there was a great rustling of the silken banners, as though they had grown tired of waiting so long unnoticed against the wall; and before any of the other flowers had time to speak, the beautiful bouquet disappeared, and each flower returned to its own banner as before.

Golden-rod rubbed her eyes in astonishment to find out if she were dreaming; and when she opened them again, she saw only the wide meadow where she had fallen asleep in the sunshine. The days were no longer warm, and the cool breeze rocking the trees overhead sounded like the rustling of the silk banners which had roused her from her dream. Then she thought of what the sweet Corn flower had said: "Love all, bloom for all;" so she put aside her plain dress of green and shook out her bright yellow gown, that all of her family might see that it was time for them to "bloom for all" in their own great land—America.

CATHARINE R. WATKINS.



GOING A-NUTTING.

ONE very bright October afternoon, Papa Howard came home early to take the children nutting. There were four of them, and he had promised that every one should go, even Baby Ruth with her little basket, though she was only four years old. Of course papa would have to carry her some of the way, but she was going nutting with the boys, and John, Robert, and Henry were all delighted to think Baby Ruth could go. John and Robert were good-sized boys of eight and ten, and they said they would make a chair of their hands and carry Ruth if her legs got too tired, and Henry said he would carry her basket if it got too heavy.

So out of the gate they all trooped, a very jolly little party, each with a basket and a very shining, happy face. My! what a happy papa Mr. Howard was, with four such happy children! They ran, and skipped, and frolicked down the road. They even tried to race from one telegraph pole to another. John and Robert and Henry all lined up and waited for papa to say "*Run,*" then away they sped to the next pole, just as hard as they could go.



OUT OF THE GATE.

At the end of the road they had to cross a meadow and climb a rail fence. Just inside the fence stood a mulley cow patiently waiting to be milked. Baby Ruth wanted to pat the pretty cow, so she ran up and Mulley put down her head to let the baby rub her little hand on her face. And when they went down the road by the lake the cow turned and watched them with her big kind eyes, and called "*Moo, moo,*" after them.



DOWN THE ROAD

At last they reached the woods, and so many, many nuts

they found. Baby Ruth just sat down flat on the ground, and picked, and picked into her basket. The boys shouted and scampered around—"Oh, here's a bigger pile!" and "They're thicker here,"—until it seemed as if there were so many that a whole school full of boys couldn't gather them all. But in about an hour their baskets were full, and they had to leave the rest

for some other day. So papa carried Ruth part of the way, and they trudged home with their loads, even happier than when they started.

Then the nuts had to be spread out on the shed roof to dry, and their afternoon's work was done.



OVER THE RAIL FENCE.

"What are nuts good for, papa?" asked John, when all was finished. "Are they just only to eat?"

"That is about all *we* use them for," said Mr. Howard; "but over in Germany they press out the oil from them, and then the children eat the little cakes of nuts that are left, and the oil is used for cooking. But you know the real, true use of the nuts, don't you, John? You do, Robert. What do we believe to be their first use—greater than their use for food? Think now."

"To make the little plants, papa," said Henry. "I've planted them, and they'll grow."

"That's what I mean," said Mr. Howard. "That is their real use,—to grow and make more trees; but there are so many, that they don't all need to grow, and so we eat them."

M. H. H.



NUTS ON SHEDS TO DRY.

CHESTNUT TREES.

RALPH and Estelle sat under the spreading branches of a large chestnut tree. A quantity of nuts lay in Estelle's lap, and as they cracked and ate them they chatted merrily.

"I think chestnuts are nicer than any other kind," said Estelle. "Yes," answered Ralph; "and the tree is so beautiful and the leaves are so pretty."

Mamma coming out with her sewing to sit with the children, overheard what Ralph said. "It is a beautiful tree, and a useful one also," said she, placing her rocker under a shady bough. "Let us see if you can tell some of its uses."

"It gives us delicious nuts to eat," said Estelle. "And cool shade to sit in," added Ralph.

"Do you know what the wood of the tree is used for?" asked mamma.

"When I was taking a ride with papa last week, I saw some men putting up a fence; and I remember papa said it was chestnut wood;" and Ralph put several tempting nuts into his mouth.

"I am glad you remember, dear. Yes, it is much used for posts and rails for fences. Some cigar boxes are made from it also, for the cheaper kinds of cigars. Some of the oldest and largest trees in the world are chestnuts," continued mamma. "There is one on Mt. Etna with a hollow trunk one hundred and sixty feet in circumference—so large that shepherds take their flocks inside for shelter."

"Why, mamma! I never heard of such a large tree!" cried Ralph. "How I would like to go inside of it!" exclaimed Estelle. "I used to think our chestnut tree was very large," added Ralph, "but it's only a baby beside that one!"

"In England there is a chestnut which was standing eight hundred years ago, during the reign of King John. And in France there is another, believed to be about a thousand years old, which still bears many nuts."

The children had stopped eating and sat looking with interest at their mother. "Well, I'm glad you came out, mamma,"

said Ralph; "for we have learned something new." "To think of a tree a thousand years old!" exclaimed Estelle, her eyes big with wonder. "I would like to eat some of the nuts from it."

"Yes, dear, but I would rather have our American chestnuts," said mamma; "for though smaller than the European chestnuts, they are also sweeter. But there is the supper bell, and I see papa coming;" and mamma arose, while the two children ran a race to see which could reach papa first.

AMY C. BYRD.

QUEER BABIES.

LITTLE cricket in the grass,
 As I pass,
 Loud you chirp your cheerful cry;
 Tell me why?
 Have you babies hiding there,
 Shivering in the Autumn air?
 Do you sing to them at night?
 Tell me, cricket, am I right?

Little katydid so green,
 Do you mean
 Winter time will soon be here?
 That frost is near?
 Are your babies cradled high,
 On a leaf beneath the sky,
 Listening to your endless song,
 "Katy-katy," all night long?

Little frog down in the brook,
 May I look
 At your babies fat and round?
 Will they drown?
 Yours are water babies true;
 They can swim as well as you.
 Do you sing them all to sleep,
 With your croakings loud and deep?

CLARA M. GOODCHILD.



WILLIE AND FIDO.

WHERE THEY FOUND HIM.

WILLIE! oh, Willie!" called mamma from the pantry window. But there was no answer. Then again came mamma's voice, this time from the front door.

"Willie, run to mamma quickly." But no little boy came. Then mamma ran down the steps, into the garden, looking among the trees and flowers. But no Willie was to be found. Mamma was frightened, and went to the gate so that she might look up and down the street. Then she saw sister Nell on her way home from the kindergarten. "Nell," mamma said, as the little girl came up, "I can't find Willie; I am afraid he is lost." "Lost!" and for a whole minute Nell could not say another word. "Will a policeman bring him home?" She remembered what happened when the little boy across the street was lost. "I cannot tell," said mamma sadly; and taking Nellie's hand—"let's look for him everywhere." Together they went through the garden, down into the cellar, through the chicken yard, and at last out to the big back lot where Daisy, the cow, ate grass all day, and where Fido's big kennel was. Mamma looked around, but, seeing no trace of her little boy, was turning sadly away, when a call from Nell, who had gone toward the trees farther away, made her run back.

There in the deep grass lay Willie, just waking from a nap, with good, shaggy Fido watching beside him. In his hand he held a bunch of wild flowers, and near them lay his hat, which had fallen down when the boy, tired of his search for the blossoms, dropped down in the grass to rest. Fido had known Willie was a long way from home for such a small boy, and was standing guard beside him to see that no harm came to him while he slept.

MRS. G. F. WEBSTER.



HOW THE INDIANS HELPED.

THIS is an old, old story, children. It was told to my mother when she was a little girl, and many times my grandfather has taken me upon his knee and told it over again to me, for we all love it dearly.

It happened when my grandfather was a tiny boy and was called Little Ben, and my great-grandfather was Little Ben's papa.

In those days, where our beautiful city stands were trees and green meadows, with here and there a farmer's house and a barn with great lofts overhead in which to store the grain. In one of these houses lived Little Ben, with his father and mother and big brothers and sisters.

He was a very happy boy. He loved to run about in the fields and woods and watch all the little folk that live there,—birds and butterflies, squirrels and rabbits,—and he grew to know much about their ways, and to love them like little play-mates.

But Little Ben liked to work, too. He helped his father cut the grain and rake the hay, and sometimes he would have great fun in riding on the top of the loaded hay wagon as it went up to the barn.

The boys and the father had worked hard. The hay was all gathered in and the golden grain was cut and stacked like little tents here and there over the field.

"Tomorrow, boys," said the father, "we will rise early and gather it in. We will do no more now, for it is late; the sun has set."

As they went up the hill to the house, they saw strangers standing in the lane,—six or seven tall, straight men with brown skin and long black hair. One had a few feathers caught at the top of his head. They were Indians; but what could be their errand there so late?

As the father approached them, the one who wore the feathers came forward and said to him, "May we lodge in your barn tonight?"

Now some people had said that the Indians were tricky, and

that they would do harm to white men when they could; but the father was a kind man, and it was like him to say, "With welcome, sirs."

So the Indians went in the barn, climbed to the hayloft, and stretched their long bodies upon the soft bed. The father and boys went on to the house, and soon were, in their turn, sound asleep.

It was late in the night that Little Ben was startled. It was the father's voice that called loudly, "Come, boys, wake up. A storm is coming up, and we must get in the grain."

The boys turned uneasily. They were so tired and slept so heavily. Again he called, "Come, boys, quickly! The thunder grows louder all the time, and we must hurry or the grain will be ruined."

The boys were awake now, and tumbled out of their beds and into their clothes. They knew what the father's words meant. If the grain was spoiled, there would be none to sell, and they would be poor. They hurried to the field. As they ran down they saw other figures hurrying about in the blackness. Whose do you suppose they were?

The Indians had lived with the clouds and the winds so long that they knew them well. They had heard the faintest peal of distant thunder. Their quick eyes had noticed the grain field below as they waited for the father and the boys to come up the lane. They knew that the grain was lost if it was wet, and so these strong Indians, with their long arms and swift feet, resolved to show their gratitude to the man who had been kind to them. There was nothing left for the father and boys to do. The last Indian was hurrying to the barn with the last sheaves under his arms.

That was the way the Indians did "loving things."

JESSIE SCOTT HIMES.



RHYME OF THE FIRE.

THIS is the fire in the open grate, (1)
To warm the little children. (2)
This is the coal that feeds at quick rate (3)
The fire that burns in the open grate, (1)
To warm the little children. (2)
This is the mine deep down in the earth, (4)
That holds the coal that feeds at quick rate (3)
The fire that burns in the open grate, (1)
To warm the little children. (2)
This is the miner with ready mirth, (5)
Who worked in the mine, deep down in the earth, (4)
That holds the coal that feeds at quick rate (3)
The fire that burns in the open grate, (1)
To warm the little children. (2)

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.

NOTE.

- (1) Hands placed side by side, fingers overarching, and thumbs turned in across the palms.
- (2) Hands up, palms outward, and the fingers in motion as toward a blaze.
- (3) Fists doubled, thumbs in.
- (4) Fists partially doubled, one above the other, forming a round hole through which the eye can look "deep down."
- (5) Index finger erect (miner), and middle finger bent and inclined forward (pick), striking against palm of left hand.



COULD YOU MAKE A CAP LIKE THIS?

HIAWATHA AND HIS FRIENDS.

(Adapted from LONGFELLOW.)

HIAWATHA was an Indian who dwelt in a wigwam in the deep forest. He had two friends whom he loved more than all others; and these were Chibiabos, the musician, and Kwasind the strong man. Such good friends were they that nothing could mar their friendship; nothing could cause ill will to come between them.

The gentle Chibiabos was the best of all musicians, the sweetest of all singers. He was beautiful and slender, and stately as a deer with antlers; and though he was childlike and modest in his manners, he was very brave.

When he sang the whole village gathered round to listen,—the old Indian warriors, and the women with the little papooses on their backs; and so sweet and musical was his singing that their hearts were softened by it.

But the people were not alone in feeling the sweetness of his music, for when it was heard the brook in the woodland ceased murmuring and the wood birds ceased from their singing; the squirrel in the oak tree would chatter no longer, and the little rabbit would sit upright to listen; and then one by one, the brook and the birds would call on Chibiabos to teach them his wonderful art.

"Teach me, O Chibiabos," said the brook, "to make my waves flow as musically as your words flow in singing." And said the bluebird, "Teach me notes as wild and as free as your songs." "Yes, teach me," said the robin, "notes sweet and tender and songs as full of gladness as yours." And last the whip-poor-will cried, "O Chibiabos, teach me notes as melancholy, and songs as full of sadness as your own." And so the brook and the birds borrowed sweetness from his singing, and thus helped in softening men's hearts.

Hiawatha's friend Kwasind, the strong man, was the strongest among all mortals, and Hiawatha loved him for this very strength.

So much strength was there in his fingers that he could not

wring the fishing nets without breaking them. In the hunt with his father he would clear the path before them; with his hands he would hurl the cedars and the pine trees right and left, as though they were but light arrows. Once while at play with some friends he seized a huge rock in his fingers, and tearing it from its deep foundation, raised it high in the air for a moment, and then pitched it in the river as easily as one would a small stone. On a sailing expedition with his companions, in the stream he saw a beaver; it was the King of Beavers, and was struggling with the rushing currents, rising and then sinking in the water. Kwasind, without a word, leaped into the river, and plunging beneath the surface, through the whirlpools, chased him, and then reappeared triumphant with the King of all the Beavers thrown across his strong shoulders.

And these were the friends of Hiawatha, and long they lived together in happiness and peace.

EMMA G. SAULSBURY.

THE MOON'S LESSON.

SAID the Moon to the Starlets—her children, you know:
 "Now your playtime is over; to bed you must go.
 Cease your twinkling and winking, your frolic and fun,
 For day's king is approaching,—the glorious Sun."

"We're orbs too," said the Starlets; "and it is not right
 For the Sun, though a king, to extinguish our light.
 He has always done this, since the world first begun.
 Why should stars, that are countless, all yield to one Sun?"

"We're the work of God's hands," quoth the Moon; "we're his
 own;
 And the earth is his footstool, the heavens his throne.
 When he set us on high, then he spake and did say,
 'Moon and Stars shall rule night, and the Sun shall rule day.'"

"MARY BIRNEY."

A NAPKIN RING, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

OUR cousin sent us a box last week. When we opened it we found a beautiful napkin ring made of muskmelon seeds and bright ribbons. Cousin Julia wrote that any child could make one like it. Here are the directions. Would you like to try?

Wash the yellow seeds and dry them. Take a thread of No. 24 cotton and string onto this ninety-five seeds (more or less, according to size wanted), piercing them as near the pointed ends as possible.

Take another thread, and run this through the blunt end of the first seed; then put a little glass bead on the thread, skip one seed, and pierce the third. Go on this way, skipping one seed and stringing a bead in its place.

In the same way string up the seeds skipped before, on a *third* thread. Fasten the threads securely. Through the seeds run a piece of baby ribbon, "three seeds up, three seeds down," and tie the two ends together, thus completing the ring.

Make a melon-seed napkin ring for your mother's Thanksgiving present.

FALL.

WHAT do the leaves say, children?
Each leaf hangs down its head,
And in sleepy tone it murmurs,
"I'm tired; let's go to bed."

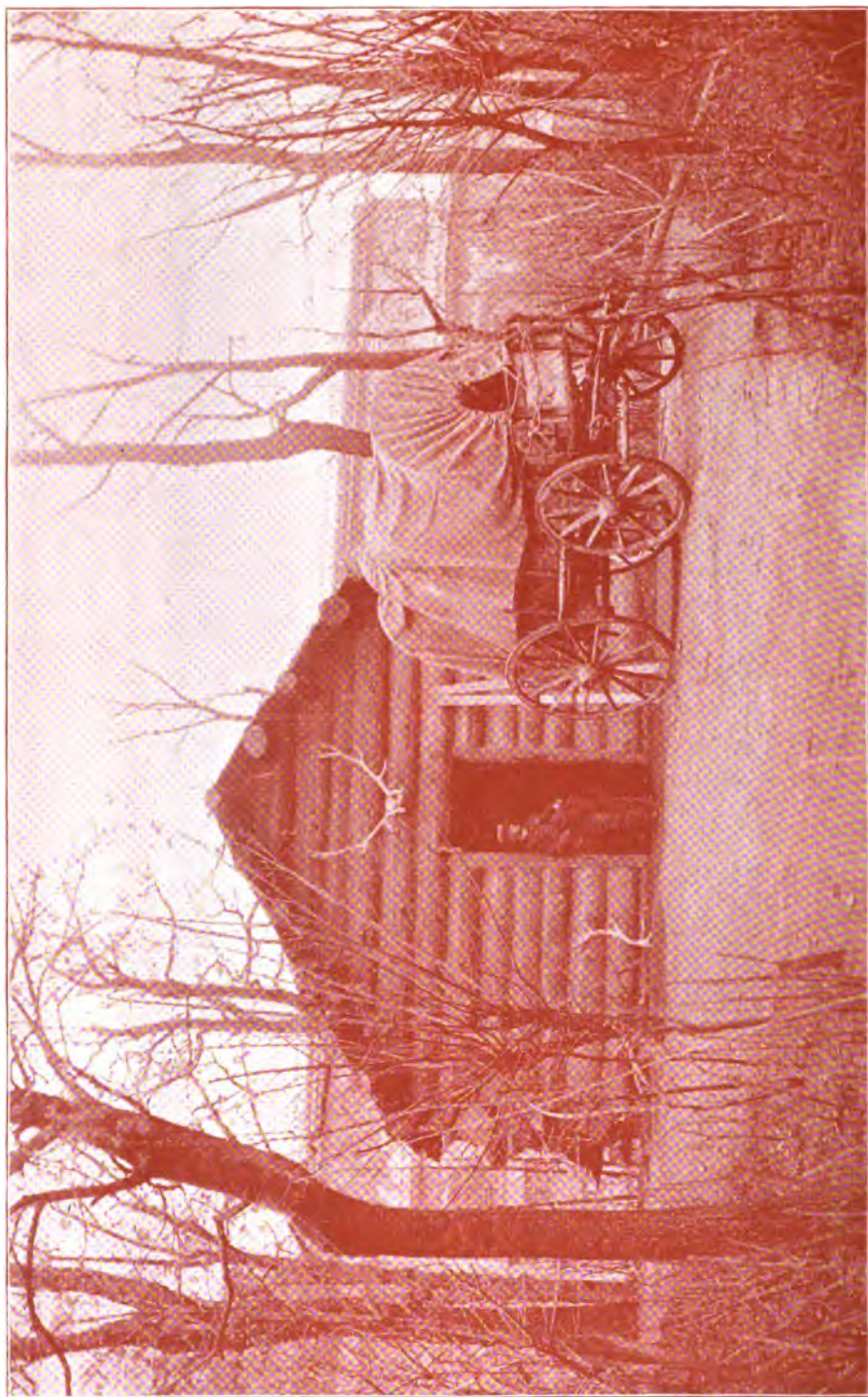
What do the birds say, children?
The birds, as loud they call,
Are saying to each other,
"Let's go; it's nearly Fall."

And what are the children saying,
In the Summer lands who roam?
The children are ready for Autumn;
They all say, "Let's go home."

MAUD L. BETTS.



THIS is the fountain girl, made of marble, which the cold-water boys and girls of this country have helped put into one of the busiest corners of the city of Chicago. The fountain girl will give a cup of cold water to every passer-by. She lives in the same building with the CHILD-GARDEN,—the Woman's Temple.



THE HUNTER'S CABIN. (At the World's Fair.)

CHILD-GARDEN

OF STORY, SONG, AND PLAY.

Vol. II.

NOVEMBER, 1894.

No. 12.

FALL SONG.

THE dry leaves on the pavement lie,
Until the wind comes whistling by;
Then they are whirled along the street,
And some are blown beneath our feet.

CHORUS.

The wind is blowing hard today,
Up in the tree tops 'tis at play;
It turns the windmill round and round,
And shakes the apples to the ground.

The ripe fruits now are gathered in;
The corn is stored safe in each bin;
The birds have left their nests in the eaves;
The plants will soon sleep 'neath the leaves.

VIRGINIA B. JACOBS.



Halloween Story.

TOLD BY THE NORTH WIND.

I am the Wind, the greatest of great story-tellers and musicians.

No man, nor little boy nor girl, can tell where I come from or where I go.

As old as the earth am I; do you wonder I am a good story-teller? As young as the day am I; do you wonder at my songs? I can sing both loud and low, harsh or sweet.

Hark!

Don't ye hear me when I blow and whistle round the chimney on a dark night, or when I sit and sing with the tall, dark evergreens?

Did you not hear me last Summer? All the trees clapped their leafy hands, and the roses nodded their beautiful heads at my sweet songs.

I rock more cradles than the old woman that lived in the shoe, and this is the song I sing:

"Rock-a-bye Baby in the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock."

Even now I must hasten away and rock the cradles swinging on the chestnut trees. Men call my cradles "chestnut burrs"; but they know little about it, for inside it is as soft as plush, and two of the dearest brown babies, with little queues on their heads, sleep there in the cradle.

Soon I shall be singing the end of my song:

"When the bough breaks the cradle will fall;
Down tumble baby, cradle, and all."



Then the boys will shout, "It is time to go nutting!" and the old men will call me the North Wind and speak of my cousin Jack Frost.

Of all the cradles I rock, none are as famous as those on the chestnut tree.

I have rocked, for hundreds of years, the little green cradles that swing on a wonderful old tree that lives on Mount Etna. Hundreds, hundreds of years ago, a queen with a hundred horsemen stood beneath its branches, because a storm had overtaken them, and the tree protected them so well that they called it "the Hundred-horse Chestnut." It is called that to this day, 1894.

It is 160 feet around, and has a hollow trunk where shepherds and their flocks do rest. Oh, sweet are the songs I sing to this old tree, where the shepherds pipe beneath its branches, and the little cradles swing gently beneath the blue sky of dear, far-away Sicily!

I stay not long in one place. Away I fly to the north; and when I come to France I rock the cradles of a good old tree a thousand years old.

Right heartily I rock them, and I tell them some of my best stories; for these are noble nuts, from which the people can make meal, bread, puddings and cakes, and—yes, my dear children—candy! the best you ever tasted. Ask your candy-man for *marrons*, and taste for yourself.

Then I whisper among the old castles on the Rhine.

I jump over the high Alps. I race across the English Channel, and romp with a famous old chestnut tree in merry England.

I played with this tree a long time ago, in the reign of King John, and many, many are the songs we sing together before I leave for the "Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave," where they have a Thanksgiving Day.

And of all the little nuts I rock, none are as merry as these, for when the days grow short and the leaves turn red, brown, and yellow, I whisk round the corner—and "rat-a-tat-tat!" fall the little nuts into the bags and baskets of the boys and girls who have come a-nutting.

And in the evening, all seated about the fire are the children, roasting chestnuts and listening to the tales grandfather tells about—

My native country, thee —
Land of the noble, free —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

MARY YANDEE ROBINSON.



PUTTING THE FLOWERS TO BED.

DAME NATURE is putting her children to bed,
For the night of the year draweth nigh.
She unpins their garments, and, high overhead,
Sticks the gold-headed pins in the sky.

They have frolicked in meadows, have sported on hills,
And have played "hide and seek" to the last;
Have dangled their feet in the cool, running rills,
All the long Summer day that is past.

Now, draggled and weary, they come filing home
To the dear, patient mother of all;
Though some of them linger, reluctant to come,
And their tears wet the earth as they fall.

Pretty blue-eyed Pansy, white Lily and Rose,
Wearied early of play, and retired,
While their more hardy brothers and sisters chose
To stay out till the day had expired.

Chrysanthemum danced in great glee by the wall,
Aster swung on a stem by the gate,
And Golden-rod hid in the marsh, though the call
Of their mother informed them 'twas late.

At last Mother Nature has tucked them in bed,
And all the cold Winter night long
She keeps a white blanket close over them spread,
And sings them her lullaby song.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

WEAVING STORY.—WEAVING WEBS.

WHAT have we just been doing, children? "Playing with papers," "Sewing paper," "Weaving," I hear you say, and you are each right. Now this morning suppose we talk about weaving. I wonder if you ever stopped to count the different kinds of weaving; I didn't until the other day I just tried to think of them, and I counted up ever so many.

First, there's Mary's gingham apron; do you see how the

little white threads all go up and down from the hem to the neck, just like your mats? and then the little blue threads go back and forth under and over them from right to left, just as do your pretty blue and red and yellow strips.

And when you go home, you look on the floor and see if you can find anything that looks like weaving. Mother sweeps it sometimes. Oh, please don't tell me now, because I want you to look at it first.

And then father comes in sometimes with something on his arm, full of bundles from the grocery store, and he carries the bundles in something made of little thin sticks woven together; that's right—a basket.

And the sheets and curtains and blankets and your dresses and coats and hair ribbons, and baby's blanket and skirts, and so many, many things are made by weaving.

And look at this bird's nest, how the little twigs and hairs and strings are woven and twisted in and out, round and round—not as evenly as you should weave your mats, for the little birds had to use their bills for a weaving needle.

And you've all seen the electric light shining through the trees; doesn't it look a little tiny bit like weaving when the shadows go criss-cross over the sidewalk?

And did you ever notice how little threads of sunshine will dart in and out of the leaves in the Spring, and make a big checkered mat under the tree?

And doesn't it seem as if our Father were weaving? for he takes the night and the day for a mat, and he weaves it in and out with bright happy little minutes like threads; and we must be very careful to be good, and not get any naughty knots in the little minute threads, to spoil the pattern, mustn't we?

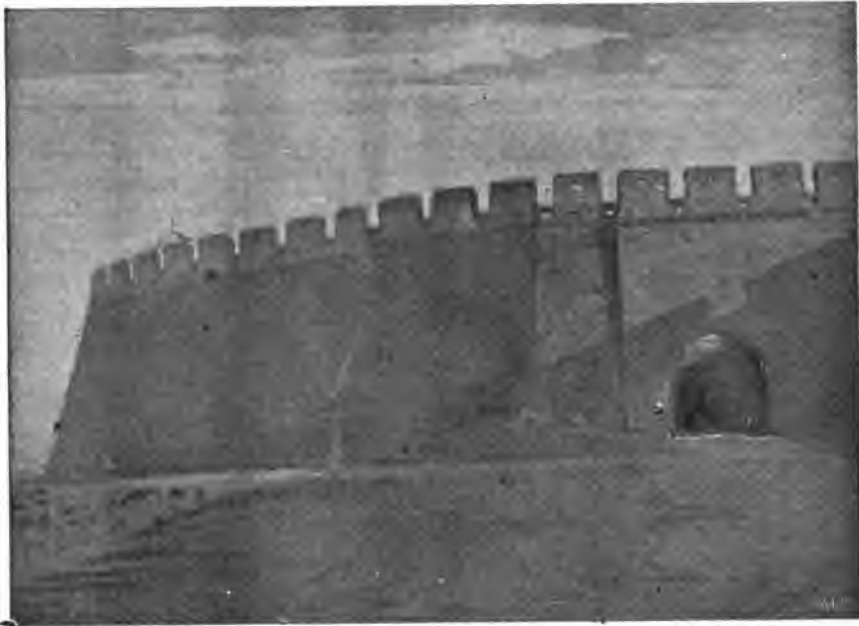
Now, don't you think I found quite a great many kinds of weaving? and I wonder who will try to tell me of other kinds tomorrow; and then some day I'll try to tell you how they weave a hair ribbon, and where they get the little silk threads; for one day my grandpa took me into a big factory where they wove silks and satins and ribbons, and a man there told us about it.

ELEANOR CRANE.

CHINESE BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE little children of the Rochester (N. Y.) Deaf Institute have been very much interested in learning about their brothers and sisters in the country of China, which is straight under our feet, through on the other side of the earth. Is it not well that we can learn about them without going there?—for there are so many waters between, and we should have to leave our friends for many, many days.

All the little children in China are shut in by a huge high wall which goes from end to end across their border, to shut in their country and keep them safe. Here is a picture of a part



of this wide, high wall, and you will notice it looks as though it might be very hard to pass over it.

The little children at Rochester sent to the CHILD-GARDEN boys and girls these two pictures, thinking we might enjoy hearing what they, too, have enjoyed so much.

But best of all is the picture of the good old Chinese teacher, who has found so many little folks in his country who cannot hear and speak, that he has studied and planned to give

them the same happy help which our own little American children have had. If you have been reading the CHILD-GARDEN



Mr. Li and Deaf Pupils in Front of School Building.

you will know something about the blessing it is to be taught to speak and know what is going on about us.

I wish the dear children in Rochester had written us a letter with the pictures. Perhaps they may do so yet.

A. H.

MOTHER WIND AND HER FOUR CHILDREN.

IN the Cave of the Winds, where the North, South, East, and West Wind live with their mother, North Wind seemed very restless one night. He kept twisting and turning, whistling and blowing, until everybody began to feel uncomfortable.

"North Wind, my boy—North Wind, what is the matter with you?" asked Mother Wind. "Sit still and tell us a story. You must learn to think, and to speak gently."

"Mother, you know I have been at home so long that I do not know anything new. Besides, I have no time to tell stories

just now, for I am going this very night to give the leaves a frolic, and I will shake the nuts down from the trees for the little squirrels, before snow comes."

"Brother, couldn't I go for you, and put the leaves and the flowers to sleep? You are so strong, you do not know how hard you blow; you might hurt them," said South Wind.

"My brother South, this is not your time to work. In the Spring you may go and shake all the little plant children out of their sleep and their beds, for then they are tiny babies and cannot stand hard blowing. But now I will go to them, blow hard, and shake them up. If their work is well done they will be brave and not mind my hard blowing. Good-by, mother; good-by, brothers!" and away he ran, blowing along,

Shaking the trees till the nuts fell down,
And whirling the leaves all over the ground.

He sang this song, too, in a pretty loud voice:

I am blowing and shaking all day long,
To see if these workers have grown brave and strong.
Work time is o'er; go to sleep, sleep, sleep.
Wrap up your babies and do not peep, peep, peep,
For louder and harder will I blow, blow, blow,
Until the Frost King sends his ice and his snow.
Work time is o'er; go to sleep, sleep, sleep.
Wrap up your babies and do not peep, peep, peep.

MAGDA.

THE FIRST SNOW.

IN the land of orange blossoms,
Where the figs and banyans grow,
Dwelt a little Southern maiden
Who had never seen it snow.

Visiting her Northern cousins—
From the gray November skies,
For the first time falling snowflakes
Met her startled, wond'ring eyes.

In excitement, to her mother
Straight this little maiden sped:
"Mamma! quick! Do see the angels
Emptying their feather bed!"

ELLA BEECHER-GITTINGS.

MISS PIXLEY'S SCHOOL.

(Continued from October.)

THE afternoon before Thanksgiving Day Miss Pixley and the children returned to the city. Each one carried something from the farm for the dear ones at home. Fred had three big bunches of beautiful, crisp white celery from the farm garden. Horace and Carrie each had a bag of great shiny red apples from Farmer Miller's choicest tree. Josie carried a bag of nuts,—butternuts, hazel nuts, hickory nuts and walnuts, all of the children's gathering; and Miss Pixley carried, carefully packed in a box, the biggest, yellowest pumpkin pie, that Mrs. Miller had made for the children's Thanksgiving.

"I wish," said Fred, after they were seated in the train, "that Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Reuben were going to be at our house tomorrow. I want to be home Thanksgiving, but I don't like to leave them."

"Why didn't you ask Mamma to invite them?" asked Horace.

"I wish we'd thought of it," said Fred. "Miss Pixley, why didn't you help us to remember to think it ourselves? That's the way you do all our other things."

Miss Pixley laughed. "Perhaps I did better, Fred."

That night it began to snow, and Thanksgiving Day so many surprises popped upon the children that they didn't know what to say. Mr. Slade arrived Thanksgiving eve, after the children were safely stowed away in bed, so that when Carrie and Josie awoke early in the morning and ran into their mamma's room, they screamed with delight to find their papa there. And before they had ceased to ask questions of how he got there, and why he came, and when, Fred shouted from the nursery, "Oh, look out of the window and see the snow!" And sure enough, the ground was all white. The children could scarcely wait to dress, they were so anxious to go out and make snowballs, and Mr. Slade and Mr. Brown promised to go out with them and make a snow man, after breakfast.

About ten o'clock, when the man was pretty nearly done, Horace espied the carriage coming up the street. "Why, Papa,

where has James been this morning? Is somebody else coming to spend Thanksgiving with us?"

"We'll see, Horace," said Mr. Brown, smiling.

The children all stopped their snowball-making and watched the carriage as it pulled up to the curb. Miss Pixley got out.

"Why, I thought Miss Pixley was in the house," said Carrie.

"Oh!" shouted Fred, before she scarcely finished, "there's Reuben." And all four children started on a run down the sidewalk.

"And Mr. and Mrs. Miller," finished Horace. And the children fell upon Farmer Miller and his wife and nearly smothered them with greetings.

The snow man was forgotten, and Mr. Slade laughed as he shook the snow off his clothes and followed into the house. "It kept the children out of the way when James and Miss Pixley started, anyway," he said.

They had a delightful Thanksgiving dinner all together, and Mr. Slade thought Mrs. Miller's pumpkin pie was the nicest he had ever eaten.

After dinner Mrs. Slade and Miss Pixley had planned another jolly surprise for the children, and when they were told that they could have a little play, their Thanksgiving Day happiness seemed complete.

Miss Pixley had everything planned. The back parlor was the stage, the *portieres* the drop curtain, and the front parlor for the audience. The two sofas were drawn up each side of the wide doorway, and served as boxes, and chairs all fixed in rows were the other seats.

Five pins was the lowest price of admission, and twenty-five pins was the price for a box. Such a scrambling as there was for pins. Mr. Brown invited Mrs. Miller to sit in one of the boxes with him, and then he couldn't find twenty-five pins, and had to ask Mrs. Brown for them. Fred sold tickets and Horace was usher, and by and by all were seated.

Then Miss Pixley announced that the children would play "The Sleeping Beauty," and after a good deal of buzzing and preparation behind the curtain, she drew back the *portieres*, and there sat Reuben and Carrie as the king and queen, with gilt paper crowns and drapery robes, on the high carved back hall

chairs for thrones. In came Horace with a long plume in his cap, carrying Josie's big doll on a pillow. The little page dropped on one knee before the queen and presented the baby princess. And Josie, dressed as a dainty fairy, came and waved her wand over the baby.

Then Miss Pixley pulled the *portieres*, and the people in the boxes and chairs waited for the next scene.

When she opened the *portieres* again, Carrie, dressed as an old lady, sat knitting, and Josie, in a long white dress and little Normandy cap, came and sat on a stool at her feet. The old woman gave the little princess the knitting needles, and she began to knit; but she pricked her finger and fell off the stool in a deep sleep, and the curtain dropped again.

Then the audience had to wait a long time before Miss Pixley pulled the *portieres* again; but when she did everybody exclaimed, "Oh, how pretty!" for on a daintily draped couch in the center of the room lay the sleeping princess, and just behind, the king and queen asleep on their thrones, while all around them was a hedge of potted plants. At the head of the couch the fairy slept.

Then the prince came; he was Fred, all dressed up in plumes and capes. He walked around and around the hedge of plants, and finally, as he came nearer, the fairy raised her head and waved her wand over the plants and they parted, and the prince walked in. No one noticed the string with which Miss Pixley pulled a plant crock out of its place. The prince bent and took the princess' hand and kissed it; she opened her eyes, and he lifted her up. At the sound of the kiss the king and queen awoke also, and the curtain dropped.

The audience applauded so loudly that Miss Pixley had to arrange that scene over again.

But they had to stop, for it was nearly four o'clock, and the carriage was ready to take Mr. and Mrs. Miller and Reuben to the train.

When they had gone and all was quiet again, Horace climbed onto his papa's knee. "Do you think there are going to be any more surprises today, Papa?" he said.

MAY H. HORTON.

(To be continued.)

AUNT BELLE'S RIDDLE.

(Concluded from October.)

“YOU frighten it,” said Mrs. Blair. “Keep quiet, and it will soon come to you.”

So they sat down on the floor, which Gretta had already done, and began calling “——! ——! come, ——!”

But it wanted to smell around and find out what this strange place was like. Then looking at each of the children a moment, it ran to Gretta, and began playing with her fingers.

“Of course it goes to Gretta,” said Frank. “Everything goes to her!”

“That’s ‘cause she never teases ‘em,” said Nellie.

Frank looked sheepish, but said nothing.

“What pretty blue eyes, you dear little pet!” said Gretta.

“Why, it has blue eyes! Those are the two blue spots,” said Frank.

“And here are the four little trots,” said Nellie, touching its feet, as it nestled in Gretta’s arms.

“And here is the long white streamer!” said Frank, taking hold of its tail, and for once resisting the temptation to pull or pinch it.

Gretta was quietly stroking its head, while it showed its satisfaction by singing for her, when she suddenly discovered its ears were pink, and quite tent-like in shape. “Here are the two pink tents!” she exclaimed.

“Oh, so they are!” cried the other children.

“Now where are the doors?” asked Frank.

“Yes, and the great red fellow!” said Nellie.

Then three pairs of bright, inquisitive eyes began searching it all over, until Gretta found its two pink nostrils and Frank pointed out its lips.

While the children were exclaiming about it Mrs. Blair left the room, quickly returning with a saucer of milk, which she set on the floor; and Gretta put the pretty creature down to it.

As it began to lap the milk, Nellie exclaimed, “‘The great red fellow going flipity-flop!’” and Frank shouted, “‘Taking up

the white, drop by drop!" Now we've found out all the riddle!"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Blair; "where are the 'two rows of guards fast to the floors'?"

Then it had to undergo another inspection; but they found no guards.

"Why, Mamma, there aren't any guards," said Frank.

"Yes, there are, dear. There is one place you have not looked into," said Mrs. Blair.

"Into!" said Frank. "Oh, her mouth! But we can't, she laps the milk so fast."

Mrs. Blair took it up and gently held its mouth open, revealing two rows of very small white teeth.

"Oh, isn't it lovely?" said Gretta.

"Who but Mamma would have thought of it all?" said Frank. "You sweetest Mamma!" giving her a hug. Then he burst out, "Oh, *now* I know how Nellie was warm! It isn't a kittypillow, but a little kitty. Why didn't I think of it?"

SARAH WHITFORD.





A THANKSGIVING TEA.

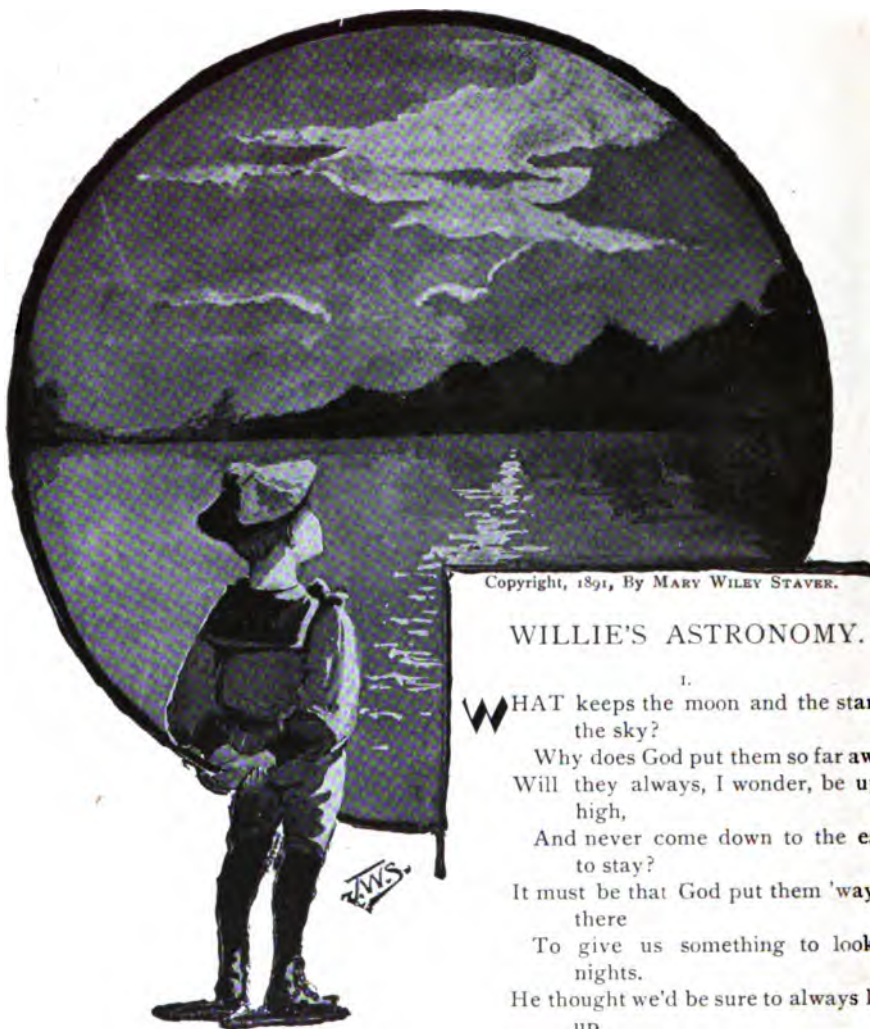
FOUR little playmates all in a row
Drinking their Thanksgiving tea,—
Fido and Rachel and wee Josephine,
And the elephant made from the cotton tree.

Rachel and Josephine serve the tea,
Fido is trying to be polite;
While the elephant sits with his feet in his plate
And never will take a bite.

AWAY IN THE WOODS.

AWAY in the woods, in the woods so brown,
A nest in a tree I found.
I searched, for the owner, the branches high,
Then looked for him on the ground;
And there I found squirrels—squirrels six—
As busy as busy could be;
What do you think they were doing there,
At the foot of the hollow tree?

MAUD L. BETTS.



Copyright, 1891, By MARY WILEY STAVER.

WILLIE'S ASTRONOMY.

I.

WHAT keeps the moon and the stars in
the sky?

Why does God put them so far away?
Will they always, I wonder, be up so
high,

And never come down to the earth
to stay?

It must be that God put them 'way up
there

To give us something to look at
nights.

He thought we'd be sure to always look
up

To where he had put so many lights.

II.

When the sun goes down, away, 'way off,
Perhaps it breaks all into little stars
So small that most of 'em haven't a name;
But the biggest piece is called Mr.
Mars.

Then by and by, when it's time for day,
They all rush together again into one;
And that makes 'em strong and bright,
and we say

It's morning now, and there is the sun.

III.

They say it goes down on the other side,
And gives all the Chinese people a light!
So then it can't see the moon nor the stars,
Nor know what the earth looks like at
night.

Well, I'm glad we have both the moon and
the sun,

Even if they are so far away;
And glad the Chinese children can see
The sun all night and the moon all day.

W. S.

THE ROBIN.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then, dear thing?
He will keep to the barn, and to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing, dear thing!

ONE day there was a great chirping and chattering up in an old tree, and Bluebird said to Robin, "Come, Redbreast, you would better fly south with us. We shall start tomorrow. Jack Frost has nipped all the leaves, and they have fallen off the trees and have gone to play awhile with North Wind. If we stay here longer, Jack Frost and North Wind will make it very cold and uncomfortable for us."

But Robin said, "No, I am not going south this year; the snowbirds and chickadees stay here, and if they can stand the cold, I can." So the next day all the birds said good-by to Redbreast, and spread their wings to fly south, where the sun is warm, the trees are green, and the flowers bright.

Redbreast, left all alone, flew from tree to tree and tried to sing a little, and wished the leaves had not left the trees. He wanted to talk to them and to hear them rustle back their answer.

The next day North Wind blew colder and colder, and whistled louder and louder, until Robin was almost afraid. And then Jack Frost came, and froze the ground hard and left ice on the little stream where Robin took a bath and drank every day. And when the little raindrops started to fall, Jack Frost caught them away up in the sky and turned them into little white stars. Then Robin said, "Why, it's snowing!" And he shivered and shivered, and ruffled up his feathers and tried to tuck his little cold feet under him, and oh, how he wished he had gone south with his friends!

At last he thought he would try to find a warmer place, and he flew about a long time; but all the doors and windows were shut tight to keep out Jack Frost, and Robin was almost tired out, when finally he saw a big barn with its door open.

He flew straight in and sat on the floor, and put his head first on one side and then on the other, and looked around.

It was warm in the barn, and there was a large animal there which was covered with hair and had a long tail; and Robin said, "Why, that's a horse." And next to the horse stood another animal, with two horns; and Robin said, "Why, that's a cow." And at one side within a railing stood six white sheep. Robin flew up to the railing and said, "Dear sheep, may I stay in your warm barn overnight? I was freezing and could find no place to stay."

The sheep said, "Why, yes, Robin, we are glad to have you stay; but the horse and cow live here with us, and you must ask them too."

So Robin said, "Please, kind horse and cow, may I sleep in your barn overnight?"

"Ah, yes," said the horse and cow, "we are willing; but the farmer owns the barn. He feeds us, and gives us water to drink and clean straw to sleep on, and he takes care of us every day."

"Oh," said Robin, "and what do you do to help the farmer when he is so kind to you?"

"Oh, I take him to town and draw loads of apples and vegetables and work all day for him," said the horse.

"I can't work for him, but I give him a pailful of sweet milk every night and morning," said the cow.

"And what do you do?" said Robin to the sheep.

"Oh, we give him our thick coats of warm white wool, and he has it woven into cloth for warm coats and for dresses and mittens for his children."

"Well, what can I do for the farmer if he is kind to me, to show him I am thankful too?" thought Robin. "I can't draw a load, and I can't give him warm wool or good milk. I am so little and weak; what can I do?" And just then he thought, "Oh, I can sing him a sweet song to make him feel happy, and I can tell him how glad I am and how much I thank him."

So when the farmer came to the barn the next morning, he said, "Oh, here's a robin! Why, you ought to be down south. I think you must be hungry. I'll give you some breakfast." So he threw Robin a handful of wheat. Robin ate his breakfast, and then he sang very sweetly and said, "Thank you, kind farmer," over and over again. Then the farmer said, "You are

a happy bird, and it makes me feel happier and better to listen to your sweet song."

That day was warmer than the one before, so Robin said good-by to the sheep and cow and horse, for he knew he could not stand the cold as did the snowbirds and chickadees, who had been used to it all their lives.

In a few days Redbreast was in the flower land and found all his friends. They were very glad to see him, and he told them all about the farmer's barn where he stayed overnight.

CHARLOTTE SHERWOOD.

FRED'S SQUIRREL.

ALFRED lived on a farm in Nebraska, and his greatest joy was to go with his big brother Harry to the woods, when he went hunting.

One day in the early Fall Harry had set a trap, hoping he might catch a rabbit for his hutch; he had had two, but they had run away before they knew how kind he would be to them. When the boys went to look at the trap, to see if any rabbits were there, they saw something sticking out of it, and Alfred was sure it was a rabbit; but Harry said, "No, a rabbit has no tail, and I am sure that is a tail sticking out of the trap. Don't you remember when we were in Kentucky last Summer how old Aunt Sallie used to sing:

"Squirrel am a cunnin' thing that w'ars a bushy tail,
Steals ole massa's corn away, and hides it in a rail.
Raccoon got a ring round his tail; 'possum's tail am bare;
Rabbit ain't got no tail at all,—only just a bunch o' ha'r."

Sure enough, it was a squirrel, and a young one at that.

Alfred reached the trap first, so he said as he lifted the little fellow out and cuddled him in his arms, "He's mine, Harry, 'cause he isn't a rabbit, and I found him first."

"Well," said Harry, doubtfully, "I think we'd better let him go, because I don't know how to take care of a squirrel."

"Oh, Harry, please! he's so pretty, and I'm just sure Mother will know how to take care of him."

"Well, take him along then," said Harry, and away scam-

pered Alfred, never stopping until he reached his mother's sewing room. He climbed into her lap and told her how he had found the squirrel, and how much he wanted to keep it, ending his story with—"You do know how to take care of squirrels, don't you, Mother?" His mother smiled, and said she never had "taken care of one," but the love light in her eyes as she took off his cap and smoothed his curls, made him surer than ever that she would help him. Then she said, with a little laugh, "Suppose we give him to Tabby, and see if she won't care for him along with her kittens."

Harry, who had come in time to hear his mother's plan, said, "Why, Mother, Tabby would think he was a mouse, and eat him up."

"Well, let us try it, anyhow; I believe Tabby will just think he is another kitten," said Mother; so very gently she carried the frightened little fellow out into the woodshed, while Alfred held tightly to her gown, and Harry followed, looking very anxious.

"Dear old Tabby," said Mother, softly, "here is a new baby for you; be very gentle, pussy, and don't hurt him."

Pussy opened her sleepy eyes long enough to look at him, but went straight off to sleep again as if she thought it was all right, while the little squirrel nestled against her soft fur as contentedly as if she had been his own squirrel mother in a "hollow tree," instead of a mother cat in a basket.

After tea, Harry brought them all into the library for Father to see. Father put down his paper and they all had a merry frolic together, and Alfred got so excited and interested in watching the kittens trying to catch the squirrel's tail, that when Mother said it was bedtime he could hardly be persuaded to leave them.

However, Harry said it was time for kittens and squirrels to be in bed, too; so he put Tabby and the three kittens in the basket, but Master Squirrel was not to be settled so easily. He raced about the room, up the chair backs, and across the piano, and at last thought he was safe when he had perched himself on the highest shelf of the bookcase, looking saucily down at Harry, as much as to say, "Catch me if you can." Father said, "I think we shall have to call him 'Frisky.'"

After awhile he came down and was tucked into his basket, and then Alfred was ready to go to bed too, saying sleepily, as he unbuttoned his shoes, "I found him, Harry put him to bed, Father named him; but Mother, you did most, for you thought of a mother for him. Good night, Mother; you are the best of a-l-l." The blue eyes closed, and Alfred was off to Dreamland, where he saw the queen of the fairies giving a tea party to all the squirrels in the wood.

Omaha.

LAURA M. CLARKE.

THE BROWNIES.

FAR away from here, across the deep waters of the Atlantic Ocean, are three small countries,—Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. These countries are called Scandinavia, and the people Scandinavians.

You can go there only in a steamship bigger than three or four houses put together, and it will take fourteen days.

These countries are far north, as you can see by looking on the map of Europe, and the Winters there are long, dark, and cold, with plenty of ice and snow.

The people have blue eyes, clear, white complexions, red cheeks, and hair almost the color of moonlight. They used to believe that spirits, or fairies, which cannot be seen even by blue eyes, watched over the fields of grain and lived in their homes and in the evergreen trees. These fairies were always good, and gave peace and joy to the people.

The houses, built of big oak and pine trees, were large and low, with steep roofs so that the snow would slide off, and wide halls, where they could sit and talk in the long Winter evenings. They made heavy blankets of fine wool, and hung them up against the walls to keep out the wind, and with a big fireplace in the middle of the hall, in which they burned heavy logs of wood,—oak, pine, or birch,—they kept themselves and the children warm during the long cold Winter.

They did not know how to build chimneys then, many, many centuries ago, so there was a hole in the roof for the smoke to go through; and around this fire many families would gather together and tell stories of gods and heroes. They did

not have wine, as did the people of Greece and Italy, nor tea nor coffee, as we have now; nor milk to drink, for there were very few cows in those cold countries then. But they had many bees, and these little busy things gathered the honey from the flowers in the warm Summer days.

Do you know how honey is gathered by the bees, and stored in the waxen comb all full of cells? If you do not, ask papa or mamma or auntie how they make the honeycomb and how they put the sweet drops into these pretty cells.

With the honeycomb and water the Scandinavians made a drink called "mead," which they drank out of golden horns and goblets, while they told stories of other countries, of gods and heroes and the wonderful things they had done.

They had house gods whom they worshiped, and kept pictures of them in each home.

After a while men who were called "missionaries" came from the warmer countries and told them about Jesus Christ; and then these Scandinavians ceased to worship their many little gods, and built churches in which to worship the One, true God.

But they loved the dear little fairies who had watched over their fields and homes so carefully, lovingly, and joyfully, so they said, "We will let these house gods go to the barns to live, and we will call them 'Brownies.'"

NICO BECH-MEYER.

(*To be continued.*)

THE THANKSGIVING FRUIT.

HURRAH for the pumpkins all ripened and mellow,
In colors bright golden, and rich, glowing yellow!
For in brightest of visions they bring to our eyes
The pantry well laden with rare pumpkin pies—
Pies now ever famous throughout our fair land,
As part of the Thanksgiving feast soon at hand.
Then let not your lips be silent and mute,
But give one hurrah for the Thanksgiving fruit!

E. G. S.

ROCK-A-BYE BABY.

NUT BABIES.



ROCK-A-BYE, babies, in the tree top;
When the wind blows, the cradles will rock,
When the stems break, the cradles will fall—
Down come rock-a-bye babies and all.

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, babies grow;
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye; nuts, you know,
Will fall to the ground,
And then will be found
By children and squirrels all around.

BUTTERFLY BABIES.

Rock-a-bye, babies, all Winter long,
Wrapped in cradles of silk soft and strong,
Waiting for sunlight, warm and bright,
To call these little children to light.

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, wrapped soft and strong,
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, all Winter long;
Sleep, little babies, sleep until Spring,
Then spread out each shining wing.

MOTHER'S BABY.

Rock-a-bye, baby, in the cradle here;
Rock-a-bye, baby, sweet and dear.
Father is working all day long
To make baby's home so snug and strong.

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, mother is near;
Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, never fear.
Wink-eye and blink-eye are tired, you know;
Close them up tight and to dreamland go.



A THANKSGIVING STORY.*

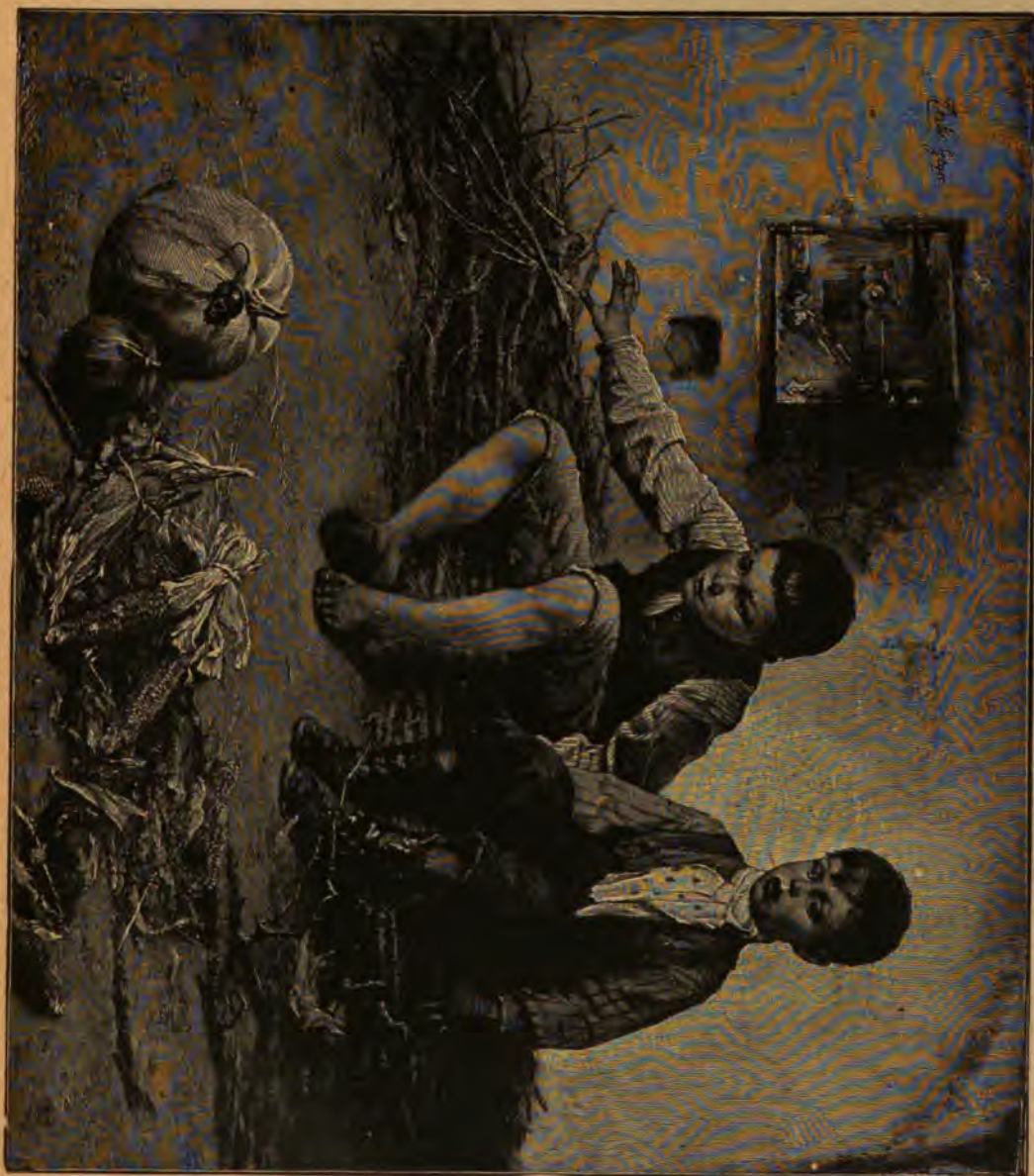
THERE'S such a pretty story hidden away in the opposite picture of the two boys, and not hidden very deeply, either. Every one of you may guess what the story might be, and perhaps we may all together find more than one.

How many of all our boys and girls can give the reasons why we have a Thanksgiving Day? Who were the Pilgrims and the Puritans, and why did they come across the water? What sort of a ship did they come in, and what did they have to do to be able to live in the new forest?

Ask as many questions of everyone as you can think of.



* There is a full story called "Pilgrims and Puritans," 60c. See book list in advertising pages.



A THANKSGIVING STORY.

THE LEAVES' AUTUMN PARTY.

To Baby Alice Saunders, in California.

THIS is Jack Frost's busy time. I am going to tell you something about him and his merry little men.

One night long before Thanksgiving Day, this jolly fellow and his merry little men came to visit us; of course they brought their paint pots with them. There were red, yellow, orange, violet, and russet-brown paint. How do you think I know? Well, listen and I will tell you. This first night that Jack came he did not have on his white coat by which little children know him, but a very *black one*,—"a real freezer," big folks call it.

Everybody knew him and his merry little men the moment they tried to peep in the windows, keyholes, and door cracks; but Jack Frost found them closed tightly. The fireman hurried down the basement stairs and filled the large furnace with extra coal, until the radiators in every room of the house were steaming hot; so frisky little Jack and his helpers could not get in to play their pranks. However, they had a good time outside, for they were very busy people; you know all busy people have good times. Do you want to know what they were busy about? Why, dress-painting and dressmaking; for the next morning when the glorious sun awoke, thousands of little leaves had on new dresses,—red, yellow, orange, violet, and russet-brown. Oh, how bright they looked in the light of the beautiful morning sun, as it seemed to come out of the blue lake, making it look like a big, big looking-glass!

The little leaves were expecting Mr. Wind, from the north, to take them to the last Autumn party before their long Winter's nap. Nearly six long months must pass away before the wee baby leaves on mother trees will wake up, they are such sleepy heads in this country. Well, the little leaves were very gay in their dresses of many colors, and frisky Jack came to visit them quite often during the nights, and each new day the sun would send a good-morning kiss by his soft, pretty rays, until the little leaves grew brighter and brighter. At last the

party night came, and with an extra hug and squeeze, Jack said good-by to his merry little men, and told them Mr. Wind, with his Whiz-z-z and Whoo-oo-oo, was coming, and hoped they would have a good time. How delighted they were! Such whispering and rustling you never heard,—so many good-bys for dear mother trees and the wee babies who were pushing so hard for more room in which to grow!

Whiz—iz—iz—iz—iz—iz—iz—iz!

Whoo—oo—oo—oo—oo—oo!

Whiz—iz—iz—iz—iz—

"Here he comes!" cried out the sister, brother, and cousin leaves, and shook out their dresses with a flutter. The mother tree gave him a graceful bow of welcome, and the wee babies in their brown cradles were so happy; for now they would have plenty of room to grow.

Whiz—iz—iz—iz—— said Mr. Wind, and "dancing and whirling the little leaves went." I am sure they had a nice time, for in the morning when I looked out of my window they were all cuddled together on the ground near the dear mother trees, fast asleep. They had been busy little leaves ever since the Spring, helping the mother trees to give comfort and pleasure to all who came to seek it under their cool, shady branches. These branches made cradles for baby birdies, and the leaves, curtains for their houses, or soft carpets for Lord and Lady Butterfly to flit on for their sun bath and flutter their airy wings. Mr. and Mrs. Caterpillar could always find plenty to eat there, and a cozy place to build their Winter home. In the Summer the nodding flowerets would hold up their tiny cup for a drink from their cooling shade. Mr. Busy Bee was always welcome; and best of all, the little children would have such nice lunch parties on the lawn under them.

What more could the dear mother trees and their precious leaves do to make others happy? With so much to do in Spring and Summer, no wonder they take such long Winter naps! Our Heavenly Father never forgets how good these dear mother trees are, so they grow more beautiful every year.

MARIE B. GROSS.

WHY THE LEAVES FALL.

ONE cool day in the Autumn, when Dorothy and her mamma were out for their morning walk, Dorothy discovered that many of the pretty green leaves, which she had watched as they grew from tiny buds, had become dry and had fallen off. "Why, Mamma," she cried, "something must have hurt some of the little leaves; see, these are all brown and dry! They have left their little green brothers and sisters, and are lying all around on the ground. Poor little leaves!"

"That is all right, Dorothy dear," said Mamma; "Mother Tree knows that the cold weather is coming, and she is getting ready for her Winter rest by telling the little leaves to change their dresses and go about their Winter work."

"Why, Mamma, little leaves work! I never saw them."

"Well, let us watch them for a few weeks and see if we can find out what they do."

"Do the little leaves all turn brown, Mamma?"

"No, dear; as we go for our walk every day, you will see that some change to a bright red, and others to a beautiful yellow, before they fall, so that Mother Tree sometimes looks very gay before she sends her little ones off on their Winter mission."

"But, Mamma, why does Mother Tree send her little ones away from her?"

"Don't you know, Dorothy, that Mamma sometimes says to you, 'Go in the other room a little while, dear, and see if you can't help Mary; Mamma wants to rest'?"

"Yes," said Dorothy thoughtfully.

"Well, Mother Tree has been working hard for a good many months, and it is God's plan that she shall have some rest every year."

"But why could she not keep her little ones with her and rest too?"

"Ah, Dorothy, Mother Tree would keep on working as long as the little leaves were with her to be fed; then, too, they could not do *their* Winter work if they stayed upon the tree."

"I cannot guess, Mamma, what work these tiny leaves can do."

"I think we shall see, by and by, what God wants of them."

The beautiful Autumn days passed swiftly by. Dorothy wonderingly watched the trees slowly shaking off the colored leaves, until at last they looked quite bare. The days were cool, and Dorothy's walks with Mamma grew shorter. Often, as she stood by the window, she tried to think what Mamma could mean by the work the little leaves were to do; and one day, in a tone of despair, she said, "I can't find it out, Mamma. The little leaves seem to frolic and fly about, but surely they are doing no work. They have nearly covered the ground now, and if they would keep still, I think it would be all covered."

"Patience, dear; I am sure you will soon see some reason for it all."

The next week Dorothy was going to spend a day with a dear little friend, so when the morning came, she jumped out of bed a little more gayly than usual to see if Mr. Sun was shining. She ran to the window and looked out, then rubbed her eyes and looked again. Yes, it was true. Everything was white. The fence posts wore white caps, and even the pickets wore little ones. Elsie's house, down the road, seemed half buried in the snow. The trees swayed to and fro, all wrapped in their mantle of snow, and the bare branches took queer shapes as they nodded to each other in their new dress. Suddenly, as she watched them, Dorothy thought of the leaves. With a bound she was in the other room, exclaiming, "Mamma, Mamma, do wake up! The snow has come and covered all the leaves, and I haven't seen them do a bit of work."

Mamma came near the window and said, "Yes, God's soft white blanket has covered the little leaves. After breakfast we will talk about it."

As soon as breakfast was over, Dorothy climbed up on Mamma's lap for the "talk." "Well, dear," began Mrs. Weston, "what are the roots of the plants and trees doing now?"

"Why, resting, Mamma, so that when Spring comes they may be strong and peep out at us again. Don't you remember our little kindergarten song—

Where do all the daisies go?
I know, I know.
Underneath the snow they creep,
Nod their little heads and sleep.
In the Springtime out they peep,—
That is where they go."

"Yes; they sleep all Winter and rest, just as you sleep and rest every night. Suppose I should forget to cover you up, Dorothy?"

"Why, Mamma, you would not do that; I should be cold."

"No, and neither does God forget to cover up the roots of the plants and trees. This is partly the work of the fallen leaves. They make the first covering for the roots, and keep them quite warm until the snow blanket comes. The snow holds the brown, leafy covering down tightly in its place, and even if the snow melts off, the leaves are too wet and heavy to blow about much more; so they just lie still and keep the roots from feeling the cold winds."

"Oh, Mamma, is that why Michael covered the celery plants with leaves the other day?"

"Yes, Dorothy. Now if God finds something for little leaves to do, don't you think he has something for little girls to do?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but I don't know just what."

"If my little girl is always ready to do as she is asked to do, that is what God wants her to do. God only asks the little leaves to lie still, and he doesn't ask little girls to do anything they cannot do if they try."

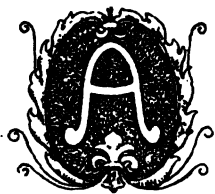
GRACE VAUGHN.



(Copyright, by Mary Wiley Staver. By permission Lee & Shepard.)

SUMMER IS GONE.

AUTUMN.



MESSAGE came to the flowers one day,
Brought by the wind from far, far away;
And this is what to each flower he said:
Autumn is coming to put you to bed.

On he went to the leaves on the trees:
Put your best dresses on, if you please.
Autumn sends word, "Be ready to go"
As soon as the North Wind begins to blow.

Then to the birds in their nests he went.
Autumn to you a message has sent:
"Be ready to start when I pass by,
For down to the South is a long way to fly."

Autumn came soon, the flowers to greet,
Singing a lullaby soft and sweet.
The flowers covered their weary heads,
And fell fast asleep in their cozy beds.

Then to the gayly dressed leaves she said,
"You look very nice in robes of red;
Now out in the wide world you must go."
And then Mr. North Wind began to blow.

The leaves all sprang from the trees away;
A splendid frolic they had that day.
They sank to rest in a tired heap,
Ready at last for their long Winter sleep.

Autumn's work was now nearly done;
Leaves and flowers slept, and the birds had gone;
For blankets of soft white snow she sent,
And tucked them in nicely before she went.

MAUD L. BETTS.

THOUGHT OF THE MONTH.

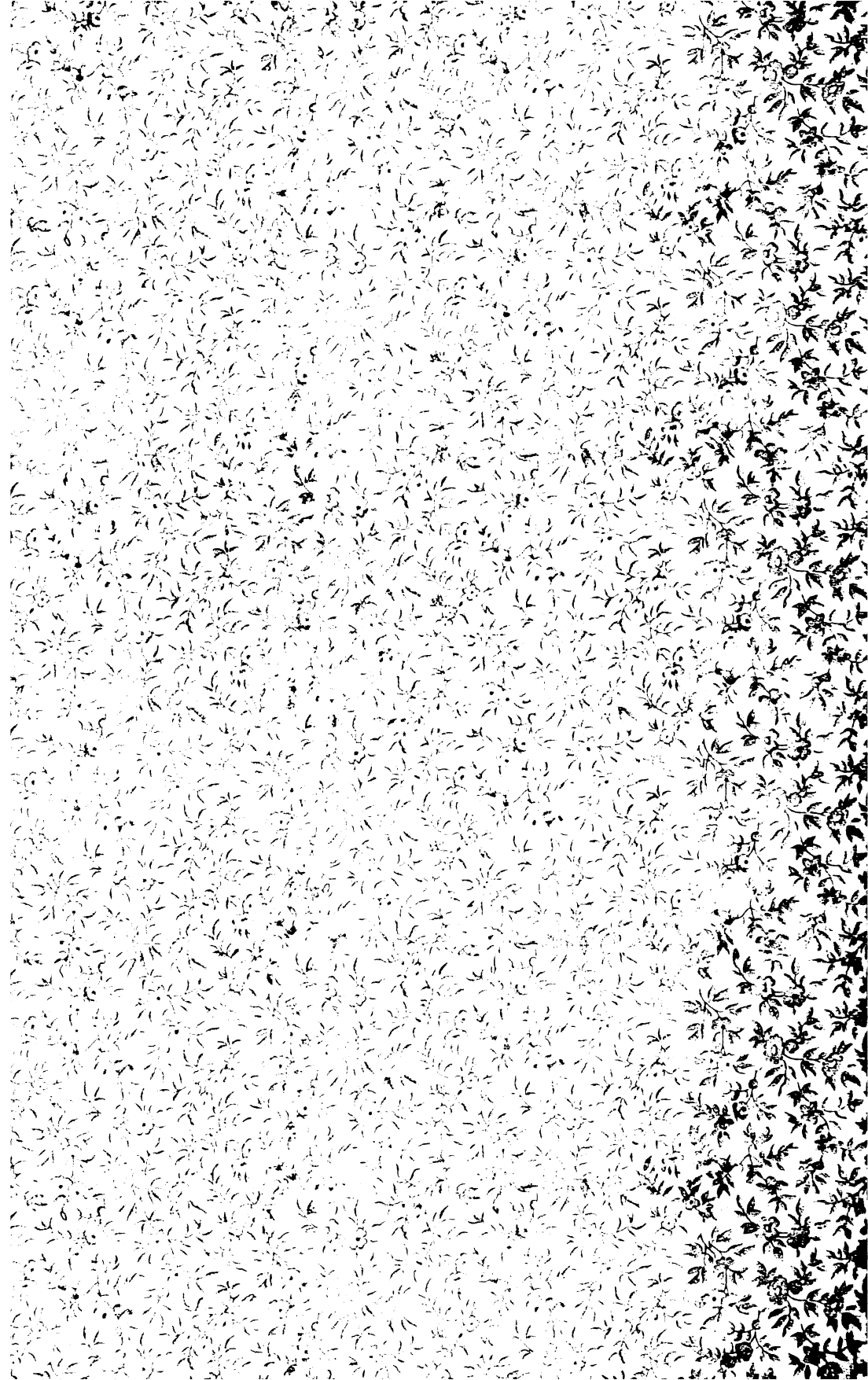
THE TRUE THANKSGIVING.—The Thanksgiving thought can be made the most profitable of the year, if parents and teachers will unite in their desires to interest the children in the Giver of life and of all that makes life good and glad. God the Creator, God the Father-Mother, God the Giver, must be the subject of Thanksgiving talks with the children, and the object to which their whole thought must be directed.

Nature is now indrawn. It has ceased to give outward expression to its joy for life and love; but it has not ceased to be, nor is it sleeping merely. It is silently renewing its life and strength in God. Lead the children to an understanding of this, and the processes whereby the natural world yields itself to the unseen power that keeps it young in strength and beauty. We cannot always give outward expression to our feelings, silence often expressing the highest sentiments, the deepest emotions; and children can be easily ushered into the silent chamber of the understanding, where the soul meets God face to face and receives more knowledge and nourishment in a few such moments each day than in a whole lifetime of outward effort to serve Him after the manner of the flesh. Thankful, reverent gratitude for all good things to eat and wear, for home and friends, and for all that makes the material life pleasant, is well, is good; but it is not enough. We must one and all learn to be thankful for life, for being; we must be thankful that we are alive at all, even if the life be poor, mean, neglected, unrecognized. From God the Giver of good things, lead the child back to God the Father,—the One who loves,—then to God the Creator. Fill yourselves full of gratitude to God for creating you, O parents and teachers! that He has thought of you and made it possible for you to know Him; and silently pour out this grati-

tude into the room where the children are, and then through song, story, and play awaken in the little hearts gratitude for simple being.

We make altogether too much of the turkey, the pudding, and the pumpkin pie. The home gathering is lovely, but the appreciation of God's goodness is not to be expressed in gluttony. Man needs to be made profoundly thankful that he is at all. Simple existence is enough to bring us to our knees, not in public places of worship only, but in that silent chamber, and fill our mouths with praise and thanksgiving, our hearts with gratitude and reverence. This little magazine will fail utterly in its duty if it does not try to awaken parents and teachers to a consciousness of the glory of the simplest form of life. If we as parents and teachers are alive to the true interests of all childhood, and to the future of Christian civilization, we must become reverent in the Creative Presence and thankful for the divine privilege of living the simplest, humblest life, which, if it seeks to know God, will be nourished into the strength of the archangel Michael. God is not a respecter of persons, for the moment the poorest soul desires to know Him, is thankful for life, for being, reverences itself because created by God, that moment it begins to grow in grace; and if it persevere in this desire it is soon beyond the clutch of any selfishness that might drag it down.

But this thankful reverence must be of the will and within the mind and the soul. It cannot be put on as a garment, for it then becomes a cloak of pretense, however sincere may be our intentions. All American children are sadly lacking in reverence, and the Thanksgiving thought should move from the center of simple being, reverent in the presence of the Creator, grateful for the love of the Father, and thankful to the Giver.





3 2044 102 793 668